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THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1876.

No. 1

THE OPERATOR.

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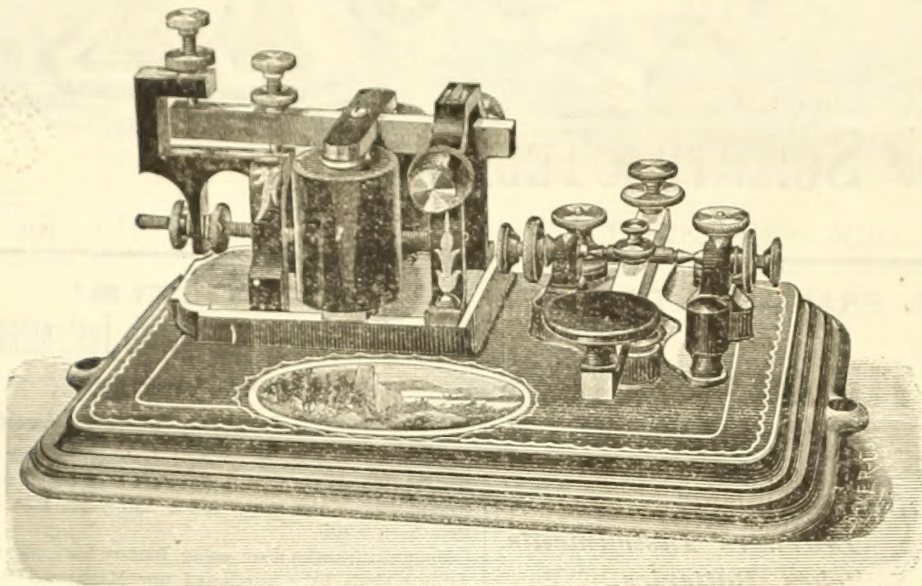
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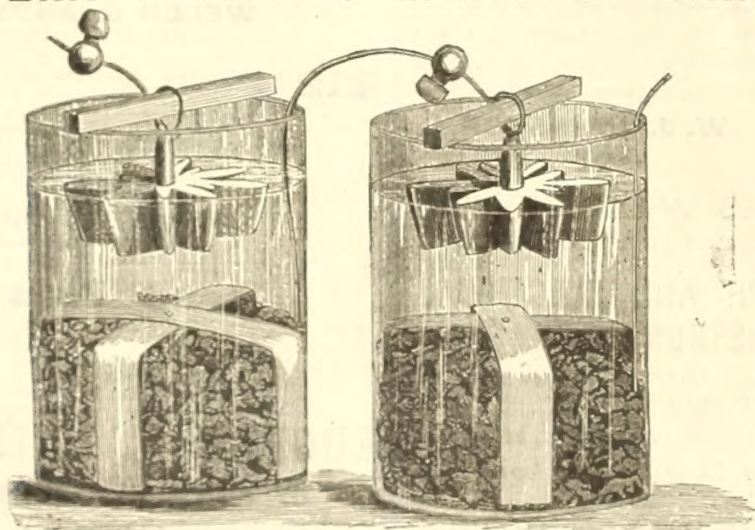
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To show what is thought of Mr. Phillips outside the telegraphic profession we subjoin the following

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The volume, judging from the popularity of the young author, will command a large circulation.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

Such a book must be a notable addition to American humorous literature, and will doubtless deserve and command a generous sale.—*New York Daily Graphic*.

Mr. Phillips, who is a graduate of the telegraph business, has long stood at the head of the profession as a telegraphic writer, and has told some very funny and instructive things during the past ten years.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

Walter P. Phillips, of New York, known to the literary fraternity as "John Oakum," whose productions are both pleasant and instructive, is preparing a volume for the public enjoyment. His friends in the journalistic and telegraphic world have already extended to him such encouragement as is due his personal and professional merits.—*Washington Chronicle*.

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His wide experience as an editor and as a telegrapher in several of the principal cities, has afforded Mr. Phillips unusual opportunities for the collection of a vast amount of original and hitherto almost unworked material. His sketches are thought by many excellent critics to have a freshness of treatment and an originality all their own. His, too, is the gift of epigrammatic compactness in style—a faculty seldom enjoyed. He has illuminated with beguiling art the mysteries which surround telegraphy, and whoever reads his book is sure of being treated to a feast of novelties.—*Albany Sunday Press*.

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The Operator,

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

September 1st, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 61.

The Telegraph Messenger Boy.

He was only a messenger boy,
But he hurried along just as fast
As one could expect of a boy,
Through the snow and the cold wintry blast.
His shoes were well worn. He'd stockingless feet,
Though he oft was exposed to the cold,
But beneath the thin jacket that covered his breast
Beat a heart that was manly and bold.
He was only a messenger boy,
Perhaps with some message of love,
Or the news that some banker had failed,
Or some friend had been called up above.
He'd a dear, little sister; his mother lay sick,
May be this made his troubles so light,
As he struggled along in that true narrow path
Which is trod by the just and upright.
Now that years have rolled by, and fortune has
changed,
He oft thinks of those hard days gone by,
When he worked hard for bread with willing hands,
For that dear one who's since gone on high.

* * * * *

Dear reader, how pretty this short tale would be,
If a single word in it were true,
But that boy's just as lazy as ever he was,
And he ne'er wore that jacket of blue.

SPIVINS.

Beppo's Very Interesting Account of What he Saw at the Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, August 22, 1876.

Only three years have elapsed since all the world and his wife were gathered on the banks of the famous "blue rolling Danube." They had congregated there to see and to learn, not only the great and ancient wonders of Vindobona or Wien, or Vienna, as you like—but the wonders and treasures of the civilized world. His imperial Highness, the President of the Commission, had indulged himself in a speech in inauguration of a vast Exhibition—a World's Fair six times greater in extent and greater in splendor than its boasted predecessor at Paris, which had taken place on the Champs de Mars, some half a dozen years previously. His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, feeling himself bound to make a speech of some sort, and dazzled by the brilliant assemblage—not Austrians alone, but English, and Hindoos, and Persians, and all the rest of mankind, all assembled in and for miles around the Palace of Industry in the Prater Park, far off into the Prater Sterne, the Prater Allee, and Jager Zell, and for miles over the semi-Oriental city—he found utterance at that time, for but one sentence: "I am proud of my Austria."

So, when to-day I look out from the dizzy heights of our grand "Centennial buildings," and see at one sweeping glance a still larger and grander, and more varied assemblage, and the same ubiquitous Mr. *Universus Mundus* and his loving spouse assembled on the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill, I can only answer: "I am prouder of my America."

Strange stories are told of this wonderful place, for truly "no pent up Utica" contracts our powers, and as we are generally voted next to the French the vainest people on the face of the earth, we tell tall stories of everything. They say as the lowering shades of even envelope these gorgeous buildings, the night watch beholds an eagle flying "between the cold moon and the earth" screeching, as it wings its lofty flight, exultation to the world. They say there never was anything like it. "They say" a good deal that

seems extravagant, but they never say too much of the great world's wonder; though, perhaps, the less said and more seen of it, the better. High-strung orations are inadequate, pen-pictures have all fell short of truth, the poor homage of poetry, the feathers and gold lace of our foreign friends, the booming of cannon, the rattling of drums, the blare and braying of trombones, the whanging of gongs and steam hammers, or the roar of multitudes, are all faint and miserable beside this ever triumphant immensity—the mosaic history of the world, and all that the world contains. It is greater than the world expected of us, and has taken the speculations of even speculative Americans by surprise.

In taking a view of the Exhibition from one of the towers of the Main building, (which is not called after, was not paid for and built by a certain down-east section of our honored land, as was fondly imagined by an enraptured constituent of Senator Blaine), we may set aside, for romance's sake, the savory smell of questionable "vittals" which floats to the breeze from sundry high priced caravansarais beneath us; as also the ugly sight of a net-work of wires running into the grounds from Elm Avenue, *strung on poles*, openly proclaiming the failure of those lauded underground tubes.

As you gaze around from the high tower, you see on every hand "old masks and shapes of things," as the incoherent Lanier says. Beneath is the Main Building, resplendent in color and bunting, and, farther, the towers, spires, and domes of a hundred magnificent edifices are in view. Deep down are the little lakes—"mirrors set in a framework of surpassing grandeur." There you see the palms and cactus of the tropics growing beside the honeysuckle and rosebush of England. On one side is Sherwood Forest, on the other, Epping; and yonder beyond the fast growing shadows of the old oaks, "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;" and further still, you see the silver track of the wood-fringed Wissahickon. To the right the Schuylkill, dotted with numerous islets, meanders down to the sea, miles below. Far off near the horizon, scudding on the Delaware, are fleets of merchantmen coming from every sea; while on land, trains heavily freighted are bringing us the products of every nation and of our own. Around all cluster waving trees, from which peep lofty spires, and curling smoke points out the spot "where hides a busy port." Farther far, the vision extends nearly down to the bay, where

"A wee sail, flashing like a falling star,
Gleams and is gone."

It is late in the afternoon, and at such an eminence the air is rather chilly; Professor Widows' bells, like "the curfew, tolls the knell of parting day," so that a descent to *terra firma* is deemed in order, and an elevator sets you once more inside the Main Building.

In the center of this structure is a beautifully ornamented music-stand, where, until within a few weeks ago, Gilmore's band discoursed choice operatic airs. The main aisles intersect at this point, and seats are arranged for some distance down each aisle, so as to form a kind of auditorium on four sides of the music pavilion. At this central point, which is slightly elevated, we might linger awhile to study the vast assemblage. Forgetting that we are only furlonged from an active telegraphic life; forgetting the hub-bub and hum drum of our every-day existence; forgetting the great battle of life, the wary and cautious maneuvering over reductions and inadequately paid services, the secrecy and extreme caution, the marching, feinting, and counter-marching incident to the presence of powerful, though not avowedly hostile armies in front of each other; the skirmishing and dodging for what might some day be an advantage in the inevitable struggle for empire on one side, and for bread on the other; forgetting all for the nonce, with the rolling chair man addressing your correspondent as "Colonel," in his laudable desire to wheel me about, we can join in the whirl of a gay throng. A swell, a regular English Immensikoff, wearing his ribbon for Balaklava and his medal for Inkerman, sweeps by with a bright jeweled marchioness

on each arm; a Spaniard with his scarlet and yellow faja; the Parsee with his odd-shaped rimless plug hat; the turbaned Turk, the Mede, the Persian; the European mechanics in white "slops" and "jumpers," moleskins, and corduroys; an array of beauty and talent and living examples of industrious perseverance such as America has never seen before, are all in bewildering proximity.

Vivacious, chatty and jewel-bedecked women are all day long gazing with ever watering eyes on Brazil's display of three million dollars worth of diamonds, the velveteens from Linden and Hanover, and the gossamer laces from Brussels and Mechlin; while their haggard looking husbands, men of mercantile pursuits, are studying and comparing the more commonplace commodities, seeing for themselves, that ordinary market reports as bulled and racked by average telegraphers, may not deceive them, and that they may deal still more wisely and profitably in their future ventures. There is no accounting for tastes, therefore each exhibit has its own little group of admirers. Some are studying the engravings, some gazing in ecstasies at monstrous mirrors, while, strange to observe, are quite a number of people stupidly staring at jars of strychnine and other deadly drugs displayed by various patriotic chemists. But stranger still than all is an exhibit offered for our contemplation by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, comprising costermongers' cudgels, sprigs of shillalies which would strike terror into the heart of any frequenter of Donnybrook, brass knuckles, tortuous bridle bits, and all kinds of repulsive looking weapons, taken from the owners of horseflesh by the Society's agents. These murderous implements are deemed unworthy to chastise unruly beasts, but it is whispered that they are loaned out to the Centennial police when these bland gentlemen find it necessary to "usher out" an uproarious visitor. In another section is to be seen occasionally the spectacle of an irritable Japanese trying to explain the mysterious devices on some of their beautiful cloisonné articles to a clownish looking man from Finland. In another direction you see a Turk, staggering around in great baggy unguessables, trying to find out from the *Ulster County Gazette*,* how General Tchernayneff made out at Novokos-covitz.

Before leaving this building, it is well to take a look at the big organ in the eastern end. Base ball lovers will be pleased to meet in the choir a second bass—an awful big man—who "can put out" any unruly man on the grounds. The guide—by profession a surmounter of all difficulties, and an unraveller of all conundrums exhibitional—will give you a very accurate and precise account of the great organ; but when he goes to rubbing it in, smiling his sweetest smile as he glibly deals out a description of the "principal fifteenth open diapason, hohl flute, flute a cheminee, twelfth trumpet bourdon, and"—why, it's about time to leave, and take in some of the other buildings.

In the annex to Memorial Hall, (room 42, U. S. section), are a number of pictures by Theodore Kaufman, of Washington, D. C., which, although of interest to our profession, seem to have hung there hitherto quite unnoticed. The first of the series portrays primitive man terrified by the initial flash of the electric bolt, which has just shattered into fragments a rock beside him. No. 2 shows how the Ancients in their natural fears have deified the lightning, which is typified by Jupiter. Nos. 3 and 4 show the system of crushing out what are now known to be great truths by the spirit of bigotry—in the former picture a dark angel or imp hovers over the globe, and his shadow is deeply cast on the surface thereof; and in the latter picture is shown the martyrdom of John Huss. After this the artist follows a patriotic, but I think a censurable custom, by lugging in an apparition of Washington, looking just as demure as a Father of his Country could do in a picture. It is evidently intended as some cun-

* A paper published by Ben Franklin a hundred years ago, and copied and sold extensively on the grounds as relics.

ning sort of reasoning to make George bridge over the space between the dark ages and modern days. After this is shown Franklin flying a kite to coax the gresed fluid from the clouds. The workmanship in this picture is admirable, but as the old philosopher is painted on the side of a mountain with an extensive valley beneath him, one can scarcely believe it represents the site of Eleventh and Buttonwood Streets, which is believed by all good Philadelphians to be the spot where the 'cute experiment took place. In the picture next in rotation, Volta Galvani and others are in session, developing the mysterious agent; and in another Morse is seen pondering over an old time register. Then follow two pretty little scenes, perfect gems—one showing the Pacific Railroad and desert plains by moonlight, while a will-o'-the-wisp spark is leaping over the wire from post to post; and the other letting us down into "the dark and unfathomed caves of ocean," where are seen all the wonders of the deep—sea ferns, and other submarine growths abound, while the strange looking inhabitants of the ragin' main are industriously "swimming out," in astonishment, at the fearless invader of their realm—the Atlantic cable.

In Memorial Hall (U. S. section), is a painting of a red faced gentleman, the Marquis de Lafayette. Its general interest is very little, and the skill displayed in its execution is something less, but its interest to our profession is, that it was painted by S. F. B. Morse, and proves that the learned professor made a lucky hit for himself as well as mankind, when he abandoned painting.

If the practical telegrapher would be a theoretical one beside, he can find here all that is desirable and necessary to that end. Here is found the identical electrical machine once used by Franklin, and probably with which he often salted George the Third, who (although history is not very clear on this point), signed "G." There are pyramids of unbroken wire and huge cables, electric pens, switchboards, improved quartette tables, and everything electrical under the sun, most of which have been previously expatiated upon both in the minute and scholarly manner of the *Journal*, and the cheery, fire-side like stories of the genial "Nuf Ced."

But for my own part, I am inclined to the opinion that the day for study in our profession has passed, or perhaps that it has never dawned. The rapid promotions of doubtful men, the still more sudden and unmerited reductions of worthy ones, and the general slipshod policy toward employees, together with the "take him to the tan yard" cry which curses those who have unfortunately grown gray in the service, has broken down much of the old spirit of emulation; and close study, fidelity, and application go unrewarded. I am afraid—but it is not without a little shame that I say it—that our modern operator finds it just as honorable to take a nap beside his work once in awhile, provided that he can do it unseen.

However, if there is one who still wishes to study, in the vain hope that promotion when an "opening" occurs will reward his labors, let him go on. If he be a romantic young fellow, here he can dive headlong among the battery jars, and figure algebraical signs all over them. If he be a hoary headed old fossil, he can wander in unrestricted freedom, with a tangent galvanometer in one hand, a rheostat in the other, a differential in a big bag on his back, and electricity on the brain. For fifty cents admission he is free to go poking in secluded nooks where are buried telegraphic monstrosities of the Patent Office, and tottering over piles of electro-motors, drivelling forth audible remarks on Siemen's units and Ohm's law, and slobbering over the sag and strain in a given length and weight of wire. He can hire a lightning calculator and pile up his megohms and micro-farads ceiling high, and make the welkin ring with his shouts of self-congratulation as he views the result of $\frac{c}{3} \times Ca = \frac{c}{b}$, and when he has been ten years studying it up, he may have his pay reduced on the most just, lucid, impartial, equitable, and gentle of sliding scales from fifteen to five per cent. BEPPO.

Electricity at the Government Building—The Philadelphia Western Union New Office.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., August 23, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPERATOR:

Your last issue was doubly welcome to me, for one, as I really "experienced a new sensation" on reading it—in fact, I may say *two* new sensations. One, caused by the absence of my own wordy yarns, and thankfulness for the relief of your readers thereat, and the other, by far the most refreshing, on reading the first—and I earnestly hope it may not prove the last—literary effort of our "Gentle Abbie!" who has shown that she *can* write, and *will* write, too, on provocation. I guess that random shot of mine flew nearer the mark than even I could have hoped! and Abbie promptly shows the wound, and properly re-sents it. That "Scene 1st" is good, and I'll not be so cruel as to suggest alterations which might be mentioned; but can't you induce your fair correspondent to continue the story, and complete the play? One scene is only an aggravation, you know, or shall I be forced to follow up an attack, already so productive of such good results, by references to the "Bond-s" which yet may bind her, and all that sort of thing? But, until the new county is again "heard from," I will desist.

The big show is still here, and thriving famously—additions are being made almost daily, and it seems as though the Exhibition would never be fully completed, as new exhibitors are still clamoring to get in. Of all the season, the coming weeks of September and October will probably be the best for visitors, as everything is settled, and working smoothly and systematically. A great rush of visitors from all parts of the country is soon expected to pour in, and spread over the grounds, which never looked better than now. With everything in full bloom, the well-smoothed lawns at their greenest, and the torrid heat of August almost past, the grounds now present an appearance which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated, and hard to describe to those who have not been here to enjoy it for themselves.

Among the new exhibits will be noticed a new show of Uncle Sam's, contained in a handsome building on the shores of the lake, representing a full working specimen of the U. S. Life Saving Station, an exponent of one of the most valuable government services, which, though but a few years old, has already shown its great worth to the country, and may well be ranked with the signal service in its benefits to the country at large. In front of the building, and moored on the placid waters of the lake, is a completely rigged life-boat, of the largest size, looking rather out of place, to be sure, and needing the accompaniment of the breakers and ragged rocks as a fit background, but ready for use in case any of the rash venturers on this miniature sea are overtaken by storm and shipwreck!

Within stands a truck carrying a similar boat, with the "Paul Boynton" dresses of her crew, while around the room are arranged the many appliances in use in the service for life-saving and restoring; guns fitted with life-line carrying shot and the reels from which the line is paid out in its flight to a wreck; the blocks and hawsers sent out to the stranded ship, and the cars in which crew and passengers are hauled ashore; the rockets, lanterns, and custom lights used in signaling between stations, and calling for aid in time of wreck; and, finally, the cots and medicine chests which come in play in restoring the apparently drowned. An interesting relic of the service is the first ball fired over a wreck, which was used in 1850, and carried a line to the ship *Ayresbury*, wrecked, on Squam Beach, New Jersey, January 12th of that year. By this line 201 lives were saved, and the missile which did such good service is well considered worth its weight in gold, and looked upon with proper veneration. Near the life station is the much talked of model of the city of Paris, which looks somber and dusty enough since the weeding out process to which it was subjected a few weeks ago. As it was laid out on the ground, between two of the walks, nature asserted itself, and it was not long before the "city" presented a luxuriant and verdant appearance which would have astonished any "native." Each street was filled with weeds which overtopped the houses, even the Tuilleries was overshadowed by spreading greens, and the Column Vendome lost to sight beneath an ambitious and vigorous mullen stalk which towered aloft, and put to shame the most pretentious spires of the lilliputian city. But

before "Paris" was entirely lost to the anxious gaze, the day of judgment and extermination came. Two gardeners invaded its streets, looking like very Gullivers as they stooped to weed, and sought out the larger plazas and thoroughfares for room to place their feet, without demolishing rows of houses, and, after a day's hard work, Paris was left again in its pristine nakedness and glory. The ruins can again bespatter with mud the sides of its white houses, and rush in roaring torrents down the Seine, and if it *does* wash off a bridge or house or two, during each shower, the loss is hardly noticed, but the Frenchmen bring their wives and families and friends, as of old, to stand and gaze with uncovered heads on their own dear "la Paris."

Returning again to the Government Building, we are sorry to learn that the Sawyer's autographic telegraph instruments, which the signal service expects to make use of in transmitting the isothermal, barometrical, and other lines taken from their observations, and which have been daily expected for weeks, and were to be set up and shown in practical operation, have not arrived, and can hardly be expected to come at this late day. But, disappointed as we are not to have the chance to examine this interesting system, there is still another application of telegraphy, to scientific and practical purposes, made by the Government, which, I think, has not yet been mentioned. It is the mode of ascertaining the speed of projectiles, and is shown in the Laboratory which adjoins the Main Government Building.

A regular field testing range is illustrated under cover, on a reduced scale, the firing distance being 30 feet, instead of 100 yards, and the measuring scales reduced in proportion. The speed of a bullet is required for calculations, as to the force of the several grades of powder, in varying charges, and in comparing different kinds of fire arms, and several modes of obtaining it are shown, the simplest and most accurate of which is the telegraph system.

Across the mouth of the tube which forms the firing range is placed an open target, close to the muzzle of the gun, which is secured to a heavy bed or carriage. Over this target are stretched fine copper wires, one or all of which must be severed by the passage of the ball. The objective target, at the further end of the tube, is treated in a similar way, a fine wire being laid in a continuous coil or mat over its entire surface, in such a manner that the bullet must sever it, no matter where it may strike. The wires from each target are led to the recording instrument, which consists essentially of a large drum which is slowly revolved by clock work. The surface of this drum is silverplated and highly polished, and over this a thin layer of lamp-black is deposited by the smoke of a candle or lamp. One arm of a large turning-fork, which gives a definite number of vibrations per second, carries a delicate point or stylus which rests on the drum, and makes it mark by removing the film of lamp-black wherever it touches. Thus, when both the drum and turning-fork are set in motion—the plane of vibration being at right angles, with the direction of the drum—the stylus leaves behind it a sinuous or wavy track of silver line on a black ground, each wave or vibration representing one-thousandth part of a second.

When a shot is fired, the bullet, as it leaves the mouth of the gun, cuts the first wire, and the interruption of the current produces a spot or mark on the drum, close to the wave line, showing where the flight began. Another spot is made by the breaking of the target wire, and the distance between these two marks shows the time of flight, which is accurately ascertained by counting the number of waves or vibrations between them.

By duplicating the targets the exact speed of a projectile, at any point of its flight, may be obtained with equal accuracy; and much use is made of the instrument in determining the best form and size of bullets, as well as in comparing powder and guns.

Under the head of telegraphy there are but few new features to be noticed at the Centennial. What little business there is, is still managed by the American District Co., and their agents may still be found at work in each of the buildings, pegging away diligently at their old fashioned dial printers; but in town there is really a stir among the W. U. employees, and the activity at Tenth and Chestnut streets indicates that the company may really occupy their new office at last, and that at an early day.

Three of the magnificent new poles standing on Tenth Street, between Chestnut and Sampson, have been ruthlessly felled, and carted away, without ever having supported a wire. But the wires are

now strung over the Assembly Buildings, and across Chestnut Street to the roof of the new office, and there appears to be no reason now why the new and handsome quarters should not be occupied at once.

We hope that the wire pullers of Third and Chestnut may soon find a more commodious resting place, and that a description of the long-talked-of and stylish new office may be next in order.

N. F. CED.

The Railroad Operator's Story.

Ned Lucas and I were operators in the Smithville office of the Iron Mountain and Western Railroad. I had been working in New York, but had always had a desire for a position in the west. Great was my joy, therefore, one morning on receiving a letter from the manager of ——— road saying that I was appointed manager of the Smithville Junction office. After packing my valise, and bidding my friends good-by, I started and arrived in due time at my destination. I found Ned, as I used to call him, a frank, open heart, good-natured fellow, and I was not long in discovering that he was engaged to a young lady named Annie Attneave. Our duties were not heavy, but as some one of us had to be in the office all the time, it was generally managed so that Ned could be off in the evening, and though I was no lady's man myself, I took great interest in Lucas and his lady love—why, I can't say.

One afternoon, 'twas in June, he came into the office and asked me to work for him till nine or ten o'clock, as he wanted to go up to "the house." I willingly consented, for I had an idea what the visit was for. Ned was punctual, that is, he was ready to "go on" half a minute before ten. Just as I was about to leave the office for the night he said, "Mr. Spivins, can I speak to you a moment?"

I was somewhat surprised at the "Mr.," for I had taught him to call me Jack.

"Yes," I said, "what is it?"

"It's all settled; the day's fixed," he replied, and then he told me how he and Annie were going to keep house, and a thousand and one other matters that interested me just about as much or as little as would the financial position of the Peruvian Government.

The wedding was to take place early the following month, and Annie in the meantime was going to stop with an aunt of her's who lived about a hundred miles further up the road. The time passed very slowly with us. During her absence Ned passed the time mostly in writing letters, and I in interviewing my pipe.

At last the long looked for day for Annie's return arrived. The train which carried the mail was due at the station at 9:40 in the evening. It was a beautiful summer evening. While Ned, who was at the key, was asking the operator at the next station (some fifteen miles away) for about the twentieth time if there was any sign of the train yet, I sat dozing in the arm chair, and was soon in a sound sleep. I dreamed that I started to walk up the track to meet the train, and that midway between the two stations a party of men came out and commenced tearing up the rails. I fancied I got past them without their seeing me, and was in the middle of the track shouting to the engineer to stop, when I was awakened by Ned. He was pale and excited, and on inquiring what was the matter, he said that the operator at the next station had told him to keep a look out for some three or four suspicious looking characters who had just gone down the track.

It was now my turn to feel alarmed. As soon as I had told him of my dream, he took a revolver from the drawer, and before I could speak a word he had started up the track. It was just nine o'clock, and the run between Jonesboro, the next station, and Smithville took half an hour, so that it would be ten minutes yet before the train passed through Jonesboro. I told the operator of my dream, and that Lucas had gone up the track. He ridiculed the idea of anything going wrong, but I could tell by the style of his sending that he, too, was a little shaky.

I sent up for the Superintendent of the road (he happened to be staying in the town at the time), requesting him to come to the office. When he arrived I told him all that had passed. The train, the operator said, was then passing through Jonesboro.

"Twenty minutes from now the train will emerge from the wood," said the Superintendent, "and as

she always whistles, and the wind is blowing this way, we shall hear her; if not, then I will send an engine up the track. In the meantime, get all the workman you can together."

The men and the engine were soon ready, and fifty pair of ears were eagerly listening for the whistle. Fifteen minutes passed—it seemed as many days. Twenty—but no sound. The Superintendent then gave the order, and the words were hardly out of his lips when the engine bounded up the track at the rate of sixty miles an hour, loaded with well-armed and determined men.

Our worst fear proved too true. We had not gone more than five miles when we came upon the wreck. Fires were built with the splintered cars, and the work of hunting for and helping the wounded commenced. Men lying beneath the wreck called to me for assistance, but I paid no heed to their oft repeated appeals. I was looking for Ned. At last I found him prostrated between the two tracks. He was bleeding from a pistol wound in the breast, and had also been beaten about the head. In his arms lay Annie, pale and dead. A short distance from them we found two of a gang of railroad thieves who had long been a terror to the road. Ned's revolver had hastened their appearance before their last accountant. It was evident that he had arrived at the scene when the plundering was going on, for on the robbers we found a large quantity of money, jewelry, and other articles of value that had been stolen from the train. The dead and wounded were taken to Smithville as soon possible, and men set to work repairing the track.

Ned was found to be terribly wounded. Indeed, as the surgeon said, he had wounds enough to kill at least half a dozen men. I had him taken up to the house where I lived, so that, although I knew his case was a hopeless one, I could see he had every attention necessary.

He lay for the first two days without any sign of life, except heavy breathing. I was seated by his bedside on the afternoon of the third day (I had got a man to sub for me), when he opened his eyes and spoke for the first time. I gave him a little brandy and water and sent for the doctor, as I had been directed by him to do should any change occur.

"Jack," he said, "is she there?" and he turned up his eyes heavenward.

"Yes," I said.

"I shall soon join her," he added, and then he began telling me of his encounter with the train wreckers. Seeing that it excited him I changed the subject as soon as I could, and he again relapsed into unconsciousness. I went down to the office to see that things were running smoothly, leaving the lady that I lived with in charge, instructing her to send for me should any change occur.

It was just getting dusk when a messenger came to the office and said that the doctor wanted me. I hurried home with all haste. When I arrived I could see that poor Ned had but a short time to live. His eyes were open, but he did not answer or recognize me when I spoke to him.

The sun had gone down, and in the twilight the doctor and I waited for death. We did not have long to wait. He raised himself slowly in the bed, his eyes wide open, yet still he failed to recognize me, and with his hand he felt around on the spread, till, in his imagination, he found what he wanted. It was the telegraph key, and repeating the message slowly as he went along, he said, "Annie, I'm com—," and fell back on the pillow, dead. He crossed the dark unknown river, and was there before he could send the message.

SPIVINS.

"Deserving Operators."

There are a great many operators who, although not what is commonly called "first-class," yet, at the same time, are far more deserving than one-half the first-class men now employed. When we see an operator (and we know of several instances) who does all he can for the interests of the company, behaving himself over the wire as a gentleman, and yet, not being strictly first-class, receiving poor pay, our sympathy is enlisted in his behalf. We have several first-class men who do little for the company's interest, and who never come to the wire without raising a fight with some other operator, thereby delaying business.

And yet these are the very men that are made regular pets of by the company. Which of the two is the most deserving? The one who is the so-called first-class man, looking out for his own interests alone, or the one who is a fair operator, looking out for those of the company, and waiting patiently for promotion? We prefer the latter. FAIR PLAY.

Albany Notes.

The latest "dead beat" is a person taking the character of linemen, whose *modus operandi* is as follows: Arriving at a hotel he represents himself as foreman of a gang which is working their way to town. Makes the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of himself and gang. Cautions the landlord to give them only three drinks each per day, as that is all the company will allow in the vouchers.

States that he will remain at the hotel until the gang arrives the following day. The time for the gang to put in an appearance is at hand, Mr. Foreman is quite uneasy because of their non-appearance; thinks they must have found more work than anticipated. The shades of night are falling fast, no gang yet—finally, informs the landlord that something must have happened them, and he will go out and meet them. He departs—for where? Not for the gang, but for fields and pastures new. Having had a night's lodging, and satisfied the inner man with three square meals and drinks, he wends his way to the next town, while the landlord keeps open much later than usual waiting for the gang, but, like Enoch Arden, sees no gang from day to day. In this way the beat worked his way from Williams Bridge, N. Y., to Chatham. He has evidently been in the linemen's ranks.

Supt. Thompson has a curiosity to meet this important personage, but the fellow has, so far, kept well in the shade.

Mr. Orville Coates, of the W. U. of this city, is rusticated, during the month of August, at his old home in Cherry Valley, N. Y. His chair at the N. Y. quad is being filled by Mr. Wallace Leaning.

Yesterday we were pleased to receive a call from F. Scott Smith, of Michigan, formerly of the W. U. office of this city. We were all pleased to see him looking so healthy—long may he wave.

E. Frank Blanchard, Manager of Fulton, N. Y., W. U. office, was also among our recent visitors.

The W. U. office, at Crescent, N. Y., a few miles north of this city, was destroyed by fire recently.

A few days ago a message was handed to Cashier Riley, addressed Wm. Mack, *Dissenter*, 46 East Twelfth street, N. Y. That was a sticker for George, but, after questioning the customer closely, he elicited the fact that it was intended for Dispensary. Never any "bulls" made by the public. Oh, no! always the fault of the operators.

One of the bright shining lights of our messenger force, after receiving an answer from a customer, concluded to copy it on a blank, in order that it might be in better shape for the Receiver's desk. The original read as follows: "To J. Magee, Watch Hill: Hattie requested you; funeral Friday P. M.—D. B. Ackley."

The messenger translated it as follows: "To J. Magee, Washington: Hattie requested your fiancée Friday P. M.—D. B. Ackley."

It is needless to say that Washington could not find the party, and that the error, when discovered, caused much amusement among the employees.

Here's the way a customer spells anxious, *anctious*.

Sell Saturday and Eatonville cheese, for sell Salisbury and Eatonville cheese, is good, but Watch Hall Four Corners, for Chatham Four Corners, is better.

Bowen Broadway and Pearl street, for between Broadway and Pearl street, and S. C. H. Lessinger Bros., for Schlessinger Bros., are fair. XYZ.

ONE of the newspapers in this city, speaking of the recent deaths caused by falling of telegraph poles, says: "A new instrument of death has been introduced by rotten telegraph poles. Only a short time since a Mrs. McGuire was killed by the injuries inflicted upon her by the fall of a telegraph pole at the intersection of Suffolk and Grand Streets, and yesterday wounds that it is feared will prove fatal were sustained through a similar instrumentality, by Jeremiah D. Tanyean, one of the line men of the fire telegraph. In his case, too, the hurt was caused by the falling of a telegraph pole at the intersection of 124th Street and Madison Avenue. Before any more deaths have been caused, we hope a remedy will have been provided. The police authorities throw the responsibility upon the Health Department, but meanwhile all the precincts are being inspected, and a report of every unsound telegraph pole will be made in writing. The companies to whom belong the poles found to be dangerous will be informed of that fact, and the Health Board will be furnished with all necessary intelligence with respect to dangerous trees. A peril like this is one that concerns everybody, and we shall be glad if their expeditious inspection proves a true remedy."

The Operator.

THE ORGAN OF THE

United States and Canadian Telegraph Operators.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - - Editor.

September 1st, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly in sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

We shall publish in our next issue a clever and entertaining paper on a well known telegrapher. "Little Old Statistics" will be readily recognized and highly enjoyed as presented by his friend and former associate John Oakum.

As will be seen from our advertising columns Messrs. F. G. Mack & Co., Cleveland, Ohio, succeed A. B. Lyman & Co. as manufacturing electricians. The prices of the new firm are very reasonable. Send for their illustrated catalogue.

With this number we commence our sixth volume. It is gratifying to know that our efforts to make a popular telegraphers' paper are being appreciated, as is evinced by the many encouraging letters daily received. It is almost unnecessary to say that it shall always be our endeavor to improve the character of the paper, and make it more and more the operator's friend.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that a lady, Miss Clapp, was the first victim of lightning in a telegraph office, and that we to-day chronicle the death of another lady operator, from the same cause, it seems to be the case that women are less liable to be struck by lightning than men. Of the 880 persons so killed in France, during the past decade, 567 were males. Still more singular is the fact, that whenever a man and a dog have got in the way of a thunderbolt, the man escaped the electric shock, the dog it was that died.

A RATHER good joke, though a little rough on the A. & P., comes from Long Branch. A reporter of the New York Sun, a gentleman who appears, like his illustrious master, to find fault with everything and everybody, says in a late issue of his paper:

"I want to speak of the A. & P. Telegraph Company. If you are ever accidentally detained down here, on purpose or otherwise, and are especially desirous that no word shall reach your family, send a message by the A. & P. Your folks will never know it. You and the message will appear simultaneously, on the door-step, the following day."

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—We chronicled in last issue the death of the son of the late Prof. Morse by a railroad accident. Prof. Morse, as our readers are aware, died in 1872. Immediately after his death the illustrated journals published excellent engravings of the deceased gentleman's picture. One of these was framed by Major Boyle of this city, and placed on the mantelpiece of his dining-room, where it remained undisturbed until a recent Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, when it fell to the floor with an extraordinary crash. The Major picked up the pieces, and thought nothing more of the matter; but, on the following morning, was amazed and horrified to find chronicled in the papers the tragic death of the son of the gentleman whose picture met with so disastrous an accident.

War on Telegraph Poles.

Shakespeare says that troubles come not singly, but in battalion. It seems to be so with accidents from rotten telegraph poles. Mrs. McGuire's death, reported in our last, was speedily followed by the death of Jeremiah D. Tencan, a lineman employed by the Fire Department, who, while engaged in mending a wire at the corner of Madison Avenue and 124th Street, August 14th, fell, carrying the rotten pole with him. He died the following day. At an inquest on the remains the jury found that "the accident happened in consequence of a guy or support wire being cut or broken, and we further think that greater care should be used in taking down unsafe poles."

The ownership of the pole will not be, in the present case, as in the former, an unsolved problem, as it belongs to the Fire Department, and tangible parties can, therefore, be found to take their just share of merited censure. These two deaths appear to have waked up the city fathers to the fact that telegraph poles are likely, in time, to become rotten and fall, causing accidents. The police captains were ordered to send in reports to Supt. Walling of the number of dangerous telegraph poles and trees in each precinct. These reports show that there are 428 rotten telegraph poles and 1,659 rotten trees in the city. The poles seem to belong to nobody in particular, and most of them have been in bad condition for years.

War was immediately declared against these rotten poles and decayed trees, and the Supt. of Incumbrances speedily set to work to wipe them off the earth's surface. Notices were sent to the different telegraph companies, fire, and police departments to remove all their unused and dangerous poles in the city within ten days, or they would be removed at the company's expense. We shall, therefore, hear less in future of accidents from falling telegraph poles. It is gratifying to note in this connection that the poles of telegraph companies are better looked after than any others in the city.

A Line Repairer in Trouble.

Mr. Joseph McInnarnery was a lineman employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company at Oswego, N. Y. Joseph is one of those men who do not believe in standing around, hands in pockets, waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. He believes in going and turning it up. The repairing business was dull at Oswego. The wires persistently refused to become either crossed, broken, or grounded. Storms fought shy of Oswego, and it appeared as if Mr. McInnarnery's occupation was gone indeed. But he wasn't that kind of a man. Taking a piece of telegraph wire about two feet long and bent up at the ends so as to catch two or more wires easily and surely, he was in the habit of walking along the railroad track and throwing this over the wires, of course, cutting off connection. Joseph then walked up to the Western Union office with unblushing effrontery, secured the job, started out and found the trouble—after a while. But Manager Tuttle does not appear to have appreciated these commendable efforts to make business lively, for one day, seeing McInnarnery throw the bent wire up on the wires stretching along the railroad track in front of the Doolittle House, thereby cutting off the Buffalo and Associated Press

wires, he caused that gentleman's arrest, and even went so far as to employ another repairer to remove the obstruction. The prisoner is now in jail awaiting trial. He will probably find out that tampering with the wires in this manner does not pay.

Oakum Pickings Now Ready.

Copies of Oakum Pickings are now ready for delivery. The orders now on file will be filled as speedily as possible. Those not already ordered will oblige us by ordering as soon as convenient. The State and General Agents for the sale of Oakum Pickings already appointed are as follows:

Alabama: Chas. A. Garland, W. U., Selma,
Arkansas: M. W. Connolly, W. U., Jacksonport.
Florida: Henry R. Stoy, W. U., Lake City,
Fla. C. H. Brush, W. U., Tallahassee, Fla.
Illinois, Indiana, W. C. Long, W. U. office,
Iowa { Chicago, Ill.
Mass: J. F. Shorey, W. U. office, Boston.
Mich: Phillip & Powers, W. U. office, Detroit.
Minnesota: J. M. Hogan, Box 195, Milwaukee,
Wisconsin { Wis.
Missouri: W. J. Foy, W. U. office, St. Louis.
Nebraska {
Utah { Frank B. Knight, W. U. Tel. office,
Wyoming { Omaha, Neb.
Ohio: C. D. Sprague, W. U. Tel. office, Tiffin, O.
ONTARIO—West of Kingston: A. C. Terry,
Dom. Tel. Co., Toronto, Ont. East of King-
ston: H. B. Spencer, M. Tel. office, Ottawa.
Chatham: H. W. Sparling, Chatham. Lon-
don and vicinity: David Adam, Mon. Tel.
Co., London. Elgin Co., and route of C. S.
R'y: Geo. W. Fowler, C. S. R'y, St. Thomas.
Province of Quebec: Robert H. Rogers, Mon.
Tel. Co., Quebec.
Texas: C. E. Smails, W. U. Tel. office, Houston.
Vt.: Frank M. Davis, Box 94, Bellows Falls.
Va. and W. Va.: F. D. Cudlipp, W. U., Richm'd
Pacific Coast: E. Somerville, W. U. Tel. Office,
San Francisco, Cal.
Conn.: W. R. Hendrick, Box 1,134, New Haven.
Georgia: J. S. W. Phillips, W. U. office, Savan-
nah. J. E. Hurley, W. U. office, Augusta.
Kentucky: J. J. Heenan, 129 2d St., Louisville.
Louisiana: A. D. Babbit, Box 1,997, New
Mississippi { Orleans, La.
Maine: A. C. Preble, W. U. office, Portland.
Maryland: P. G. Hess, W. U. office, Baltimore.
New Hampshire: Geo. Judkins, Claremont.
Nova Scotia, N. F. P. E. I. & C. B.: F. T. Le
Moine, W. U. office, North Sidney, C. B.
New York: C. C. King, Albany; H. Y. Bresee,
Binghamton; W. A. Sornborger, Rochester;
W. D. Hanchette, Watertown.
North Carolina: J. T. Busbee, W. U., Raleigh.
South Carolina: P. E. Ryan, W. U., Charleston.
Tennessee: W. S. Maynard, M. & L. R. R. R.,
Memphis.

Any of our readers, or others, in these States, desiring to become agents for the book will please communicate with their respective State agents, who will give them the same terms and commission we would. Those in States not given can write to us.

Mr. A. B. GRISWOLD, an old time operator, well known in New York, having worked in this city about three years ago, died at his residence in Buffalo, N. Y., Monday morning, August 21st, and was buried on the 23d. His funeral was largely attended. Messrs. H. D. Reynolds, T. S. Davidson, J. W. Larish, and C. H. Mead were pall bearers. Mr. Griswold was twenty-one years of age, was an excellent fellow, and had many friends who will be sorry to hear of his demise.

What about that game of base ball between the operators and clerks at "197?"

Dashes Here and There.

WHY don't some philanthropic plug buy Tim Finnigan a new basket?

Important to receivers—Mother-in-law only counts as one word—Spivins.

A cow was found last week standing stark and stiff in a pasture in Maine. She had been struck by lightning, killed, but not thrown to the ground.

PRESIDENT ORTON says he does not believe that with the present century there will be underground telegraph wires in the United States except for local business.

THE traffic receipts of the Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company Limited for the month of June, were £9,623, against £9,088 for the corresponding month of last year.

A RATHER neat way of putting it:—The Nashville American gives as an epitaph for the Chicago Evening Telegraph, recently suspended, simply the number "30." Of course, our readers are aware that in telegraph parlance "30" means "good-night."

DURING a thunder storm at South Providence, R. I., August 15th, the lightning struck the house of William Dolan, instantly killing his daughter, Mary Ann Dolan, and giving Mrs. Dolan a severe shock. The bolt passed out into the kitchen, and through the kitchen window, breaking four panes of glass.

A HOLY SENTIMENT CHILLED.—An inebriated individual, says the Bridgeport Standard, walked into the telegraph office at the depot recently, and penned the following brief but expressive dispatch to a friend in Springfield: "I am happy." "Twenty-five cents," said the operator. He ran his fingers into his vest pocket in a vacant sort of a way, smiled feebly, and after remarking, "Guess I'll wait till I get there myself," staggered out.

DURING a thunder storm a gentleman in Paris took a hack down the Champs Elysees toward the Faubourg St. Germain. He noticed that at every flash of lightning his driver piously made the sign of the cross, and remarked:

"I observe that you cross yourself. You do well."

"Oh, yes. It is always well where there are so many trees, but once we get into the streets I don't give a curse."

SWITCHING LIGHTNING OFF THE TRACK.—The air was so heavily charged with electricity yesterday, that the lightning entered on the wires attached to the Grand Trunk Railway station at St. Lambert and melted the brass in several places on the "telegraph switch." The station master, Mr. Merriman, on seeing the effects of the electric current on the switch-board, immediately shut it off, thus saving probably not only the lives of some of those in the building, but the building also.—*Montreal Witness.*

We understand, says *The Telegraphic Journal*, that a successful solution of the problem of duplex telegraphy on long submarine cables has been effected by Messrs. Muirhead and Taylor, who have for some time past been experimenting with this view on the cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company. The system has been working on the cables between Marseilles and Malta and between Suez and Aden, for some months, and with good results in the increase of the carrying capacity of the cables, and consequent diminution of delay in the transmission of messages.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* notices a device by which economical Parisians diminish the receipts of the Telegraph Department. Most of the messages from one part of Paris to another are at present transmitted by pneumatic tube, and are delivered to the person to whom they are addressed upon the form or blank piece of paper (the use of printed forms not being compulsory in France, either for home or foreign telegrams) used by the sender. It is the rule of the telegraph offices that when words are written in a message and afterward struck out, the sender shall, after excising them, add at the foot of the message, "So many words annulled," and append his signature. The sender of a message through the pneumatic tube has, therefore, but to write out some sixty or seventy words, entering into the fullest details, and afterwards to strike out all but the twenty to which he is limited. His friends, who are, of course, in the secret, read the message through, and the majority of the words, though they have been "rayes nuls" by a confiding clerk, are perhaps the most important of the whole.

CABLEING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—How long does it take to transmit a message through the Atlantic cable? The New York Journal of Commerce has been investigating this question, and simple as it looks at first sight, there are many singular and interesting points in the answer. When the electricity is applied to the cable at one end, two-tenths of a second pass before any effect is felt at the other end, and three seconds are consumed before the full force of the current is in action. The first signal is felt in four-fourteenths of a second, but the following ones go through more rapidly. As many as eighteen words have been sent over the Atlantic cable in one minute; fifteen can usually be sent under pressure, and twelve words a minute is a good working rate. Messages of twelve words have been sent all the way from New York to London in two minutes. A fact not yet explained by the scientists is that the electricity does not move as rapidly from New York to London as in the opposite direction.

THE recently-published report of the select committee of the British House of Commons on the Telegraph Department embodies several notable suggestions for increasing its revenue. The Treasury proposed a tariff at a penny—two cents a word, the result of which would be to raise the price of an ordinary shilling, or twenty-five cents, telegram to half a crown, sixty cents, supposing that the average of twenty-nine words, including names and addresses, were maintained. Those names and addresses are not charged for, and operators complain that senders, for safety's sake, extend them to an intolerable length. The postmaster of Glasgow proposed that messages of twelve words, including addresses, should be sent for sixpence to increase the local traffic, but it is feared that many of the shilling senders would try to cram their messages into a dozen words. An officer of the Royal Engineers has suggested the establishment of "second-class" messages of ten words for sixpence, first-class messages to take precedence in dispatch and delivery, and the Postmaster-General proposed that an additional charge of sixpence should be made on all messages handed in between eight at night and eight in the morning, and also on all telegrams sent on Sundays. But the committee have come to the determination not to recommend any radical change in the administration of the post-office telegraph. Although the department does not yet pay, the number of telegrams in the metropolis has increased from 13,798 in 1870 to 84,531 in 1876.

Could this have been Cap De Costa?

Northwestern Iowa! "Land of the farmer's pride," says the speculator writing East. "Land where the grasshoppers stride," sings the unhappy Granger, as he sits pensively on the door-step watching the busy locust "improve each shining hour." Hopper or no hopper, however, telegraphing goes on just the same.

There was one of them came along the other day—a telegrapher, I mean. For over an hour he paced the platform, occasionally peering through the half-open door, as if endeavoring to determine the amount of human kindness latent in my breast. His coat—poor parody—was buttoned around his neck, illy concealing the garment beneath that, perhaps, in better days, had been white. At last he ventured in. He said he was an "old timer," and I believed him, for besides the noble forehead and intellectual eye, he carried a newspaper bundle—that operator's traditional trunk—in his hand. "S'pose there ain't much show for operators up this way?" he queried. "Thicker than Indians in the Black Hills," I replied. "And s'pose you couldn't tell a feller where to get a square meal," he continued. "I'm in hard luck, and I want to get back to Michigan City?" I felt sorry for any one that wanted to get back there, so I gave him half of my capital—twenty-five cents—and directed him to a hotel I am trying to break up. Gratefully he turned away—but alas! gracefully turned into a saloon on the corner, and as I passed to supper he was happy, discoursing to a crowd on the beauties of the West and the bully times on the U. P.

I saw him but once more. He was embracing a policeman, who gently bore him to the gloomy confines of the station-house, while the Grangers on the corner sang:

"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,
You've gone to dwell among the 'stars,'
They'll keep you safe behind the bars,
Farewell! Farewell!"

OSCEOLA, IOWA, August, 1876. NORTHERN LIGHT.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

Good economists are the most ornamental members of society.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

Some are unwisely liberal, and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.

Covetousness, like a candle ill made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.

Avarice is a most stupid and senseless passion, and the surest symptom of a sordid and sickly mind.

Silence is wisest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him, that we should never dare trust him without our prayers.

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to-day be upmost.

To communicate his knowledge is a duty with the wise man; to learn from others is his highest gratification.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

He that can not forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man had need to be forgiven.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

From a common custom of swearing, men easily slide into perjury; therefore if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not use to swear.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly noble are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him, and to imitate Him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.

There can not live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

He makes the best man who has been tried in the crucible, who has been purified by the fire of misfortune, and comes forth purged from vanity and its train of demands.

Never look for your ancestors or your titles in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues, and the history of those who lived to be benefactors to society.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

Death is natural to man, but slavery unnatural; and the moment you strip a man of his liberty, you strip him of all his virtues; you convert his heart into a dark hole, into which all the vices conspire against you.

Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius' razor, their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen.

Remember, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.

"Scooping Extra."

By MELAS.

Woodville was only a little way-station on the L. and S. R. R., about two hundred miles from the city of L., and derived its chief importance from the fact that the through trains stopped there for refreshments.

A few summer visitors enlivened the scene somewhat in the warm season, but that had gone, and with it the transients of our little population, leaving us, the town, I mean, with a gloomy, forsaken appearance, intensified by the dull gray skies and chilly winds which swept through the valleys all burdened with the garments torn from the unresisting trees, now sighing and moaning in the blast.

I was day operator at Woodville, my duty consisting mainly in reporting trains, though we sometimes picked up a little commercial. My work was light, however, as was also my salary, but then I was only a "plug," that's what the fellows in L. called me whenever I chanced to have any transaction with them. It was a Monday afternoon, near the middle of November, a raw, boisterous day—the gray clouds scurrying across the heavens, while an occasional drop of rain gave promise of "more to follow." I had been listening to an instrumental performance by "Jerry," the long-legged specimen who handled the luggage, the programme being selections from "Marih" and variations on "Yankee Doodle," the instrument a jewsharp, which none but the said "Jerry" could get within a rod of his mouth. The matinee over, the orchestra dispersed, and I was alone again. Among the wires which entered the office was one on which reports were sent from L., and at times I put my instruments into that circuit for practice. I did now, and taking a pencil copied the items which came along quite leisurely so that even I might get it. Among them came the following, which I wrote down. L.—Nov. 14th—A bold robbery was committed this morning in this city. A man entered the counting room of Barnes, Oxford & Co., and while the backs of the clerks were turned for a moment, seized and made off with a package of bills amounting to thirty thousand dollars. Suspicion falls upon Samuel Melden, a well known sharper. He was known to purchase a ticket for Chicago, yesterday, and as he is not to be found in the city, there is little doubt that he has started west. Detectives have been notified in the various cities, and officers leave on the first train west. Melden is six feet, black hair, moustache and beard, rather pale face, when last seen wore full suit of black; has a curious habit of talking to himself. Five hundred dollars reward is offered for information leading to the arrest of the thief.

I read this over several times and then laid it away. As night came on the wind rose to a gale, and the rain fell in torrents. I was on duty until the eastern-bound train left, when I was relieved by the night operator. At seven-thirty the train arrived, and, as customary, waited the allotted ten minutes for refreshments. A moment after the train drew up, the door opened and a man entered the office inquiring the cost of a message to a neighboring State. I replied, and he began writing his message. He was tall and slight, perfectly smooth face, apparently freshly shaven, and was dressed in a gray overcoat and light hat. I took no particular notice of him, but all at once, as the instruments on the desk momentarily ceased their rattle, I heard the stranger mutter to himself, evidently reading the message as he wrote, but I failed to distinguish the words, save "meet" and "to-morrow." For an instant I thought nothing of it, but all at once like a flash of lightning came the remembrance of the "special!" The blood left my face, and then surged up again hot and fierce. Was it possible that this could be Samuel Melden? I endeavored to look calm and quiet as he held the blank toward me, but as I touched it he quickly drew it back saying, "I have made an error, I'll write it again," crumpling the paper in his hand as he spoke. He wrote the second time and passed it to me, at the same time requesting me to toss the first one into the stove. I took it, coolly walked to the stove, opened the door, threw the paper beneath the stove, and returned to my desk as he left the room. As the door closed upon him I hastily drew the paper from beneath the stove. The message on each blank was the same, and the name "J. F. Ransom," signed upon each. Why, then, had he rewritten it to "correct an error?" Examining it yet more closely, I detected beneath the letter "J," in the signature of the first message, the capital letter "S"

which was nearly obliterated by the "J" being written over it. In every other particular the messages were identical.

My mind was made up at once. I pulled on a pair of rubbers so as to deaden the sound of my tread, threw on my heavy coat, and explaining to the night operator as he came in that I was going east on 49, I ran out and sprang upon the first car of the train as it started. Then I cautiously walked through the train. He was not in the smoking car; second, third, or fourth, and I was beginning to fear I had lost him, when I discovered him in the rear car. The conductor, to whom I told my story, said the man had a ticket from L. to S., but as he might fancy to stop at some way station, he agreed to keep his eye on him, and instructed the brakeman to do the same. As the train approached S. my fellow traveller began to stir himself in preparation for leaving the car. He seemed anxious to be off, and was one of the first to step from the train as it rolled into the station. I was close behind and followed him through the crowd, and out upon the street, but among the throng I had great difficulty in keeping him in sight without making him aware that he was followed. At length he stopped, and I was near enough to hear him inquire of a passer-by for the nearest hotel, and to distinguish the gentleman's reply. "Randall House, just across the street." My man crossed the street and entered the hotel; I followed unobserved as far as the hall, and through the glass door of the office watched him as he registered his name, received a key, and left by another door, evidently going to his room for the night. I then quietly walked into the office, engaged a room for the night, and examined the register; the same name was there as on the dispatch, evidently written with care. After informing the clerk that I should be in soon, I left the office, and standing under the bright gas light over the entrance, I again scrutinized with the utmost sharpness the telegram I had brought with me, but discovered nothing new. So far, all had gone well, but now the time had arrived when I must either give up the chase, or imparting my knowledge and suspicion to others, take a decisive step. I determined to see it through, and accordingly took my way to the Central Police Station, where I found the chief, who listened to what I had to say, and then replied, "You may be mistaken, after all, but we will investigate." The chief ordered two of his most efficient officers to go with me and secure the prey. As the character of the man was well known, extreme caution was necessary, although we carried with us weapons other than those with which nature had endowed us.

It was arranged that I should enter the hotel first and go to my room, No. 48, and there await the arrival of the officers. I went accordingly, and shortly afterward the measured tread of an intoxicated man could be heard upon the stairs. He accidentally fell against the door of room 30 on the second floor, mine, 48, was on the third. I heard the door open, and a muttered curse, terminating with "drunken fool," in a voice which I recognized as that of "my man," the door was then slammed to again. A few minutes later both the detectives stood in my room. The "drunken" man, detective Jones, his companion, whom we will call Smith, that being an uncommon name, and myself, had soon agreed upon a plan of action. I was placed in front of the house, probably from the fact that that was the most unlikely way by which Mr. Melden would be likely to attempt an escape. Detective Jones went to the rear of the house, and Smith guarded the only exit there was from room 30. I should here state that the officers had taken the landlord into their confidence, and that he in his turn had informed the guests that he intended to raise a false alarm of "fire," that night so as to see how his servants would act in the event of a real fire, they having been drilled by him to perform certain duties in the event of a conflagration. At a given signal the house resounded with cries of "fire." There was a pistol shot on the second landing, a short struggle, and detective Smith stood over a handcuffed prisoner. Ransom, as Smith afterward told us, on hearing the alarm rushed to the door with a cocked revolver in his hand, but a well directed blow from a club sent it to the floor, on striking which it went off, luckily doing no harm.

There is but little more to be told. We took the prisoner to the central office, and upon being searched the entire amount less a few dollars was found on him. We returned to the hotel, but could find no further evidence in the room where he had proposed to pass the night. I received the promised reward, which was the richest yield I ever got in "scooping extra" (ordinary).

Cool: Where Is It?

Tom Quad tells a good story in our neighbor *The Telegrapher*, connected with Mr. Phillips' recent trip to Chicago, which will bear republication here. He begins by saying that it has fallen to the lot of but few men to talk as pleasantly of the peculiarities and ambitions of his craftsmen as to "John Oakum." With what seems to have been the slightest effort, but what all writers must know is the veriest art, after close study and observation, he has created character after character, which have jumped into lively favor in quick succession, and which must endure as long as telegraphers form an element in the human economy.

But, continues the writer, whatever "John Oakum" has written about his fellows that is bewitching, we shall never have him at his very best until he has related some of his personal experiences. How much of his own views and methods is written into his pleasant sketches none of us know, but here is a hint. The writer once asked him where he hunted up so many amusing bulls with which to illustrate the fallibility of Tip McClosky. The reply came quickly and with a frankness which entitles it to go on record: "Why, I made most of them myself."

Recent occurrences have shown "John Oakum" in a new role, and even as in times gone by he sometimes caused people annoyance or aroused indignation by mechanically rendering "We return together," as "We return to get her," and made similar departures from the text—even as he did these things he has had them done unto him. It seems that while on a recent pleasure trip to Chicago he visited Jansen McClurg & Company, on Clark Street, and purchased a copy of Bret Harte's "Tales of the Argonauts" to read on his way home. Rising next morning he breakfasted at Adrian, Mich., lighted a segar, removed his undercoat, hung it up in the sleeping car, and, glorious in a linen duster, turned his attention to "The Rose of Tuolumne." Arriving at Toledo he changed his sleeper for a drawing-room car, the former going no further than that point. So much occupied was he, however, at about this time with the touching tale of "How Old Man Plunkett went Home," that he wholly ignored his natty cutaway hanging above his head, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied with transferring his portmanteau and the entrancing "Argonauts." Just before reaching Norwalk, Ohio, "John" thought he would try another segar, and reached for his match safe in the tail pocket of his coat, but he reached in vain, for while "Old Man Plunkett" was going home, that coat was going back to Chicago at the rate of forty miles an hour. At Newark he telegraphed as follows to the ticket agent at Toledo:

"Forward by Adams Express, to care Associated Press, New York, black undercoat left in Chicago sleeping car at Toledo. Adams Express and Western Union franks in breast pocket will identify property."

"I guess that will fetch it," said he, as he settled himself to a perusal of "Baby Sylvester." "At all events, that is all I can do, and 'Duty performed,' so somebody says, 'is a rainbow in the soul.'"

Arriving in New York he waited patiently for his Ragland, as he terms it, but it came not, and at the end of a few days he telegraphed again, receiving the following response:

"W. P. PHILLIPS, Associated Press, N. Y.

I have sent to Chicago for you. Cool. Where is it? S. H. WARING."

The writer, happening to be in the basement of 197 Broadway, overheard Mr. Phillips, who had the above message in his hand, laying down the law to one of the receiving clerks as follows:

"You think that message isn't bulled, eh? Well, I do. A fine reply that is," said he, reading: "'I have telegraphed to Chicago for you.' Didn't I telegraph him this morning, and don't he know I am in New York? Why send to Chicago for me, then? What in the name of common sense does he want of me, anyway? He won't get me from there, you may depend. 'Cool.' That is gratifying intelligence, considering that the thermometer stands at 94° in the shade here in New York, but however solicitous I might be in the abstract about the temperature out in Ohio, this announcement is irrelevant at this time. Moreover, he asks, 'Where is it?' Alluding, as I suppose, to the coat. Whatever this man's officiousness in sending to Chicago for me, or in his giving me weather bulletins unasked, it is as nothing compared with his unblushing effrontery in putting such a conundrum as that. 'Where is it?' indeed. Of course I haven't the

faintest idea. Give me an easy one. Look here," said 'John,' with a snap in his left eye that I used to think, when I saw him sit down to receive from Washington, said pretty plainly, "Young man, you can't rush me"—"look here, you get that repeated," and tossing the message to the amused clerk, Mr. Oakum made his way to the elevator.

In the course of the afternoon the repetition came to hand, and though a badly constructed message, the following is rather more intelligible than the first version of the same thing:

"W. P. PHILLIPS, *Care DAULER*, N. Y.

I have sent to Chicago for your coat, where it is.
S. H. WARING."

Possibly some of those who read this will think that when I meet "John Oakum" on the stairs I amuse myself by greeting him with "Cool. Where is it?" but I don't. Those who read "Departed Days" in the *Journal of the Telegraph*, possibly got the impression that its author is an etherial being, inclined to dyspepsia, and who subsists chiefly on wheaten grits. He is nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he is a well-proportioned individual, with a handsome, round, ruddy, face, adorned by a blonde moustache. His appearance indicates that porterhouse steaks and fried potatoes have been his diet from boyhood up. He is a man who, under aggravated circumstances would make a decided hit at Donnybrook Fair or any other demonstration where points of argument are punctuated and enforced by a vigorous propulsion of a "bunch of bones" from the shoulder out. Having in my days of youthful adolescence had my head stamped into the ground three or four times the same day for attempting to establish a dead head route to the circus arena, by crawling under the canvas, and having in maturer years been vigorously transferred from the top of a stage coach to a neighboring gulch, through the sudden failure of an off hind wheel, I am not anxious to experiment further with the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. My contemplated deadhead route barely escaped being an underground affair, while the stage coach episode nearly cracked my skull. Sojourning brethren from the country, or adventurous lightning slingers of the metropolis, put now in possession of the facts may decide to ring the changes on "Cool. Where is it?" on meeting Mr. Phillips. If so, I shall not restrain them. And yet the insurance assessments have been unusually burdensome of late, and—Howbeit, I shall never murmur at paying mine, whenever a member of the profession, from whatever cause, climbs up the golden stair.

More Telegraphic Litigation.

An action has lately been brought in the Court of Common Pleas in Cincinnati, by the Western Union Telegraph Company against the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis, and the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad Companies.

It appears that in 1870, the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Junction Railroad Company, as it was called, although in fact there was no such organization, the true name being the Junction Railroad Company, made a contract by which the exclusive right of way for the construction of a telegraph line along the railroad was granted to the Western Union Company, in consideration that such company supplied poles, wires, batteries and other materials for keeping up the line, of which the railroad company was to have free use; the agreement to continue for twenty-five years; the railroad company binding itself to transport free whatever was needed in constructing the lines to any point along the road and, upon the other hand, binding itself not so to transport or deliver for any competing line of telegraph, except at regular freight rates, and to regular stations.

The Junction Railroad, was sold, however, in 1872, under foreclosure to the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Indianapolis Railroad Company. By an agreement between this Company and the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad Company, which controls the other, and the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, poles were being transported for the construction of a competing line of telegraph at less than the usual rates, and to points other than regular stations, the right of way for the use of such line having been granted by the company.

This action was therefore brought by the Western Union Company on a motion for a temporary restraining order. The defence was that the agreement was not made by the Junction Railroad Company; or if it was, it was not binding upon the

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis Railroad Company; or if it otherwise would have been binding, it was against public policy. A decision was rendered in the case by Judge Avery, August 11th.

Upon the first point the Court held the contract to be one that might be fairly construed as made by the proper company.

Upon the second point the Court held that the mortgagee, having continued to observe the obligations imposed by the agreement, and enjoy the rights and privileges, etc., was stopped from pleading the nullity of the agreement, as the successor of the Junction Railroad Company.

Upon the third point the Court held that the duty of common carrier imposed upon a railroad company could not be surrendered, and that such duty required equality among the public in respect of facilities for transportation; that while reasonable regulations might be made for stoppages, it would not be reasonable to stop for one person anywhere along the line, and to exclude all others from the privilege; that this would, in itself, be a surrender of the reason of convenience, but for which duty to the public would require stoppages without reference to depots or stations. If the company were willing to bear the inconvenience in a particular case, still inconvenience as to public modes of transportation would be inconvenience to the public, and if the burden was to be borne the privilege should be open, and the public admitted to share the benefits; that a regulation to deliver anywhere upon the line for all shippers but one, and to confine him to regular stations would be odious, and equally so would be the discrimination in favor of one, and against all the rest. The argument with the Western Union Telegraph Company was held to come under this rule.

With respect to the stipulation for the exclusive use by the telegraph company of the right of way of the road, the Court held that the case was different; that it did not interfere with transportation; that the public had no paramount rights; that the right to construct and use a telegraph line was an appendage to the business of the railroad company; that the exclusive use for a telegraph line did not concern the company in its relations to the public as a carrier; and that only in such relations was the duty of equality imposed; that apart from this, no other considerations of public policy were to be found; that if the statute respecting the considerations of the right of way of a railroad for the construction of a telegraph indicated a policy that there should be a telegraph along every railroad; it was sufficient that the argument in question secured a line along this railroad; that, if the argument was that the property might be condemned for the use, and, therefore, there should be no restriction against the use, the answer was that the same argument would destroy all restriction upon the use of property, for all property was subject to the right of eminent domain.

The conclusion of the Court was that, with respect to such part of the agreement, as touched the right of way, the plaintiff was entitled to the relief claimed; but not as to that part which concerned transportation. The order of the Court was accordingly, that upon the plaintiffs giving bond in the sum of \$10,000, the defendants should be restrained until final hearing from erecting telegraph poles and from constructing a line of telegraph upon the right of way.

Boston Notes.

Mr. J. G. Murry is substituting for Mr. J. J. C. Wilson.

Mr. Park P. Allen is rusticated at his home in South Royalton, Vt.

Mr. F. T. Viles has accepted a position on the day force, Western Union office.

James H. Busby, a young man twenty-one years of age, employed in the cashier's department of the Western Union office, this city, and living with his widowed mother in Parker Street, Boston Highlands, was fatally injured in jumping from a train of cars on the Providence Railroad, on Friday, August 18th. It seems that by mistake he got on the New York Express, which does not stop at the station where he wished to get off, and in trying to leave the train his coat caught on the railing, and he was dragged quite a distance. He got up, however, and walked to his home, not appearing to be seriously injured. A few scratches were visible on his face and head, and one arm was badly fractured. He lived until Saturday noon, retaining his senses to the last. He was thought much of by his friends and associates, who generously subscribed \$100 to defray his funeral expenses.

Philadelphia Items.

The S. and A. office, in this city, was closed August 22d, and Mr. Burt was transferred to Third and Chestnut.

Among the latest additions to the W. U. force are: F. W. Gliddin, of New York, and F. W. Griffin, of the Philadelphia and Reading line.

Mr. George Hall, of Chicago, who has been substituting in the W. U. office for Bobby Meir, during the Centenary Celebration, is lying dangerously ill of typhoid fever.

Captain Markle, of the Pittsburg W. U. office, visited us during the grand military encampment. Billy Maize, of the same office, also did the Centennial for one day.

Joseph T. Wilde, of the Philadelphia W. U. office, was also out on the tented field during the encampment. He served, for the first time, under his commission as lieutenant.

When is a conundrum like the telegraph? When it uses "Why-are." *Graphic*.

The man who perpetrated this was born for an operator, and may yet do signal service for his country.

Mr. James W. Christie, well known in New York, Philadelphia, and throughout the West, and train dispatcher B. and O. R. R., at Garrett, Indiana, spent two weeks at his home in Philadelphia visiting the Centennial.

Mr. Coulter, of Oil City, Pa., W. U. office, is now here, the guest of the valiant Sergeant-Major Eitemiller. The latter gentleman is greatly pleased with his pen-picture, as furnished by your special, but as he can not say exactly who it was, and as fresh claimants for that honor are of daily occurrence, it keeps him all the time "settin' 'em up" for some one.

Washington Notes.

Congress finally adjourned on the 15th inst., for which all are thankful. It has been the longest session of Congress since 1850, and telegraphers were pretty well exhausted by the heat and steady work. The usual reductions have not yet been made, but are daily expected. It is rumored that the Western Union will let two men go from the night force, and one from the day force.

The office under the Metropolitan Hotel, which was used jointly by the Southern and Atlantic, and Atlantic and Pacific Companies, has been continued by the Western Union and A. & P., as a joint branch office, with Burhans in charge of W. U. side, days, and De Akers in charge nights.

Klotz has been engineering the American Press at the Western Union office nights, carrying out the S. & A. contract with the Amer. Press Association.

I have not been advised of any changes in the A. & P. force consequent on the adjournment.

Very few have taken their vacations yet, but several are preparing for trips, more or less extensive, in the course of the next few weeks.

Del Marean has returned from his visit to his home in Pennsylvania.

Fred Marean left on the 15th inst. for an extended trip, via Philadelphia, Niagara Falls, Montreal, Portland, and Boston.

Jim Austin leaves in a few days for a visit to his home in Canada, where he will join his family, who have been rusticated all summer. He also takes in the Centennial and New York.

Henry Dodd, a Belgian Morse operator, is here and out of work, and was, until relieved by the fraternity here, in a very destitute condition. He appears to be a man of intelligence, and one who understands his business, but he failed to learn the space letters when he learned his business. He is able to converse in several European languages, and is in search of work. He is a good "Continental" operator, but does not understand American Morse.

Our all night man, Eugene Cadmus, surprised us very much by skipping away to the Centennial with a brand new wife. We all congratulated him heartily on his return, and all join in wishing him many years of health, wealth, and prosperity.

Mr. A. C. Terry, Manager and R. R. Agent, at Dublin, Va., also put in an appearance with a bride, on his wedding tour.

He was taking notes of his trip, and says he entered on his note-book that the Western Union office, in this city, was the worst he had ever seen. It was dirty, inconvenient, and a disgrace to the company. Wish President Orion could see it in the same light.

The Western Union Company has opened a branch office at Warren, Choate & Co.'s book store, Vernon Row, Pennsylvania Avenue, with Johnnie Connor in charge. This office is very conveniently located, and will probably do a good business. *

Didn't Stick in '68.

South Third Street was seething in the sun and was blocked by drays. Presently there emerged from the Western Union Telegraph Building a form well known about Philadelphia, and with its nifty white beaver, gently askew over the right eye, the form plunged in among the swearing cartmen, and made its way across the street, waving back intruding horses, with a gesture of disdain. It was Eity. Mr. Jones, Agent of the Associated Press, sat at his window watching the mealy beaver, and it reminded him of the story of John Buras of Gettysburg. Presently the rubicon was passed, and the great telegrapher and linguist was lost to view. He reappeared quickly at the top of the Associated Press stairs, and, making for Mr. Jones, inquired in a voice vibrating between a three card monte man's and that of a weeping school girl:

"Jonsey, did I stick in '68?"

"Stick to what, George?" answered Jones, kindly. "Did I stick when I worked the Pittsburg Circuit with you in '68?"

"I hardly know whether I worked with you then or not, but if you say I did, that is enough, Eity," replied Jones, pleasantly. "Eight years is a good while ago, and a great many things have happened since then."

A look of intense disgust that Jones should have forgotten such an important episode in his life as the working of a circuit with him in '68, darkened Eity's brow.

"Come to think of it again, George, I guess we were working together about that year," said Jones, seeing that his caller was feeling rather hurt.

Eity's face brightened, and he said: "I knew you'd remember it, Billy; we did the fastest work I ever done, outside of some I did on the Gulf wire in '74, and I want to know if I stuck?"

"Certainly not," answered Jones, solemnly.

"That settles it," cried Eity. "I've just had a fight with Joe Bradley, and he said I stuck. I told him I'd leave it to Billy Jones, and now I'll go for him," and Mr. Eitemiller hobbled out highly satisfied with the result of his interview.

A Circumstance.

To-day in the cold, damp earth he is laid,

Who a few years ago raised such lofty hopes,

The last debt to nature he fully has paid,

And with dire temptation no longer he copes.

A rural town, of beauty rare, did give him birth; a rustic home with him did share its joys and mirth. Contented tillage health bestowed, so rich was he. The humble village little showed; but that was free. But discontent, emotion dire! within him grew; ambition lent its burning fire to tempt him too. Telegraphy, with all its charms and fascination allured him; we, left at the farms, feared disunion. A few years fled, he, expert grown, sought wider fields; we realize, alas, our dread; virtue soon had flown, to sin he yields. The cities' vice, and evils, too, soon conquered him; oh, what a price just to subdue ambition's whim! A hopeless wreck, a sinful face, a guilty soul; a demon's beck, with rapid pace, did him cajole. With fevered breath, heart penitent, he sought his home; and welcome Death restored content which once had flown. A rural town, of beauty rare, him to us gave; its chestnuts brown, its willows fair, do shade his grave.

And now in the cold, damp earth he is laid,

Who a few years ago raised such lofty hopes,

The last debt to nature he has fully paid,

And with dire temptation no longer he copes.

RUDDY.

The U. S. Signal Service.

Congressman Hewitt, of New York, received a petition at Washington, August 14th, from the Maritime Association of New York, signed by all the officers of the leading insurance companies of the country and a large number of merchants, protesting against the discontinuance of important sea-board stations, as has been announced must be done under the appropriations made for the support of the signal service for the fiscal year. The chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs has been officially informed that at the time the bill passed, the Signal Bureau had in actual excess of the number provided as a limit of the corps sixty-nine men, making a total of four hundred and sixty-nine men liable to duty, and the threat that important stations must be discontinued is not, in the opinion of the Military Committee, unwarranted by the existing and prospective strength of the corps, and that much of the fault-finding of Gen. Myer is attributed to the failure to erect the signal service into an independent bureau.

Personals

Ellis B. Baker is with the A. and P. at Meriden, Conn.

A. M. Bailey is train dispatcher, W. and A. R. R., Kentville, N. S.

Miss May E. Brittain, of the Western Union main office, has resigned.

Henry Clay Lockwood is off for Saratoga. None but the wealthy enjoy this life.

L. A. Le Blanc is agent and operator, Magans, La. and T. R. R. Lafourche Crossing, La.

Mr. Jim Doody is said to be the champion billiardist of the Chicago Western Union office.

Mr. Hallock is going to visit his son in Philadelphia. We wish the old gentleman a pleasant time.

The Western Union Telegraph Company in this city has a messenger boy six feet high. He has auburn hair.

During the month of August forty-three employees from the Western Union main office visited the Centennial.

It is rumored that Mr. Murphy "Mu" intends writing a letter, but we can not vouch for the truth of the story.

Mr. J. E. Hurley, of New York, a well known telegrapher, is working for the Western Union at Augusta, Ga.

Miss A. W. Connor, a young lady operator at Central City, Nev., was killed by lightning June 4th, just as she was leaving the office.

The United States Hotel will carry off the honors of doing the largest hotel business at Saratoga this season. Mr. Booth is a good operator, and does business in ship-shape.

Mr. L. E. Weller is going to Otisville for a few days for his health; we were under the impression that he was "quite well, thank you," but hope that he will soon be much better.

Mr. Zubler, the gentlemanly manager of the Hoboken office has been rusticated on Long Island; during his absence Mr. John Carrol "ran" the office. Johnny will be manager of an office yet.

We regret to learn that Mr. Ely of the Auditors' Office, is laid up with inflammatory rheumatism at his residence in Brooklyn. Mr. Ely has been many years in the department, and is much esteemed.

Mr. Willis J. Cook, the impressive "Bif," has resigned his post of honor as the oldest man on the night force at No. 197 Broadway, and transferred his services to the Omaha office of the same company.

Mr. Jesse R. Mills, from Trenton, N. J., is working for the Western Union at Philadelphia. Ed. Duffell, who had been at "S" Office, Philadelphia, for some time, has again resumed duty at main office.

Among the operators in the Western Union office, Augusta, Ga., we noticed J. M. Crowley, Jno. Brown, Wm. Seward, A. Potter, P. Nulty, J. W. Lyeth, J. S. Boatwright, P. F. Dunne, and William Benton.

We regret to learn that Mr. Howard M. Stacy of the Western Union office, Sterling, Ill., has been compelled to resign his position on account of ill health. He goes to Denver, Col., probably, to engage in other business.

Mr. Johnny Kerns, of the Western Union office, Chicago, has just returned from his rambles at the Centennial. Mr. Jake Tallman, W. U., Chicago, has been transferred from 2d New York to report wire, and Luke Fisher has changed from a night to a day trick.

The hotels at Saratoga will close for the season about September 15th, except Moon's, which closes about the 1st. The aristocratic telegraphers will then probably turn their faces 197-ward, singing Home, Sweet Home. Kavanagh says he is almost dead with "hard rest."

Mr. L. E. Weller, the genial chief of the marine department, is sole agent in Brooklyn for Needham & Son's organs. We understand that Mr. Weller is as fine an artist on the organ as he is expert on the mystic wire. His residence is 340 Tenth St., Brooklyn, where he can be called upon or addressed.

One of the gentlemen at the W. U. main office, who comes on early in the morning, answered Oyster Bay, L. I., and undertook to receive a message. But after breaking several times on the address, he assured that office that, "I can not read you." To this she replied, (it being a lady) "I I in fie nit adjusted." He thought she was talking Continental or Greek.

Mr. J. B. Austin, of Washington, D. C., called at this office on Tuesday last on his way to Simcoe, Ont., to spend a few weeks with his family. He had just come from the Centennial, and expresses himself highly pleased with the "Show." We hope Mr. Austin, whom we are very glad to see, will enjoy his visit to the Dominion, and that the trip will be beneficial to his health.

We had the pleasure of receiving a visit last Tuesday from Messrs. Wm. McFarland and Geo. N. Thomas of the Western Union Telegraph office, Boston. The gentlemen have been rusticated at Plymouth, Mass. for a couple of weeks, and appear to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They very much admire the Western Union new building, especially the operating room. Mr. McFarland has our thanks for a handsome photograph of Miss Clapp, the young lady who was killed by lightning at Readville, Mass.

On Monday, August 14th, 250 messages were sent by Miss Emma Davis, at Kingston, R. I., Western Union office. This obscure office relays the important business of Narragansett Pier, which, during the present season, has been exceedingly heavy, and Miss Davis is to be congratulated for the efficient and energetic manner in which it has been transacted, although being in the business but two years.

She ranks, at present, as one of the best lady operators in the profession. BRDSALL.

New London, August 23d.

THOMAS WINANS, of Newport, R. I., is having an organ built that has some novel devices. It is an open-air church organ, the case forming an octagon-shaped house, with three windows, with shutters that can easily be closed and opened, to increase or decrease the volume of sound. The wind is supplied by a steam engine, and the entire connection between pipes and keys is electrical. The wind power is three times the ordinary pressure. A Morse telegraph line connects the organ with Mr. Winan's house, a distance of 350 feet.

Mr. E. D. Morgan, a director of the Western Union Telegraph Co., was nominated for Governor of New York State at the Republican Convention held at Saratoga last week. Mr. A. B. Cornell, Vice-President of the Western Union, and Chairman of the Republican Convention, a gentleman highly esteemed in the party, was his most formidable competitor. President Orton, J. C. Hinchman, and Superintendent Brown, were at Saratoga during the Convention. Wires were run in and instruments put up in the Town Hall for Convention business. These Conventions were held at Saratoga during the month of August, making the press and general business very lively. Messrs. Brunson, Warren, Kohler, and Miller, operators from New York, went down to help their Saratoga brethren out during the rush.

We learn from a Pittsburgh paper sent us that E. W. Firman, late Manager of the A. and P. Telegraph office, in that city, has been charged with embezzling funds of the company to the amount of \$800 or \$1,000. Mr. Firman was relieved from his position August 1st, being succeeded by Mr. John Kirby. A subsequent examination of the books and accounts led to the discovery of the alleged defalcation. Mr. Firman, it appears, rendered accounts to the company, crediting the Pittsburgh office with a certain amount of salaries of employees, when, in fact, the employees had not been paid. The company's account with business men for the month of July, it is alleged, were torn out of the books. Mr. Firman denies any fraud or attempted fraud, and claims that he is merely a debtor to the company for a certain amount, without any irregularity about it. Mr. Firman was held for trial in \$2,000 bail.

MARRIAGES.

POTTER—WOOLHOPPER.—At Savannah, Ga., Aug. 9th, by the Rev. Dr. Benedict, of St. John's Church, Mr. A. Potter, W. U. Tel. Co., Augusta, Ga., to Miss Sarah C. D. Woolhopper, of Savannah, Ga. No cards.

GADMUS—THOMAS.—At the residence of Col. Charles W. Taylor, Washington, D. C., by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, rector of Incarnation Church, Eugene Cadmus, of this city, and Miss Elsie A. Thomas, of Fishkill, N. Y.

SCHOENEN—LUCKENBACH.—At Wilkesbarre, Aug. 14th, by Rev. Cortland Whitehead, Mr. R. H. Schöener, agent and operator C. R. R. of N. J., to Miss Mary A. Lukenbach, of Bethlehem.

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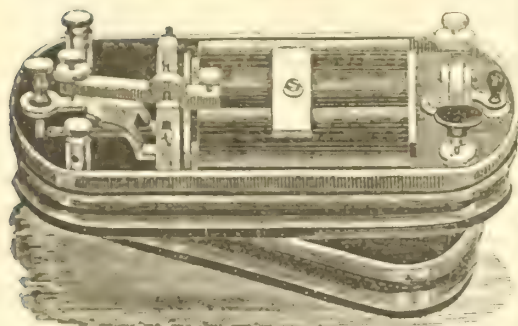
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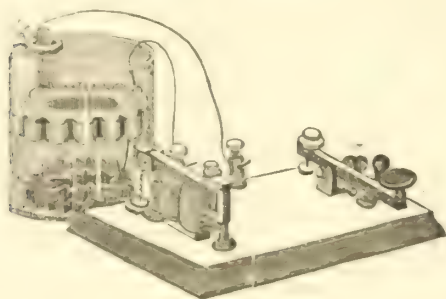
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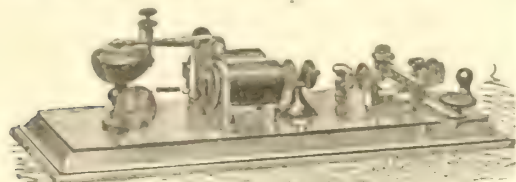
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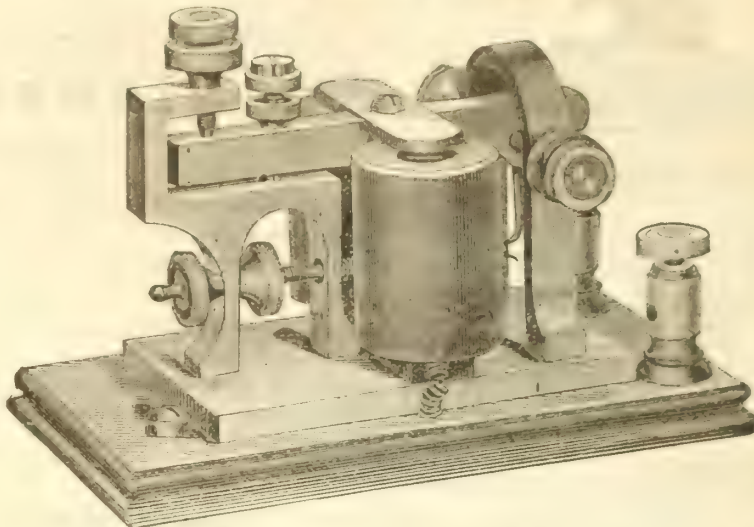
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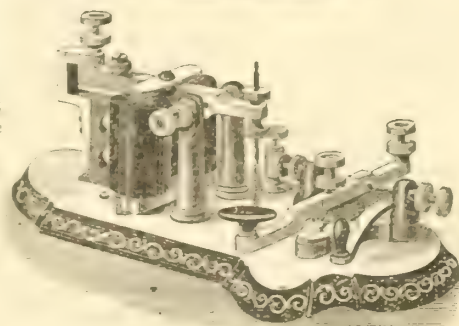
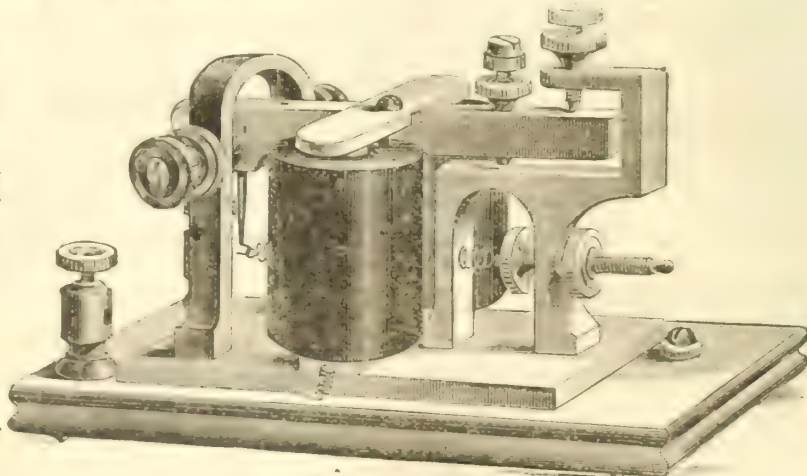
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VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

No. 2

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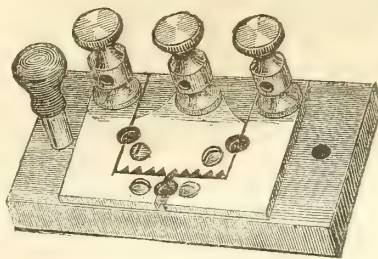
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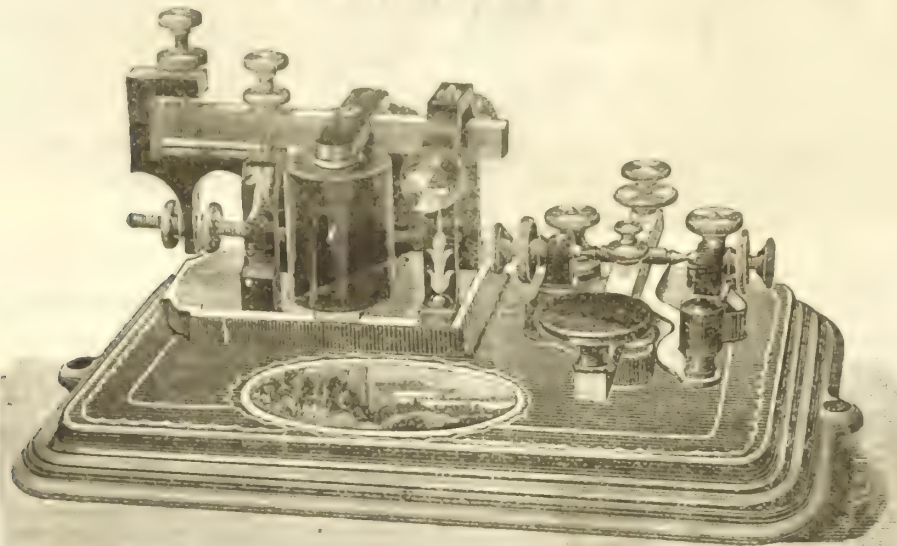
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To show what is thought of Mr. Phillips outside the telegraphic profession we subjoin the following

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The volume, judging from the popularity of the young author, will command a large circulation.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

Such a book must be a notable addition to American humorous literature, and will doubtless deserve and command a generous sale.—*New York Daily Graphic*.

Mr. Phillips, who is a graduate of the telegraph business, has long stood at the head of the profession as a telegraphic writer, and has told some very funny and instructive things during the past ten years.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

Walter P. Phillips, of New York, known to the literary fraternity as "John Oakum," whose productions are both pleasant and instructive, is preparing a volume for the public enjoyment. His friends in the journalistic and telegraphic world have already extended to him such encouragement as is due his personal and professional merits.—*Washington Chronicle*.

These Oakum sketches are all bright, sharp, and spicy, equalling in many respects the best efforts of the first humorists of our time. Some of the sketches, too, possess a permanent interest, being marked by genuine pathos, as well as unmistakable humor. We do not hesitate to prophesy that, as "Oakum Pickings" will be one of the most entertaining, so it will be one of the most extensively read books of the season.—*Elmira Advertiser*.

Walter P. Phillips, now the principal assistant in the Associated Press, and well known for his humorous contributions to the weekly press of the country, especially in connection with telegraphic matters, is collecting a volume of his best fugitive pieces for publication early in July. "John Oakum" is a familiar name to those who love a mixture of humor and sentiment, and his friends predict for his book of 200 pages a great success.—*New York Evening Express*.

His wide experience as an editor and as a telegrapher in several of the principal cities, has afforded Mr. Phillips unusual opportunities for the collection of a vast amount of original and hitherto almost unworked material. His sketches are thought by many excellent critics to have a freshness of treatment and an originality all their own. His, too, is the gift of epigrammatic compactness in style—a faculty seldom enjoyed. He has illuminated with beguiling art the mysteries which surround telegraphy, and whoever reads his book is sure of being treated to a feast of novelties.—*Albany Sunday Press*.

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The Operator,

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

September 15th, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 62.

Morse and the Salt.

[The following is from a lady. She says that the hero, who really lives in Boston and signs J. W., has plagued her somewhat by salting, and this is the only way she can think of to be revenged.]

Operators come and listen,
To a very startling tale;
When 'tis told your eyes will glisten,
And perhaps your cheek will pale.
For it is a solemn warning
To young salts renowned for noise,
Who are always, always storming,
At distant pluggish girls and boys.

This artist hailed from Boston town,
From childhood up he grew
To manhood, fearing no man's frown—
He signed ————
For many years he'd torn his hair,
In most impotent ire;
At sound of the fresh salt sea air,
Which whistled through the wire.

Though his teeth would now cut leather,
His Morse had still a fault;
For he ran his words together,
When'er he tried to salt.
At length his flighty sending,
And the poor plugs' bitter cries,
In most doleful discord blending,
Reached Morse beyond the skies.

Dreaming still of 'lectric power,
With Franklin and the kite;
Morse was standing in a shower,
When, starting in affright—
"Oh! listen, Franklin, to that noise!
It is ————
Scolding my little girls and boys;
Now, pray, what shall I do?"

"A plague like that's a brother's bane,"
Said wise and witty Ben—
"Go down, Friend Morse, and use your cane;
And he'll do better then."
That very night down came Pa Morse,
And brought his hickory cane—
A flash of lightning was the horse,
That bore him through the rain.

And when he reached J. W.'s bed,
He grabbed him in a trice
By the flowing locks of his noble head,
And held him like a vice.
"Up! Up! get up!" cried Morse, in wrath;
For, thou, unruly son,
Who long have trod the downward path,
Must take a better one!"

J. W. shook like a frightened plug,
For Morse would grant no grace—
"I'll cane thee well, thou Lightning Bug,
Before I leave this place!"
And then from his couch was roughly taken
The luckless J. W.,
And by his wrathful father shaken,
Until he dizzy grew.

Heavy fell the hickory cane,
For Morse's arm was stout;
And, though the salt roared loud in pain,
He got his thrashing out.
So, operators, all of you,
Honor great Morse and Ben!
Remember still this tale "o'er true,"
And don't salt plugs again!

HERMIONE.

A Fort Ann woman has named her first born Lightning, because he is so thundering smart. There is snow doubt but that boy is born to rain.—
Whitchell Times.

"Little Old Statistics."

By JOHN OAKUM.

I shall never forget our first meeting. It occurred several years ago on the occasion of my returning to No. 145 Broadway for the ever-so-manieth time. He attracted my attention the first night I worked in the office, and when I had cleared my hooks I went over and stood near where he was sitting—at the Chicago duplex. He was an *outré* figure at that time. The month was December and the weather was very chilly, not to say frigid, but my hero was still glorious in a very light colored pair of pantaloons which, worn without suspenders, ceased their endeavors to reach his vest considerably below the proper meeting place. Between his vest and pantaloons his shirt protruded like the balloon sail of some clipper yacht. I saw all this as I approached from behind, but it was not until I walked around and faced him that I noticed that he wore his vest open, thereby displaying, unintentionally, I doubt not, one of the most immaculate shirts I had ever seen. His natty picadilly collar, too, kept in its place by a cravat as blue as an Italian sky, was as spotless and as bravely ironed and glossed as the plaited bosom below. All this was surmounted by a rather large head, covered with light brown hair; the face was smoothly shaven, the eyes bright and clear, the nose a little *retroussé*, and the mouth frank and suggestive of more comic individuality than force of character. Most of the men in the office were strangers, and I addressed one at random, who was working the Cincinnati wire, asking who the attractive-looking little fellow was who was working the Chicago duplex.

"Why, young fellow, don't you know his nibs? That's little old Statistics. We call him Stis, for short."

My informant went on receiving, and I walked thoughtfully back to the Chicago desk and spoke with Charlie Bennett, who was sending, watching Stis meantime over the top of the table. As I stood listening to Bennett's pretty sending there came an interruption on his side so sharp and ringing that I involuntarily stepped back. Charlie laughed and said:

"The old box won't stay balanced to-night, and worries the old boy. Did you get that?"
"I got nothing," I replied.

"Lay for him next time. That is bk—bk—bk. He can say it thirty-five times in three seconds"—and as he began sending again the thing went out of adjustment and I stooped down and listened to a song of bk—bk—so pert and nervous, and quick and clear, that I was astounded. Then followed some observation in an ordinary gait, very little of which was intelligible to me. It was a story of "cases," "centuries," "savery," "tumble," "snide," etc., with an allusion to "Melican man," and "his abominous nibs," followed by the admonition "don't give it awec."

As all this was jingling merrily under my nose, my eyes rested in comfort on the face which surmounted that immaculate shirt and the tie like the Aegean Sea. As I stood staring, the hand which was making the music stopped, and looking me full in the eye, Statistics closed one beaming optic and accomplished a wink, so familiar, so full of comical suggestiveness and a hundred other indefinable qualities, that he enslaved me then and there, and made me his friend forever.

Who shall define the subtle potency of a wink? You may meet your next door neighbor three mornings in the week, and do the customary "good morning," but you and he are very unlikely to build up a friendship. You may be journeying from New York by train to San Francisco, or by steamer to Liverpool, and on your way make many charming acquaintances. Arriving at your destination addresses will be exchanged and solemn promises made that future meetings shall be frequent. But those acquaintances are seldom, if ever, renewed. Let loose in the busy world again, you conclude that after all old friends are best, and your new ones are gradually ignored and finally forgotten. The barriers of formality are objectionable qualities in social ethics, and it is to those with whom we stand face to face shorn of all shams and false pretences that our hearts cleave with growing faith and fondness. The process of friend making is a dull one, and as we grow older we cultivate strange people under an increasing protest. But the man who under sympathetic conditions eclipses his left orb of sight, vaults high above all forms and empty ceremonies, and somehow takes a short cut,

as it were, to the seat of our affections. But do not understand me as being an advocate of winking by the indiscriminate multitude. Not at all. Sometimes I am annoyed by hearing in conversation, or meeting in print, the assertion, "The pen is mightier than the sword." It is not, and Bulwer would never have put forth such an assertion without the qualifying clause, "when in the hands of one supremely great." So with the wink. When in the eye of one supremely great. Never in the eye of common folk, like you and I.

I passed around the desk and sat down in the window seat by Statistics' side, and we soon found ourselves talking familiarly. He didn't ask my name, and manifested no curiosity about my history or antecedents. For convenience sake he called me Jim. He had a fashion of calling everybody Jim. When I was off duty that night I waited until he was relieved and we passed out of the office up Broadway and down into Branch's together. Over a pan of steaming oysters and a subsequent cigar, we got on bravely together until the night had pretty effectually waned. Statistics had recently come to New York from New Orleans, and he spoke of his experiences in that city and in Texas. His career in the latter section had been thrilling, and his original and agreeable way of relating his adventures delighted me beyond my power to describe. The varying expressions of his face, his habits of enforcing points in the narrative by a movement of his eyebrows, and his fluency of speech and originality of illustration afforded me an entertainment and study which was new, bewitching, winning. Before the night was done I began to see how he had earned the sobriquet of Statistics. He spoke of everything with a perfection of detail, very briefly stated, which made the object of which he spoke stand out as defined and striking as if chiselled in marble. From a casual allusion to Galveston I learned that it was the capital of Texas, the principal seaport town in the State, that it was situated on Galveston Island, between Galveston Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, that it had a population of 13,818, and I received in brief a very accurate idea of its railroad and steamship facilities, its direct trade with Great Britain, its coffee trade with Rio Janeiro, and its commercial relations with the West Indies and Mexico. I also learned that its export of cotton for 1872 had been 333,502 bales, that the city had fifteen churches, thirty-one schools, a Roman Catholic university, a medical school, two daily and four weekly newspapers, and a great deal more that I have now forgotten. Even in referring to the benighted and almost unknown town of Groesbeck, where he had witnessed a riot and narrowly escaped being shot, he oozed out the information that Groesbeck was a post town in Limestone County, on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and that it published a weekly paper.

When I had known him about a year, he said to me one day, "Jim, I've got the United States and England down pretty fine now. Can't you scare me up among your big collection of novels something in the way of foreign travels? I want to take in some of this way off business—Shanghai, Hong Kong, Canton, Singapore, Penang, Calcutta, Bombay, Cairo, Constantinople, Nineveh, Damascus, Naples, and all that business." I served him next day, when he called at my house, with a copy of Dr. Prime's "Around the World," a piece of descriptive writing which had lain uncultured on my book shelves for months, and which I would be about as likely to read as Statistics would be to read "Her Dearest Foe," or any other modern novel. As you may have learned, Stis is a man of facts and figures, who recognizes the ideal and imaginative to a certain extent, but who always subordinates them to the actual and realistic. Dr. Prime's book proved a perfect mine to my little friend, and its perusal was the cause of our forming a partnership and buying a membership in the Mercantile Library. Afterward, on visiting his quarters in Waverly Place, I never found less than two books on India, Siberia, Africa, Japan or China lying about the room. I sometimes dropped in hoping to find some readable story, but always withdrew unsatisfied. "The Land of the White Elephant," and volumes bearing kindred captions invariably composed his stock.

About a year ago I learned from a mutual friend that Statistics had exhausted the Eastern literature of the Mercantile Library—one of the largest in the world—and had taken up the heavenly bodies. And I very shortly afterward found this to be true. Walking up Broadway one evening, I called his attention to a shooting star. This paved the way to a very interesting discourse from Statistics of which the following is a sample:

"Shakespeare struck it very hard when he put it into Hamlet's head to tell Horatio that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy. There are, Jim, you bet your life. Why, do you know there are more than fifty million stars scattered in irregular aggregations forming the milky way, up there? Our sun is simply one of these fifty million stars without, so far as astronomers know, any mark to distinguish him from his fellows. He is probably a snide, on the whole, and if removed to one million times his present distance, which is the probable distance of the stars of the first magnitude, he would shine as only a star of the third or fourth degree. According to my reading this solar system of ours, that folks blow about so much, and talk of as if a sun and moon were unusual things, may be one of fifty or a hundred millions a great deal like it. Our sun is accompanied by a number of non-luminous planets, while with one possible exception no such companions are seen to the stars; but this does not disprove their existence, Jim, because every planet of our system would disappear from view in our most powerful telescopes at a distance far less than that of the nearest star."

On reaching his room, where I found Ed. Leslie, Ned Fullum, and Harry Williamson, I discovered that his recent examination into celestial affairs had not weakened Statistic's grip on his knowledge of mundane things. He was out of our conversation and was reading "Johnson on Nebulae" when one of us rashly stated that England was probably the most thickly settled country in the world.

"Stop her, Jim," broke in Stis, "you are way off. England only has a population of 389 to the square mile. She's second in the world, but Belgium rakes the pot. She can hoop up 451 to the square mile."

One pay-day night, when we had all been off bathing our souls in lemonade and other liquid things, I ran across Stis at the Jeffersonian Billiard Hall. He was through playing and was holding forth on the relative size of the earth, the moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, and their respective appearance. His utterance was thick, and his eyes indicated an evening convivially passed, but his ideas were clear and his talk entertaining. It was about two A. M., and as we lived near each other, I finally persuaded him that we had better go home, and we boarded a Third Avenue car for that purpose. Before we had gone many blocks Stis fell asleep, but as we neared Eighth Street I awoke him. He had something rolled up in his hand, which I fancied was an astronomical chart, but the sequel proved that in the midst of his studies of the heavenly bodies, his heart was still true to the lands beyond the seas.

"What is that you've got there?" I asked.

"Jim," he replied, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that. Fearful reduction in fares. Look here," and deliberately opening the paper, he fixed his index finger on a particular line with great difficulty and read: "Melbourne, Australia, two hundred and fifty-six cases." It was a time-table and schedule of fares issued by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and he always spoke of dollars as "cases."

"It is a great pity," I said, "that some of those rich duffers who don't care a straw for foreign lands, don't let you go abroad in their places. How you would enjoy it!"

He was preparing to leave the car, and in reply, stooped down and taking my hand, said, "Don't give it away, but I am going. Years hence, Jim, we will meet again and woo the Circassian slave at the Junction of the Nile and Jigwater rivers." With which observation he left me to continue my journey a few blocks further on, and made his untidy way across town to Broadway.

"Good-bye, Jim," cried a well-known voice, "I am off for Omaha." I shouted back "Good-bye," little dreaming that the speaker was in earnest. But I see by the personal column in the telegraphic papers that my old time friend has really deserted the scenes which have known him these many moons, and has cast his lines on the other side of the Missouri. God bless his genial face and gentle heart, and may the maximum of warmth and gladness cheer and make bright his future life. For whatever of flaw or frailty mars his sunny nature, yet has he in him something beautiful which puts men's hearts in tune.

The telegraph poles of the Police Department in this city are now marked with a band of green paint.

Beppo's Last Visit to the Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., September 6, 1876.

He persists in his benign smiles of recognition, making familiar inquires and poking the Turk playfully in the sides, as he finally asks, with a confidential "come now," if he is not the very same Mussallman who signed "Cz" at Constantinople in 1856. The scene is the Turkish café at the Exhibition, where beams of colored sunlight pour through the varied stained glass windows and play upon the forms of the actors. These latter personages are: an Oriental attendant in the gay trappings of his nation, and three very long coats out of which peep the forlorn extremities of three forms, two of which, at least, are evidently bound for a season of extended travel. One long coat, rather longer than the rest, surmounted by a white hat balanced precariously over its left lappel, is the spokesman. The subject under discussion, which seems to have grown inordinately warm, is "a stiff," which is being administered in terrific doses to the dusky Turk by the extraordinary long coat and white hat, while the other two coats are gesticulating fiercely, as if vouching for their longer friend. But the wide awake turbaned old fellow won't have it, for he is keenly alive to the suspicion that the trio of voices are merely trying to "stand him off" for a supply of hot coffee for three, and he is shrewd enough to detect a series of tactics evidently having that end in view, including a purely occidental system of "swelling his head."

The intelligent reader will observe at once that the phrases quoted are couched in select terms of telegraphic parlance. It will scarcely be necessary to explain further that the coat and white hat which were thus making love to the Turk and his delicious coffee, covered one of the greatest telegraphers—perhaps it would be more accurate to say the greatest telegrapher of the age; and when his identity is correctly surmised, coupled with the fact that the brace of accompanying long coats enveloped the forms of your able correspondent and another of the *élite* of our profession, you can better appreciate the versatility and volubility of the stiff which was administered to the elderly but by no means feeble gentleman from Stamboul. The latter gentleman always admired telegraphers he said; indeed, he was practicing assiduously with a snapper sounder himself—but he very properly insisted that there should be a limit to liberality even toward long lost professional friends (the white hat has traveled everywhere) whom you scarcely remember. Between his official acts as chief Blue-Beard in a Mahomedan divan, and his personal inclination to be liberal, duty compelled him to draw a well defined line of demarkation, and that line he was sorry to say, but said it, nevertheless, emphatically, he now drew at dealing out coffee gratuitously to ridiculously long coats. A flood of eloquence followed, together with the natural concomitants of coffee, viz.: pistols; but as "perlee" he cried, "you cop come here," the three long coats, which had hitherto hung perpendicularly to the ground in subdued dignity, now suddenly stood out at angles of forty-five degrees, and fluttering to the breeze displayed six No. 10 shoes on the ends of five straight legs and a crooked one, rattling down Fountain Avenue in dastardly flight.

Owing to the rapid approach of the "Closing Day," westward travel amongst telegraphers has already set in, and the next few pay-days will be marked by polite requests for resignations, for the purpose of thinning out the superfluous artists. I need to no more than hint that the two shortest of the long coats were about bidding adieu to the city, and that the white hat was giving them a farewell "round," with all the harrowing adventures, called "stiffs" implied by that word. The white hat, by the mere superiority of its whiteness, takes charge of all new-comers, even if it has frequently to borrow sundry paltry half dollars to carry out its self-imposed task; and latterly it has taken to "seeing off" the unfortunate pedestrians whom Fate has decreed shall lead the van in that great tidal wave of western travel. No one is expected to believe that these farewell rounds, any more than the rounds of welcome accorded by the said white hat, are of the most peaceable quality, for, given a reflector of any kind, with an urbane attendant and no bull-dogs; given a long coat and nicely balanced snow white hat, such as is familiar to Philadelphia operators, and the result will be a barefaced attempt to obtain the Boniface's wares, through the medium of a well concocted stiff.

Having already mentioned the fact that your learned correspondent was amongst those agile forms retreating down Fountain Avenue, it will now be clear to all that I have, as the junior, as the Benjamin, I may say, of a great telegraphical family, been sacrificed, and that I am about to leave this Centennial city. But before leaving it forever I must direct our friends who have yet to come, where to find, without the dangerous assistance of that white hat, the choicest selection of "stiffs," for their particular edification. There are plenty of the latter articles on exhibition, else it would not be a universal affair. Indeed, as it is a joint stock concern, and likely to be a losing one, I am inclined to think that the confiding shareholders will, before long, regard the whole Exhibition as a "grand stiff." Among other stiffs relating to our business, and staring you in the face, you will find: the deducting of fifty per cent. from the earnings of the telegraph companies by the Centennial Commission, and the prospect of ever getting the balance—this is regarded by the said companies as a stupendous stiff; the beam of a sliding scale—a very thin piece of mechanism; a box of salt, contributed by Eitemiller; a section of Schotte's lunch (fills two clothes baskets); a hogshhead of pure water, extracted by a famous analytical chemist from a hundred dollars' worth of lightning stock; the veritable razor used for shaving salaries; model of a windmill to be placed on the roof of a telegraph building, with cranks and ratchets attached and placed in circuit, for the purpose of calling way stations hour after hour; a dollar bill found in possession of an operator two days before pay-day (rare specimen); a sofa stuffed entirely with the clippings from De Graw's moustache (this is a terrible stiff, owing to the superabundance of wax); and a block of wood highly polished, carefully sawed from Munk Monroe's head, and never missed by that celebrated artist. Then, outside of our professional exhibits, there is the original Washington's arm-chair manufactory, which turns out about forty of the original article per day, employing ex-baggage smashers by way of a stiff, to impart an aged appearance to the "original article from Washington's headquarters." Frank Johnson of the A. and P. Centennial office, although an accomplished purveyor of the everlasting stiff, is probably one of the most useful persons (to the creditor class) on the grounds. He keeps an autograph book where all visiting operators are expected to register their names and destination, and thereby unmanfully acquire an accurate knowledge of the whereabouts of delinquent knights of the key. You see an entry there: "John Smith left for Chicago July 5th," and as that is just eight weeks ago, making allowance for bad roads, storms, and the rigorous tramp laws, you locate him at Crestline, Ohio; his next OPERATOR will reach him at Plymouth, Indiana. However, if you are really going to Chicago, and enter your destination in Frank's book as for New Orleans, you will find it to be a first rate stiff for the tailor, especially if he intends to walk after you, as tailors sometimes do; and the terrible rigidity of the stiff won't strike him until sometime about New Year's, when some one tells him, as he's wandering home again through the bayous of Mississippi, that you have been working in Michigan for the previous three months.

West of the Government Building in the Signal Service reservation and its corps, who give us the same old threadbare stiff every day, year in and year out, explaining "the barometric trough which is now central over the lower Lakes." Still they give a magnificent display of flag signals, and batteries, poles and insulators, and everything necessary for putting up a military telegraph line at the rate of five miles an hour.

The lovers of pisciculture will find some electric eels in the Egyptian department. In fishing for them you use a key and sounder instead of a regulation deep sea, and they take hold as lustily as the best college bred plug. To the Agricultural building the telegrapher need pay no more than a flying visit. The Colossochelys and Rhachianectes Glaucus form the main exhibits there, and the transient visitor can't afford time to figure out a stiff like that.

There are still innumerable side shows and exhibits, in exploring which for himself, the visitor will find greater pleasure and profit. To my brothers-in-arms who have not yet seen the Exposition I have only to say, see it at once, and see it all while you are here. There are two occasions on which you feel perfectly enraptured by its wonders: once, when you behold it for the first time, and again, when you take one last longing look at its beauties.

The closing scene is enacted at the Centennial

Railroad station, where just about starting time you remember a great many of the thousand and one things that you have omitted to see. You feel a deep regret, as, amid the waving of elegant cambrics and a white hat, you button up your duster, and the train's onward course seems to make the towers, and domes, and myriads of flags, and the white hat dance and chase each other around in an everlasting whirl. Every puff of the iron horse is taking you farther and farther from the busy hives of Philadelphia. The platforms of the cars are crowded by people who, like yourself, are taking a farewell look at the brilliant scene. The train is still gliding smoothly—one might even say slowly—with the green hills echoing the ringing of its bell; barefooted country boys with their inseparable companions, the dogs, run and shout or bark by the side of the train; a blushing milkmaid smiles at us from under the brimming pail on her head, and even waves her ruddy arm in response to some one's gallant salute; our speed is increased, boys and dogs, and the immaculate hat left miles behind, and we are soon out once more on the green velvety turf of dear old Pennsylvania.

With nightfall a cold, cheerless, September rain sets in. The monotonous "clicketty-clack, clicketty-clack" of a fast train is all that breaks the silence of the bleak hills, save the dull splashing of the chilly rain as it pelts remorselessly against the drooping willows; and gathering myself back in the seat, with my hat dragged down over my ears and my coat collar pulled up over my hat, I tried to whistle myself into the belief that I was not involuntarily stepping from a first-class Centennial job to my old position as county manager and village oracle, where the world will never hear of or from me again.

And so ends the record of a century, and the Aladdin-like dream of
BEPP0.

More Respecting the Lay Torpedo—Interesting Description of Sawyer's Autograph System.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 9, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPERATOR:

Another visit to the Government Building—which still contains many articles of interest not yet touched upon—has resulted in our obtaining a fuller insight into the mystery which is suffered to hang over the quiet and inoffensive, and somewhat whale-like-looking "Lay Torpedo" mentioned in a former letter.

This modest looking, but terrible engine of warfare, appears on an outer view to be simply an iron boat thirty feet in length, and some four feet in diameter, shaped much like a double pointed cigar, one end carrying a propeller screw and fin-like rudder, and the other, or bow, bristling with the projecting firing pins, a concussion on either of which suffices to explode the charge within, and at one fell swoop to destroy both the torpedo boat and the massive ironclad or other adversary which it may have struck.

Although the delicate inside mechanism is not shown, and can only be guessed at by the casual observer, we are indebted to Lieut. Thomas of the Navy Department for a very full explanation, which will no doubt be of interest to your readers.

The motive power is supplied by an ordinary steam engine which is driven by carbonic acid gas—a large supply of which is carried in three strong, oblong, metallic flasks or retorts in which it is condensed to a liquid state under a pressure of 3000 pounds to the square inch; upon opening the throttle valve this liquid gas instantly expands into vapor at a tremendously high pressure, and a very small stream seems to drive the engine at its highest speed and propel the boat at the rate of ten knots an hour, or as fast as many of the lively steam launches used in the service. A sufficient supply of gas is carried to drive the boat for a distance of three miles, and there strike and blow up an enemy, or for one and one-half miles and return to the starting point, as has been done on experimental trials. In his original plan, Lay, the inventor, controlled the boat through two wires—each of which transmitted a polarized current, one of which worked the throttle while the other governed the steering apparatus; but Moses G. Farmer, the well known electrician, has simplified the plan and increased its utility by substituting one wire for two, and operating it very much on the well known Quadruplex system, by which four results can be obtained on

one circuit, much as four messages are transmitted in commercial telegraphy. Thus a positive current opens the throttle and starts the engine, and a negative stops it, while the "differential" side of the quad governs the helm, the "big battery" throwing the rudder to "port" and the "battery trap" reversing it to "starboard;" the key board and batteries are so arranged as to be operated by any one who can read the labels of "start," "stop," "port," "starboard," which appear on each key, and the actual use of the torpedo thus becomes simplicity itself. The specimen here shown was purchased by the Government at an expense of \$12,000, which amount represents the expense of blowing up an enemy by the Lay system, and a similar one has been manufactured for and sold to the Khedive of Egypt, who may perhaps find it useful one of these days—if the "stirring times" in the East continue! The nearest approach to the results obtained by Lay, before the perfection of his invention, was the plan of Ericsson, one of whose torpedoes is also on exhibition. In this case the boat is connected with the shore by a rubber tube or hose which is unreeling as it travels through the water, and through which compressed air is sent by a powerful engine, to operate the propeller and also to stir the boat; but, as the steering apparatus is very delicate, and operated by varying the pressure of the air in the tube it is found to be unreliable, and consequently almost worthless in practical use.

In the Signal Service Department, despite what I said in my last, the Sawyer autographic instrument has at last arrived, and is now set up and in practical operation over a circuit connecting with the Signal Office in Washington. This instrument, the invention of Wm. Edward Sawyer of New York—who also credits for much valuable assistance Mr. J. G. Smith, of "old time" memory—is really a marvel of simplicity in its construction, and from the specimens of its work over a regular commercial air-line circuit, would appear to possess considerable merit, and proves its practical utility. To begin at the beginning, and trace the "modus operandi" clear through—the message, whether it be ordinary English, a sketch or plan, or hieroglyphic characters—for all is fish which comes to Sawyer's net—is first written or drawn in ordinary ink, to which a small quantity of glycerine has been added. After blotting thoroughly, the sheet is dusted with fine shellac which adheres to the oily ink, and is readily blown from the clear paper. The sheet is now laid on a hot zinc plate and passed through pressure rolls, which causes the shellac to adhere and carry with it a portion of the oil from each letter, until the plate becomes a perfect negative of the original. This plate is now bent over, and secured to, the sending drum; and the message is ready for transmission. The sending drum is revolved through suitable gearings by a small electro-motor, at the speed of about one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute; while a stylus resting on the metallic surface and connected with the line, while the battery wire runs to the drum—is made to travel slowly across it from end to end, tracing a fine spiral line and covering in its passage the entire message. So long as this stylus touches the metallic surface, the circuit is of course complete, but as each oily ink-line passes beneath it the current is broken and the stylus of the receiving instrument leaves a mark on the chemical paper with which its drum is wound. Thus the message is received in a succession of colored dots or marks which follow the outlines of the letters, the writing very much resembling that made by Edison's "Electric Pen."

As the copy must be a perfect facsimile of the original, the inventor claims an absolute impossibility of mistakes, and hails the good time coming when "bulls" shall be made no more! Another advantage is its speed, a sheet of matter being sent in about two minutes, no matter whether it contain one or five hundred words. An ordinary average capacity of 3600 words per hour is claimed for it, besides the fact of the copies being autographs of the sender which must bear on their face a certain guarantee of genuineness likely to be fully appreciated by business men in this day of fraud and bogus telegrams. Of course in a system of this kind an absolute synchronism of the movements of the rollers on the sending and receiving instruments is absolutely necessary, in order that the writing may be copied in straight lines and not be liable to be strung out diagonally in school-boy style, as would be the case did one roller move faster than the other; and this result is perfectly attained by an arrangement remarkable for its simplicity and accuracy of operation.

The copying drum is connected with the running gear by a friction clutch armed with an armature

which passes the poles of a local magnet at each revolution—every turn of the drum shifts the circuit to an ordinary relay, the back connection of which closes the local circuit. If one drum reaches this point before the other, the relay is opened and by its back contact closes the local magnet, which seizes the armature, and, thus releasing the friction clutch, stops the drum until its fellow reaches the same point, when the main line closes, the local is released and both drums again start simultaneously at the same point. The table on which the mysterious machine stands is of course a center of attraction for gaping crowds of visitors, and their astonishment is great on seeing a blank piece of paper come out of the machine after a few minutes' running, covered with sketches, autographs, or mysterious hieroglyphics, which it is hard to convince the uninitiated have come by wire "all the way from Washington." —NUT CED.

Jolly Trip of Favored Philadelphia Telegraphers on the Hercules.

Messrs. I. D. Maize, W. H. Hargrave, J. Wintrup, E. G. Thomas, J. C. Barnes, J. Christie, and several others, a mixed company of favored telegraphers and employees of the American Steamship Co., were treated on the 11th inst. to a splendid trip from Philadelphia to the sea, on the new and elegant steam tender "Hercules." The party consisted of ten persons—nine gentlemen and a Commodore—all told; and as the round trip occupied two nights and the better part of three days, the passengers being limited to the ten invited guests, it was a most enjoyable one.

The grand dinner on Sunday, ably presided over by Mr. Hargrave, was, of course, the great event of the trip. The post-prandial remarks were admirably adapted to the occasion and well received. Surgeon General Barnes criticised the nocturnal wailings and dismal cat-calls as emitted from the bunks of the junior voyagers when quiet citizens are seeking rest, and he warmly denounced the plaintive voices which at "midnight o'er the sea" had in sepulchral tones compared his robust frame to the figure of W. M. T. or as they say now "Twid Autelme." Mr. Maize, in spite of strenuous protests, perpetrated his venerable puns, and a naval court martial was at one time thought of. Mr. Thomas in his peculiarly polished manner ably discussed the subject of "Luffing Around," both on sea and land, while Commodore Christie gave a lucid description of the rise and progress of "grand stiffs," showing the origin of the slang but expressive phrase to have been derived from the word *certificate*; quoting in evidence thereof the rule still enforced in telegraph circles which requires the narrator of a wonderful story to produce his "certificate" of veracity. To show the perfection to which this commodity has been cultivated, attention was called to the excellent *menu*, the particular superiority of which was solely the result of a "stiff" judiciously administered to the steward by Major Hargrave.

Captain Reed, the jolly skipper, willingly made stoppages whenever desired, circumnavigated the Delaware Breakwater, and steered his vessel in the trough of a rough sea, to suit the curiosity of his wards. The only occurrence that marred the happiness of the party was an accident to Mr. Barnes, by which during a squall he had his fingers severely hurt by a swinging door. This was the more unfortunate for the whole party, as the gentleman's services were valuable, not only as an accomplished vocalist, but also as a downright, jovial good fellow. The whole company desire to express their thanks to Mr. Edgar G. Thomas, the honorary purser of the occasion, for his kind and polite attention, and his untiring efforts to make them comfortable.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—Dr. Mann lately showed, at the Science Conference at South Kensington, how unimportant is the form of lightning conductors, whether rods, ropes, or pipes; and that the real desideratum was that they should be of sufficient size to afford an unobstructed path for the passage of the electric fluid. He insisted on the necessity of a goodly number of points, and above all upon the indispensability of large earth contact, saying that a lightning discharge passing through a large rod with an ample earth contact is only a gentle stream of low tension; but that, if the size of the rod or the area of its contact with the earth is diminished, the tension is increased, and the fluid has a dangerous tendency to discharge itself laterally by chance outlets.

The Operator,

THE ORGAN OF THE

United States and Canadian Telegraph Operators.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - - Editor.

September 15th, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

JOHN OAKUM'S interesting sketch entitled "Little Old Statistics" will be found on third page. It will well repay perusal.

We learn by cable dispatch from London, dated September 14th, that the proposition of laying a new cable between Paris and New York has been abandoned on account of the inability to procure subscriptions.

ALL who have so far seen "Oakum Pickings" agree that it is the handsomest book of the kind they have ever seen. The price is only \$1.50 postage pre-paid, and certainly no telegrapher should consider his library complete without it.

We would draw attention to the advertisement of Dr. H. T. Bond of Philadelphia, in this issue of THE OPERATOR. As none but responsible persons are admitted into our advertising columns, our readers can rely upon Dr. Bond being O. K. Send for his pamphlet.

THE delivery clerks at the Western Union main office in this city, to the number of thirty-five, had a very pleasant excursion on Sunday, Sept. 3d, one of the most beautiful days of the season. They started from Seventeenth Street, East River, in a chartered propeller at eight A. M., went down to Coney Island, had a splendid roll in the surf, and then proceeded to the Hudson River Park, where dinner was served. The city was reached at six P. M., after a very enjoyable day. Among those present were Capt. J. Dauler, Lieut. Hutchinson, Lieut. Lock, Chief Engineer Clark, George and Cy Cole, old man Foley, Sergeant Foy, John Byrne, Powers, Goble, Schuyler, and Bill Moore.

Another Reduction by the A. and P.

The Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company announce that on and after Monday, September 18th, the uniform rate

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| Between all offices in New York State will be | 40 cents |
| Between all offices in New England and offices in New York State | 50 cents |
| Between all offices in New England and offices in New Jersey and Pennsylvania | 50 cents |
| Between all offices in New York State and offices in New Jersey and Pennsylvania | 50 cents |
| Between all offices in New Jersey (to and including New York City and Philadelphia) | 25 cents |
| Between all offices in New Jersey and offices in Pennsylvania | 50 cents |

All rates that are lower than those above mentioned will be continued in force.

More Swindling by Bogus Telegrams.

Some years ago cases of persons receiving money on forged telegraphic orders, purporting to come from well known persons to firms in this and other cities, frequently engaged the attention of courts of justice. On one occasion, when Gen. McClellan was in Europe, many prominent New Yorkers received, as they supposed from "Little Mac," cablegrams to the effect that, having purchased a house, for instance, from say John Smith, for \$420, it would be considered a particular favor if the person addressed would pay Mr. Smith the amount, which would be made right on the General's return. This dispatch was usually delivered in the forenoon, while Mr. Smith made his appearance in the afternoon with the bill and presented a telegram purporting to be signed by General McClellan, requesting him to call at that address for the amount. The money in nearly every case was paid, and in this way about a dozen persons were victimized. The messages were not all alike. Sometimes it was a house the General had rented or bought, with the amount correspondingly higher. Sometimes it was jewelry, and sometimes something else. The swindlers were eventually caught, however, and some of them probably still languish in prison, the sentence being deservedly severe.

Some Cincinnati and Indianapolis merchants have recently been similarly swindled by a gang of whom a former operator of the Western Union named James P. St. John, but who now assumes the name of White, seems to be a prominent member. Early one morning about the first of August, St. John called at the Western Union branch office, Third Street, Cincinnati. Being early, no one was present but the janitor. St. John represented himself as an employé of the main office, said he wanted to trace a message, and asked to see the messenger's delivery book. The book was afterward missing, and the matter reported to Manager Armstrong. It was not found until the 7th, when the cashier of the Lafayette Bank called at the main office to ascertain whether a dispatch received from Saratoga, N. Y., signed Springer, and ordering payment to Duhun & Co. of \$450 for jewelry, was genuine. The dispatch was written on a regular No. 1 blank. Mr. Armstrong pronounced it a forgery. A short time afterward, when a young man presented the bill to the paying teller of the bank, he was arrested and imprisoned, and proved to be the same party who stole the messenger's book. Another forged dispatch, similar to the above, purporting to be sent by H. Hirsch, who was east, was delivered at the store of H. Hirsch & Co. same day, requesting them to pay Duhun & Co. \$300 for goods previously purchased by him. In this case the swindlers were more successful. A confederate of St. John's shortly afterward presented a bill for \$300 on one of Duhun & Co.'s billheads, and a check for the amount on one of the Cincinnati banks was given him. Instead of presenting the check at the bank he went direct to the establishment of Duhun & Co., where he represented himself as an employé of Hirsch & Co., gave a plausible excuse for the check being drawn in favor of Duhun & Co., selected seventy-five dollars worth of jewelry and received \$225 change, the check being pronounced genuine at the bank. Upon learning of the arrest of his confederate he left the city.

At Indianapolis, a jeweler was similarly victim-

ized out of \$285 by St. John. The Cincinnati parties consenting, a requisition was procured for him, and he was conveyed to Indianapolis and tried, convicted, and sentenced to eight years imprisonment. His confederate, who victimized Duhun & Co., and whose name has not transpired, was finally traced to Chicago, where he was arrested and returned to Cincinnati for trial. He had in his possession when arrested a number of telegraph blanks stolen at New York, Baltimore, and other points. He will certainly be convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

It seems that these parties have attempted this swindle at various places during the last two years, but were generally unsuccessful. The whole of this gang is now believed to be in custody, though there may be others who have not yet been discovered.

WE had the pleasure of seeing Mr. A. W. Austin, XYZ, of Albany, week before last. He was on his way to the Centennial, where we hope he had a pleasant time. Mr. Louis S. Howell, of Paris, Ky., also called while passing through the city, also on his way to Philadelphia.

THREE COPIES OF "OAKUM PICKINGS FOR \$3.75. The very liberal offer to send three copies of "Oakum Pickings," pre-paid, on receipt of \$3.75, is still in force. Get two of your friends to club with you, and accept this offer while you may. Orders can be sent to nearest agent or direct to this office. Send money by Post-office order or registered letter.

As the cold weather approaches, the benefits to be derived by judicious exercise becomes apparent. The full page advertisement of the Goodyear Pocket Gymnasium in another part of the paper, will give our readers a very good general idea of one of the best apparatus for light gymnastics now before the public. Physicians highly recommend it, and the editors of Hall's *Journal of Health* say they consider it a most valuable method of promoting the growth of the muscles, the expansion of the lungs, and that active and vigorous circulation of the blood upon which sound health so largely depends.

The price being very low—the tube will last with care for years—every operator should endeavor to obtain one or a pair, to counteract the effects of want of exercise and sedentary habits. Send for circular and further particulars.

WE regret to see from the following item in the St. Louis *Republican*, that Mr. W. J. Foy, St. Louis, agent for THE OPERATOR and "Oakum Pickings," has met with a serious misfortune.

Between one and two o'clock Friday morning, Sept. 1st, a desperate fight took place between a lot of roughs at a hall which was in progress at the Arcade hall, No. 2400 Franklin Avenue. A number of police officers, who not being on duty, were present in citizen's clothes, appear to have been mixed up in the row and a young telegraph operator named Wm. J. Foy, employed by the Western Union company, was stabbed four times while attempting to escape from the melee, in which he had taken no part. One of the stabs injured his right lung and he still lies in a room near the scene of the affray, his condition being too critical to admit of his being moved. From the first his recovery was regarded as extremely improbable, and his death may be expected to occur at any time. The physicians say that with cool weather and careful attendance it is barely possible he may get well.

It gives us pleasure to state, however, that Mr. Foy, at last accounts was doing well, his wounds rapidly healing, and there being no doubt of his recovery. We hope that ere this he has sufficiently recovered to resume duty, and the probabilities are that he has.

Dashes Here and There.

THE following little bull comes from Canada:

"Stirups and field go down to-day. 6 collect." Should be, "Stir up Sandfield. Go down to-day. 6 collect."

"OAKUM PICKINGS" is bound in five different colors of cloth. Green, purple, blue, and two shades of brown. In ordering, if any particular color is desired, please state which.

Among the apparatus now on view in the Centennial Exhibition, is an ingenious contrivance for providing the weather necessary to work various instruments used in meteorology. It includes a shower-bath to produce an artificial rainstorm, and a fan-blast which generates gales of any force from ten to sixty miles an hour.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever. "Oakum Pickings" is bound in the most beautiful yet substantial style of the art, and apart from the bright and fascinating sketches it contains, will certainly be an ornament to any telegraph office or telegrapher's parlor table. Don't fail to order a copy. No telegrapher should be without one.

A GROCER who had pursued a runaway clerk named Galusha, and found him with the money, and repentant, telegraphed to his (the grocer's) anxious wife: "Found Galusha. Hope for better things." When she got the missive it read: "Found girl; shall elope and get her things." She started for the scene of action by the first train.

A FIRE-ALARM.—They have just got the fire alarm telegraph established at Springfield, Ill., says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and the natives don't appear to understand it pretty well. A fire broke out the other day, and one of the aldermen rushed to the nearest letter-box, and putting his mouth to the aperture where the letters go in, roared at the top of his lungs: "Fire! fire! fire! Wake up there and hoop her out! Give her the rattles! Fire!"

THE superintendent of the Italian experimental silkworm farm at Padua has found that the hatching of silkworms may be accelerated by ten or twelve days, and a yield of 40 per cent. of caterpillars secured, by exposing the eggs to a current of negative electricity from a Holtz machine for eight or ten minutes. It is suggested to apply the method to hens' eggs, and to hasten the germination of seeds.

PROF. GLADSTONE lectured recently at South Kensington, London, on the instruments of Davy and Faraday; the instruments, sent by the Royal Institute to the Loan Collection, being displayed in the lecture-room, and a brief account given of the work done with them. Among the Davy relics were a number of early forms of the Davy lamp; and his voltaic battery, now too corroded for use, was shown.

A COMPREHENSIVE system of meteorological observation has been in course of organization in South Australia, and on completion of the telegraph to Western Australia, now being constructed, the observer in Adelaide will possess the means of knowing the prevailing state of the weather each day nearly all round the seaboard of Australia, information which, if rightly used and interpreted, can not fail to be most useful.

LIGHTNING.—A common idea in regard to lightning is that persons are safe from its effect when sitting in the center of a closed room, but at Stow, a few weeks ago, this was shown to be a fallacy. Several ladies were seated around by the walls of a room during a thunderstorm when the house was struck by lightning. The bolt entered this particular room through a wall, fortunately touching nobody, and rolled into the center of the floor, where it exploded, producing much smoke, but doing no injury to those present.

A boy living on Nelson Street, says the Danbury *News*, has been to work at odd times trying to split up a chunk of a button-ball tree. His mother put him to work at it again, Wednesday afternoon, and he obeyed her with tears in his eyes and a big lump in his throat. A storm came up and drove him into the house. (It doesn't take much of a storm to drive a boy away from a woodpile). Shortly after, a bolt of lightning smashed the axe which was sticking in the wood, and knocked the button ball into suitable kindling. When the boy went out and saw what was done, he immediately said:

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn."

NEWLY INVENTED FIRE ALARM.—Buffalo is contemplating the adoption of a new automatic fire telegraph by which the fire is compelled to announce its existence and precise location. The signal is communicated by means of small brass tubes or heat directors placed on the ceiling twenty feet apart of each room in the building, all being connected with wires that run through a signal box on each floor, thence to the main circuits that leads to the receiving office.

The Western Electric Manufacturing Co. have a similar fire alarm on exhibition at the Centennial. The heat detector is a thermostat, similar to a mercury thermometer, and so arranged that when the mercury reaches 120° in any of the heat detectors placed in the ceilings at short distances, its expansion closes an electric circuit which instantly indicates at the office of the fire department, the exact position of the fire.

"DURING a severe storm," says a correspondent in Arizona, "(the first rain for eight months), on the 18th inst., a flash of lightning entered the U. S. Military Tel. office at Maricopa Wells. For a moment a ball of electric fire about the size of a walnut was observed on each of two insulated wires leading from the battery to the instruments, then with a loud report it dissipated and the wires, completely fused, separated. The same flash also burned a relay in the same office, necessitating the use of the one remaining relay on the three lines that submerge therefrom.

The last bum hereabouts is Gay can go on next stage, for Mexican goes on next stage. This too at the "regulation" rate of fifteen words per minute.

During last week since rainy season set in, poles have been shattered in all parts of the Territory; fourteen between Maricopa and Tucson.

B. J. Partong opens the telegraphic barber shop in San Diego Sept. 1st. All the boys patronize him."

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON, Bart., recently read a paper before the members of the Botanical Society in Edinburgh, in which he described some observations he had made on an ash tree near Dean Bank Toll, which was struck by lightning in 1874. This tree (one of a row) was about thirty feet from those nearest to it. It was for the most part exposed on the west side, and when, during the storm, it was struck by the lightning, this side suffered most from the electric fluid, which stripped off the bark and made two long, narrow fissures in the trunk. In the spring of last year, but some fourteen days after the other ash trees in the row had begun to bud, this one put on some buds. On the west side, however, where the electric fluid had taken most effect, not a single bud was visible. At the present time the great bulk of the foliage on the tree is very thin, and during the last three weeks it has made no progress. Sir Robert had spoken to the owners with regard to the purchase of the tree for botanical purposes, and found that they were favorable. He thought, however, before it was got, some further time should be given it in order that its further progress in the way of vegetation might be watched. At the conclusion of the paper, Mr. Potts called attention to a curious incident which occurred two years ago at Lasswade Loan, when a flash of lightning ran along the telegraph wire, whose connecting poles were parallel to a row of ash or elm trees, and the lightning, strange to say, passed the elm trees and split the ash trees. Sir Robert Christison said, in reference to Mr. Potts' remarks, that even in the days of Shakspeare there was a belief that some trees were more likely to be struck than others, and he believed the ash was one of these.

Philadelphia Items.

The closing of the S. and A. office in this city has given the Western Union the valuable services of J. C. Burt.

The many friends of George Hall will be pleased to learn that he is steadily improving.

Paul Bossart left the Western Union service here on the 1st inst., and has left for Oil City, Pa. This is another of those withdrawals from our ranks which are steadily draining off the best men.

G. Orem Gregg, one of the reliable early men, has also resigned to accept a position with the American District.

Julian Eves returned from Cape May on the 1st. and has resumed duty at the W. U. main office.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

He that lives to live forever never fears dying.

Every one can master grief but he that has it.

Choose a friend as thou dost a wife, till death separate you.

Return the civilities thou receiveth, and be ever grateful for favors.

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

Humility and knowledge in poor clothes excel pride and ignorance in costly attire.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

Business can never be well done that is not well understood; which can not be without patience.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds; and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.

Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature—Montaigne.

Gold, like the sun, which melts wax and hardens clay, expands great souls and contracts bad hearts.—Rivarol.

If idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.

Excess in apparel is another costly folly. The very trimming of the vain world would clothe all the naked ones.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.—Locke.

Where thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half-way to lying, as lying the whole way to hell.

It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy, that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.

Lend not beyond thy ability, nor refuse to lend out of thy ability; especially when it will help others more than it can hurt thee.

There is pleasure enough in this life to make us wish to live, and pain enough to reconcile us to death when we can live no longer.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people in the same light as I do a loaded gun, which may by accident go off and kill one.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

One principle point of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

Virtue, like fire, turns all things into itself; our actions and our friendships are tinged with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

The wise man is cautious, but not cunning; judicious, but not crafty; making virtue the measure of using his excellent understanding in the conduct of his life.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others evil; and who wanteth the one, will prey upon the other.

God sends the poor to try us; as well as he tries them by being such; and he that refuses them a little, out of the great deal that God has given him, lays up poverty in store for his own posterity.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in its fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—Addison.

A Night of Terror.

The night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left me, was in October a long while ago. I was operator at a little Canadian town upon the Grand Trunk line of railway. It was by no means a model place of residence. There were beer gardens, drinking saloons and gambling-houses, out of all proportion to the more respectable shops and residences; we had just had two arrests of counterfeiters, and scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl among the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school there, and a timid, blue-eyed woman had come to teach it.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived there I could only guess, for Alice Holt had not been there more than three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business in the town, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought my dinner and supper. There was a small room next the office, with a window, but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table and mirror, wash-stand, and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt, and pickles for my office repast. The two rooms were on the floor of a wooden building that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office about 7:30, when one of the railway officials came in, all hurried, saying:

"Stirling, have you been over to the embankment to-day?"

"No, I have not."

"It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight train comes without warning there will be a horrible smash up."

"I must stop it at Postville, then," I said. "I'll send a message."

"Yes, that is what I stopped in for. The down-track is clear, so you need not stop that train."

"All right."

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterward. As I ate we chatted.

"Any message to-day?" my wife asked.

"One for John Martin."

"John Martin! The greatest ruffian in the neighborhood. What was the message?"

"Midnight train."

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr. Hill has just been here to tell me that there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Postville. The passengers must wait a few hours there, and come on in the morning after the track is cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. The train does not reach Postville until 11:30, and it is not yet eight. Yes, it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the wash-room, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home."

She went into the dressing-room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending on the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in town, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak, two threw me back on my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

"Hill was here to tell you to stop the up-train. You will not send the message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is fifty thousand in gold in the train. Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it!" I cried.

"Exactly," was the cool reply. "One-fifth is yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way along."

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and plundered by the villains who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you join us?"

"Never!" I cried.

"We must force you, then. Tie him fast."

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied to my chair, bound so securely that I couldn't move. It was proposed to gag me, but they finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound around my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered, then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall around my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap at the inner door.

"Robert," Alice said.

"Yes, love. Speak low. There is a man under my window."

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Postville. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door-knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Postville in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her. "Heaven bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy, and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. She had to go six miles, and I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country, with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash told me a thunder storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock! The rain falling in torrents, thunder pealing, lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by terror, or, perhaps, stricken by lightning!

Eleven o'clock. The storm was over, though still the night was inky black—no sound to cheer me, none to make the hideous suspense more endurable. A host of possibilities, like frightful nightmares, chased one another through my tortured brain. Would the next hour ever pass? Once the clock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me one hour, chilled by horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence a far-off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away, a faint whistle came through the night-air. Nearer, then the distant rumble of the train growing more and more distinct.

The midnight up-train was coming swiftly, surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was partially lost; far more did I feel the bitterness of Alice dead than the horror of the doomed lives the train carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move, and writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel bonds to tear my flesh as I tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train, and did not stop at my station; as I listened, every nerve sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and cheerfully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of fire-arms, sounds of conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were around my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man at the front watching. I crept around the house and I saw him, so I did not dare to be seen."

"But you have been to Postville?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped up in my cloak and hood. When I reached Postville the train had not come up."

"But it is here."

"Only the locomotive and one carriage. In that carriage is the sheriff, deputy sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run in here and tell you all was safe!"

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine?" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect. Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers were sent for trial, and would have escaped had not John Martin, on his death-bed, turned Queen's evidence. His ante-mortem testimony sent the survivors to penal servitude.

Alice and I left for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Postville. We accepted, had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service as a testimonial from passengers on that threatened down-train, the company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by our heroine.

The Morse Statue in Central Park.

MARINETTE, Wis., August 31, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPERATOR:

While looking over THE OPERATOR for August 15th, I noticed your "clip" from the Detroit Free Press describing the appearance of the Morse statue in Central Park. A slight feeling, perhaps, of exaltation came over me (I know it wasn't right) to see how nobly (?) the boys had done. I for one owe those who erected that monument a little ill-will. When the statue was being subscribed to, I was working on the Union Pacific R. R. The line was then known as the U. P. Telegraph Line (perhaps it is yet) and many of us lightning waiters were anxious to give our mite, and would have been proud to be identified with those who subscribed to the Morse statue. But, no sir. The gentlemen at the head of the matter politely informed us that our aid was not needed; that there were sufficient Western Union funds to carry the enterprise to completion. Now, friend, why can't that disgraceful figure be taken down and replaced by another which will do justice and honor to the fraternity? I do not propose to exclude those who excluded us, but merely pray that they may learn a wholesome lesson from the past, and not hold their heads so high above men employed by smaller corporations.

Fraternally,

DRAXY, of the Northwestern Tel. Co.

Type-Setting by Electricity.

THE London Times, or, as it is sometimes called, "The Thunderer," uses the telegraph very liberally in the way of special cable and telegraphic reports from all parts of the world. It is hinted in London that it has now "under consideration" the practicability of printing its sheets in several of the large towns and cities of Great Britain simultaneously in order to secure a distribution of its copies as early as the various local journals, which are fast depreciating the circulation and once paramount influence of their London contemporaries. Of course the great question is how this staggering feat can be accomplished. The Times had its attention drawn some weeks ago to an electric machine in operation at the London Stock Exchange, by which the fluctuating quotations are telegraphed to a number of city offices, where an instrument composed of movable figures and a dial plate is made to record changes from hour to hour. If an electrical current can be made to manipulate movable figures, it was conceived that a system of mechanical type-setting might be carried on simultaneously in a number of distant places, the operation being directed from a central office in London, the news being there collected from all parts of the world, and that the "copy" might be put in type at several provincial offices simultaneously by operating on an electrical key-board, or a number of keyboards, controlled in the central office. The idea, like so many other inventions, is not new. A Mr. McKay of the Warrington Guardian worked upon the same line of invention about eight years ago. Simultaneous type setting by machinery was by him carried to a practicable issue, though he found that his invention did not result in profit. He worked a number of type-setting machines by operating on one key-board, and proposed to set up newspaper columns for any number of papers by this simultaneous process, the only difference being that the various machines could not be placed in distant places. In other words, he did not connect them with electricity. The fact remains that he actually worked some ten or twelve machines on this principle of connected action which derived its directing power from one key-board. There is no moral doubt that the same thing can be done on a wider scale by electrical agency. But could it be made to pay? The Times, or rather the manager of its mechanical department, is putting the thing to a private test in order to ascertain its mechanical probabilities. If that can be made clear, the Times' directors are not likely to be deterred by financial timidity from the next step in the unparalleled adventure. What a world of journalistic development the prospect opens to prescient eyes!

Newspapers at the Centennial.

Telegraphers and others visiting the Centennial will find THE OPERATOR on file at the Newspaper Building. The special correspondent of the London Times, writing on the subject of newspapers, says that it would be difficult to find an apter illustration of the big way in which the Americans do things than that furnished by the "Centennial Newspaper Building," in the Exhibition Grounds. Here you may see any one, or, if you like, all of the 8,129 newspapers published regularly in the United States, and see them, one and all, for nothing! You are not only permitted as a favor to see them, but invited, nay, pressed, to confer the favor of entering the building and calling for what paper you like. It is about as cool and agreeable a place—quite apart from its literary attractions—as a visitor to the Exhibition could wish to be offered a chair in. He may at first wonder how, among 8,000 papers, among them such mighty sheets as the New York Herald, he is to get at the small, loved print of his home, thousands of miles away, it may be, over the Rocky Mountains. But the management is so simple that, by consulting the catalogue, or even without the aid of the catalogue, any one can at once find whatever paper he wants. They are pigeon-holed on shelves in the alphabetical order of their States or Territories and their towns, the names of which are clearly labelled on the shelves. The proprietors of the Centennial Newspaper Building are advertising agents, the largest in all America—Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., of New York. Their enterprise will cost altogether about \$20,000 or £4,000, including the building and the expenses of "running" it for six months. The 8,000 and odd American newspapers are declared, by the same authority, to exceed "the combined issues of all the other nations of the earth."

PERSONALS

F. W. Wilcox has returned from Long Branch. Misses Emery and Brier have returned from their vacation. Big Steve and Baldy do the funny business at 197 now-a-days. Miss M. E. Brittain is in charge of the Glen Cove, L. I., W. U. office. Frank Cox still wears "that hat." He looks as youthful as ever. Walter Richmond is a "regular roast" on the base ball question. L. R. Hallock has spent a week at his home on Long Island lately. J. L. Horn has returned from Providence, but talks of going to Boston. There is a "porter" at "197" who sleeps fourteen hours out of every twenty-four. Ed. Gordon, who dislocated his shoulder a short time since, is again at his key. It is rumored at 197 that there is to be another reduction—shouldn't wonder. Manager Downer has had another attack of his old enemy, inflammatory rheumatism. "Oakum Pickings" can be had at the P. O. counter, W. U. Building, at \$1.50 per copy. H. C. Lockwood of the Auditor's Office has returned from the sunny South, looking well. Mr. Luke Fisher of the Chicago Western Union office is working for the A. and P. in same city. Tom Allen has been transferred to the Hartford quad, *vice* Welsh transferred to the western section. Theo. Williams has been transferred to the New Orleans wire; *vice* Allan transferred to the Hartford quad. Chauncy Mosher and Miss Toole, and Ed. Van Every and Miss Carrie Tift are "doing" the Centennial. Since Mr. Holmes has been appointed postmaster no letters are lost. Lady correspondents take notice. Will "Collector" Finnegan ever "shoot" the basket. This question is of more importance to many than the Turkish war. Mr. Thomas J. Bishop, operator for the Associated Press at Baltimore, is lying very ill with typhoid fever at his home in that city. Messrs. Weller, Coleman and Welsh, are the politicians of 197—on the Republican side. McEnroe does the heavy work for the Democrats. Mr. Bradt has ordered his full suit. The report that he intends sporting a crimson silk handkerchief is an invention of an unscrupulous enemy. Thomas H. O'Reilly (Miles), has returned from Saratoga, where he has been spending the summer, and resumed his duties on the State press wire at 197. One of the handsomest and most appropriate presents a telegrapher could make to a friend, a lady friend particularly, is a copy of "Oakum Pickings" just out. Only \$1.50, postage pre-paid. Mr. A. W. Gay, formerly train dispatcher at Buffalo, relieves Miss Rose E. Northrup of the Pipe Line at Olean, N. Y., to-day, the latter going on a two weeks' vacation to the Centennial and New York. "Professor" M. C. Bagley, who has been boarding at Cozzen's Hotel, West Point, for the past summer, has returned to 197, where will see that the electric clocks are kept in order during the coming winter. Gilbert D. Mills is "out," having left Saratoga, and being disappointed in not being able to procure the position he expected in Florida. He is at present the guest of F. W. Colbaugh at Hoboken. Isaac Fisher of the A. and P. Albany, N. Y., office, won the junior scull race at Hudson, N. Y., Sept. 11th. The race was for a gold medal, and the course 1½ miles. There were six competitors all under seventeen years of age. One morning recently New York called Stapleton, S. I., from 8 A. M. to 8:40. Stapleton at length turned up, explaining his absence by saying, "I have been over the hills since five A. M. after my cow." The Quarantine operator said he (Stapleton) was coming along carrying a big club, while his wife followed a few feet behind with a small tree, trying to drive that cow home.

Are you aware that "Oakum Pickings" is now ready, and that for \$1.50 a handsome copy, beautifully bound, will be sent you pre-paid. Order through your nearest agent, or direct from this office.

We met the genial Mr. P. J. Casey on the stairs at 197 on Tuesday. He looks remarkably well, having just returned from his usual summer sojourn at Long Branch, where he had charge of the Western Union interests at the West End Hotel.

HARRY LESLIE, the hero of Niagara, is anxious to walk the wires connecting the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge, carrying the mails on his back. This will knock telegraphy into a cocked hat, being the first time that the mail has been sent "over the wires."

DURING a thunderstorm which passed over Garden City, L. I., recently, the lightning was so strong that it played queer freaks with the wires in the Western Union Telegraph office at that place, severing them, and jumping from one to another with a flash and a report as if a dozen fire-crackers had been let off, filling the place with a sulphurous odor. Luckily, the operator had just left the desk.

LORD ELCHO has called the attention of the British House of Commons to an act of bravery on the part of John Chiddy, who sacrificed his life to prevent an accident to the Flying Dutchman, a very fast London train, on the Bristol and Exeter Railway. He perceived a large block of stone on the line just before the train passed by at a speed of fifty miles an hour, and, by great promptitude and energy, he managed to remove it before the train reached the spot. In all probability he averted a great catastrophe, but at the cost of his own life, for he was caught by the train and killed on the spot. He was a quarry foreman, nearly fifty years of age, and left a family unprotected for.

THE following notice to hotel and boarding-house people is from the Kansas City Journal of Commerce. Its production here may be useful to some of our readers in case Mr. Nicholas should happen to make them a visit.

"We, the undersigned, having been beaten and swindled by one Harry J. Nicholas, wish to notify our brethren of this notorious fraud, liar, swindler, drunkard and imposter. He is a No. 1 confidence man, and is calculated to catch any gentleman who is not acquainted with him, so we do this for the protection of the people of Omaha and in general. Please advertise him ahead, etc. Said Nicholas is a telegraphic operator. St. Joe, Omaha, and Council Bluffs papers please copy. J. H. Robertson, proprietor of Lindell hotel. Hugh Lynch, proprietor of Delmonico. Capt. B. R. Warner, proprietor of Dexter's saloon. James Garretson, proprietor of Lindell bar."

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. SYRACUSE PERSONALS.—Telegraphing at present is quite slack, but so far the full force is kept on, which comprise the following: B. E. Runyan is placed at our head, and a very good head he is, being always on hand and obliging. His assistants are Charles Lincoln, formerly from Delaware Division Erie Railroad by day, who works 10 and 11 west with ease, and Miss J. E. Kendall who officiates nights. Miss N. J. Sherwood does the telegraphing and keeps books at the machine shops. Miss H. A. Pitney and Miss Fannie Hewitson are the operators at west yard; Miss Maggie Lynch and Wm. Kiefler at engine house west end of Dewitt; Miss C. G. Felt and Miss D. Tiffany at east end of Dewitt, and last but not least Miss Maggie McKay and J. D. Decker officiate at yardmaster's office Dewitt. Some time since the question arose, "Why is Dewitt such a warm place?" It was answered through one of the city papers thus: "On account of the red-headed operator." We hope, no one will presume that this is Decker.

MARRIAGES.

WHITNEY—SMITH.—At Chelsea, Mass., September 6th, Mr. Fred W. Whitney to Miss Celia E. Smith, both Eastern Railroad operators. That joy and happiness may always be theirs is the wish of many friends.

BIRTHS.

August 30th, to Mr. C. McNeil, repairer at W. U. main office, a boy.

GOODYEAR'S POCKET GYMNASIUM.

The Most Complete System of Physical Exercise ever devised for Home Practice.



This invention is designed to take the place of several of the appliances devoted to physical culture, at present in use. It is a vast improvement upon the elastic strap with handles, which has been so largely used for strengthening the arms and expanding the chest. Constructed of various sizes, and arranged not only for arm-exercises, but for lifting, rowing, and the like, it combines all the advantages claimed for **THE HEALTH LIFT**, with such as are secured by the ordinary gymnastic exercises. This system of exercises is purely reactionary, the contraction of the elastic material securing the double pull which is deemed so disadvantageous. The accurate graduation of the appliances, and their great range of power, adapts them alike to young and old—to the feeble as well as to the stalwart.

A brief description of the apparatus will satisfy our readers of its wide scope and power of usefulness.

Elastic tubes of various dimensions, from a diameter of five-sixteenths to that of an inch or more, are constructed of pure India Rubber, and are vulcanized by a process which deprives them of unpleasant odor. Suitable handles are inserted into the ends of these tubes, and are there firmly secured. A safety cord passes through the handles, and coils loosely within each tube to prevent all danger of injury from the flying ends of the tube, should a breakage occur. These tubes are eight in number and to these other and more powerful ones are added if demanded. The series of eight appears to supply the general want. By the proper use of the entire series, it is safe to say that the strength of any individual can be more than doubled in a very short time.

The manner of using the tubes will readily be understood by an examination of the cuts. For all chest exercises, such as rowing, boxing, putting up dumb-bells, and swinging clubs—in short all employment of the muscles of the chest, arms, and shoulders—they will be found to be superior to all other appliances. A single tube may be employed with the hands, as are the exercising straps, and much more safely and advantageously; but great advantage is gained, and many new and graceful movements are secured, by the addition of the hooks and eyes with which the largest size is supplied. The most desirable and effective Lifting Machine is secured by employing two of the large tubes provided with eyes. The gimlet-pointed hooks are readily screwed into the floor, and the Lifting Machine is ready for use. The elasticity of the rubber secures a perfect reaction, and provides for extended growth of muscular power. The cuts exhibit the appliance in use.

The advantages attending the various forms of physical exercise to which these tubes are especially adapted can hardly be overstated. Every argument which can be appropriately used in favor of the Health Lift is equally appropriate here; and many others may be added—inasmuch as the system admits of an infinite variety of changes, and provides for the free growth and strengthening of the entire muscular fabric of the human frame. In ordinary life many muscles are neglected, while others are, perhaps, unduly exercised. The muscles of the leg of the professional dancer become enormously developed, while those of the arm shrink and shrivel and lose their fair proportions. The right arm of the blacksmith becomes inordinately developed by excessive use, while his lower extremities lose much of their power. The true theory of exercise is to develop all the organs harmoniously, and thereby to secure the highest physical condition. Serious doubts exist as to the advantage to be derived from the more exhausting exercises of the gymnasium; there is, however, but one opinion among medical authorities as to the value of the milder form of physical culture, known as Light Gymnastics; and it is the object of the invention which is here introduced, to supply, in the most compact and useful form, all the apparatus required for the best development of physical power, in both sexes and at all ages.

It is admitted that sound health and symmetrical growth can not be secured and maintained for a prolonged period, without a perfect circulation of the blood. Congestions of brain, or stomach, or liver, or other internal organs, must ultimately follow a life without activity—a life of partial torpor. Operators and professional men use the brain excessively, but neglect the body. By and by, brain and body break down. If the blood had been sent actively to every tissue and fiber by physical effort rightly directed, body and brain would not wear out in a century. The right hand of an operator is overworked, while the muscles of other portions of his body, with all their interlacing net-work of nerves and blood-vessels, are permitted to remain inactive and comparatively unused. The consequence of this unequal exercise is made apparent in many ways. There is deformity of the chest and back, a curvature of the spine, a flattening of the thorax, a lessening of the breathing space, a weakening of the heart's action, and a general loss of vital power.

It is neither difficult, nor onerous, nor expensive, to keep the human frame in perfect condition, by the means which we

here indicate. The emotions attending the use of the tubes are only those of satisfaction and pleasure. Young persons enter into the exercise with the keenest zest, relinquish them with reluctance, and return to them when the appointed hour arrives, with the liveliest expressions of delight. The brain-weary scholar finds ever-renewed exhilaration and mental elevation from their regular daily use. The worn and weary woman acknowledges the sparkle and glow which comes from a few moments' daily practice with these health-giving appliances. Even the bed-ridden invalid or convalescent, unable to walk and without the power to take exercise in any of the ordinary modes, can find something of invigoration by toying with these life-giving tubes; while the active brain of the person whose toil throughout the day has banished sleep at night, is lulled to repose by the equalization of the circulation which a few moments' exercise with these tubes induces.

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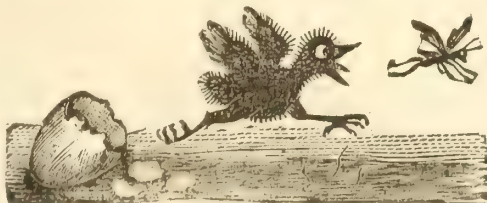
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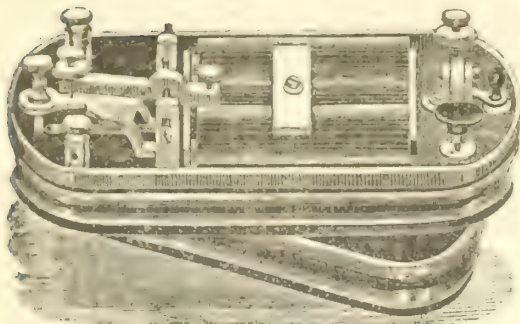
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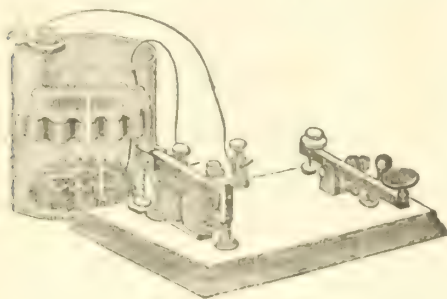
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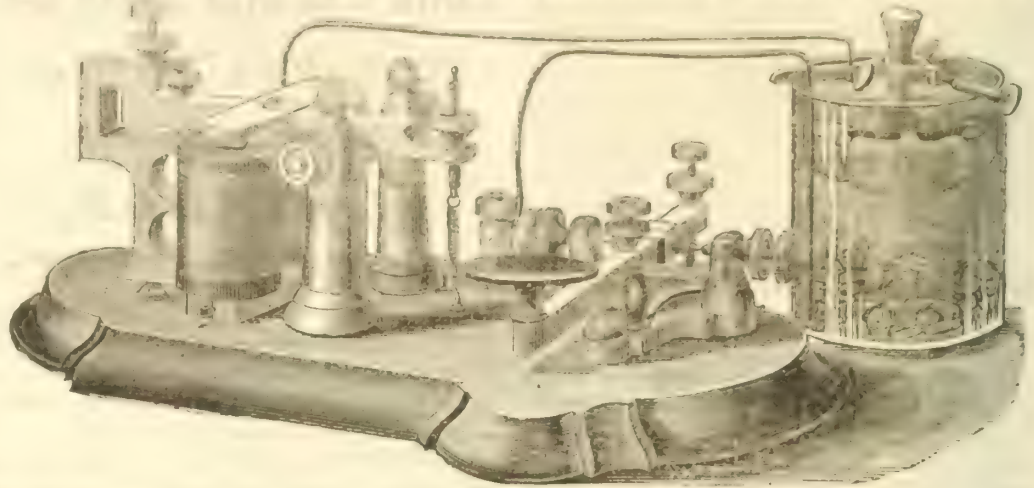
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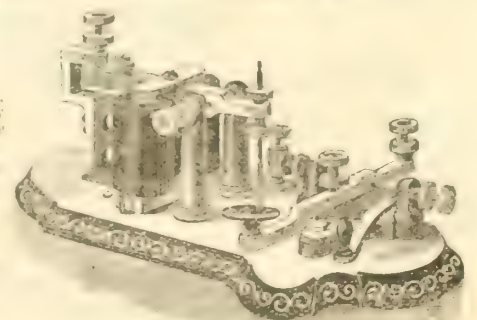
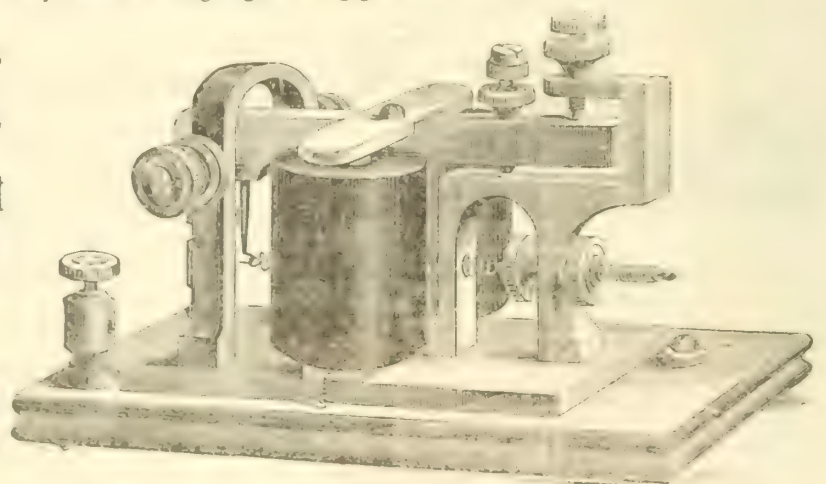
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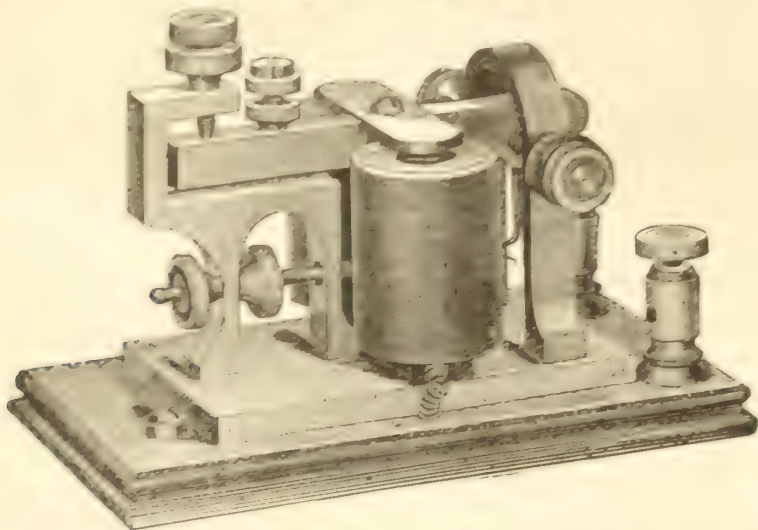
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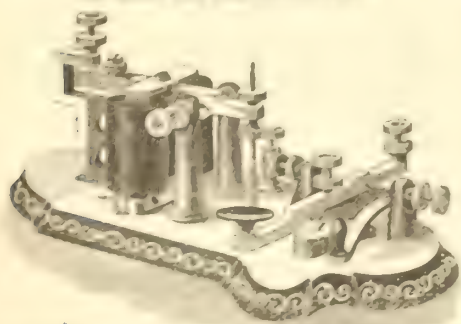
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His wide experience as an editor and as a telegrapher in several of the principal cities, has afforded Mr. Phillips unusual opportunities for the collection of a vast amount of original material. His sketches are therefore sure to have a freshness of treatment and a keenness of observation. His, too, is the gift of a faculty seldom enjoyed. He has illuminated with beginning art the mysteries which surround telegraphy, and whoever reads his book is sure of being treated to a feast of novelties.—*Albany Sunday Press*.

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The Operator,

A JOURNAL OF

SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

October 1st, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 63.

Sweet Oil.

On the manager's desk, in the main office of a large eastern city, right under the executive nose I might say, there lies an innocent looking file, an ordinary fifteen cent affair, but bearing the strange device "late hook." Its bright steel is as cold, unsympathetic, and penetrating as the spirit of the gigantic concern whose good and true file it is, and beneath its tell-tale arrowhead sleep, for all late comers, the thunders of a Nemesis. It is, of course, the laggard's especial dread, for his name is every morning emblazoned thereon with uncompromising regularity, and as the fell sweep of time rolls up the sum total of his delinquencies a crisis is arrived at. Some fine morning when times have become dull the sluggard is seen on the head of the stairs in earnest conversation with the chief operator, who clutches the remorseless late hook in his hand while he feelingly recites "how doth the little busy bee," etc. Scalding tears stream from the eyes of both as shaking each other's hand they part forever; the chief returning unconcernedly to the switchboard, and the sluggard starting immediately and afoot for Omaha.

On the principle of evolution a new remedy is rapidly evolved for every new evil, and the present generation of the electrical world has been prolific in evolving the most audacious and astounding schemes for extricating itself from official dilemmas, not forgetting the said late hook. If there is any one qualification which the infallible first-class operator of the present day excels in, it is his hobgoblin-like propensity to appear suddenly at his desk in full working regalia, waving his gold pen and smiling proud defiance at the late hook, but invariably ten minutes behind the time called for in his unwritten contract with the company; and the most mysterious part of the *science* is the total ignorance of the official spy as to which hole the breathless man emerged from, or at what particular moment he arrived upon the busy scene. After being able to execute this feat thoroughly, the next accomplishment of the first class operator of the present day is his ability to "oil" the chief, which is a more delicate operation and less likely of success than the apparition business.

A clever combination of both these qualifications is the mainstay of the story which I am about to tell.

Once upon a time there was a night operator.

I mean a particular night operator, but as he will be recognized at once I need not describe him. Everybody knows who he is—rather let me say, who he *was*, for he "lost his grip" some years ago—but we will call him Snibbs for the occasion. Having made the broad statement that there was a night operator, the intelligent reader will infer that there was also about that time a night force, and consequently a night chief. Now this chief—let us call him Mr. Smith—was one of those quick-witted men who never play second fiddle to anyone, and the man who "oiled up" a machine of his dry construction, would have to get up exceedingly early in the morning, besides using as much oil as a Corliss engine would take in the lubricating process.

It must be understood that five o'clock sharp was then the hour for night men to be, not only on hand, but also in their respective seats and hard at work. It was fully ten minutes after that hour when a good sized messenger boy appeared on the scene wearing a coat and familiar white plug hat which were evidently not his own, hung them up in the coat room, and disappeared. Five minutes afterward a contess and battess form glided carelessly across the room from the direction of the main hole in the roof, took a seat and commenced to call Pittsburgh. There was no mistaking the form—the same old swinging and swaggering, the same old twat in a tobacco laden mouth, the same old nervous twinkling in his eye as though he perpetually

pired to salt some one—it was the immortal Snibbs. The ubiquitous chief Smith was very busy at the switchboard, but his lynx eye caught the new arrival, and turning round quickly, he remarked good naturedly yet reprovingly, "five fifteen Mr. Snibbs!" Mr. Snibbs scratched his head in response.

Now, under ordinary circumstances there would have been nothing extraordinary in the fact of Mr. George Snibbs scratching his head; he did that frequently, and manifold as are the rules of a well conducted office, a man may, owing to the freedom of our institutions, scratch his head as he has an inalienable right to, without being called to account for that often very necessary operation; but, scratching your head in response to an official inquiry is another thing altogether.

"I think it's about five fifteen," added Mr. Smith, but Snibbs would not risk an opinion on that important subject, contenting himself with rubbing the palm of his hand on the ebony knob of the key, and staring vacantly at the office clock. Still the blonde chief sued for a verbal reply. Snibbs finally got up, deliberately walked over to the spittoon (which stands in a far off corner) and expectorated vigorously. The latter proceeding, having whiled away just four minutes, seemed to have had a revivifying effect on him, for on his return to where Mr. Smith was standing awaiting his reply, he scratched his head with renewed energy. But the indomitable night manager revived the subject, and thus driven to the wall Snibbs commenced the lubricating process.

Five fifteen, he commenced—there was nothing unusual in that; everybody who had read extensively, as had the learned chief and himself, knew that in parts of Italy where they commence to reckon their day at sunset, and count right clear through until the next night, it might be eighteen, or nineteen, or even half past twenty-three o'clock without exciting comment. Then, cutting short every sentence which the irate chief tried to utter, he fell into a dissertation on the general liability of clocks to err, referring for examples to the Philadelphia State House, and Tom Clinger's watches, the hands of which certainly go around but never in the same direction, one moving capriciously from eleven to ten and thence back to nine while its mate jogged on from two to three. He then hinted that by some sort of legerdemain our office clock might have been "out," producing his own convenient bull's eye, which fully corroborated all his assertions.

At this point his voice dropped to a whisper, and thereupon an involuntary smile stole over the good natured chief's face. Snibbs screwed up his mouth, closed one eye, and pointed with his thumb over his left shoulder. The chief pointed in the same direction as if in doubt. They both smiled, and the same pantomime was repeated. Snibbs leaned over and whispered in the chief's ear. Mr. Smith was evidently very much but nevertheless agreeably surprised. Snibbs further gesticulated with arms and head, in an affirmative manner, and leaning over whispered again. The chief expressed his utter bewilderment by a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, and extending the open palms of his hands and elevating his eyebrows in an interrogatory manner, he leaned over and whispered back.

Now there's exactly where he was lubricated. When you get an energetic chief so mystified that he leans over and whispers back, you have hooked him. The best of chiefs might be excused for allowing his feelings to overcome him so far that he must needs lean over to listen, but a stern disciplinarian must mark a boundary somewhere, and a judicious chief would have drawn the line at whispering back.

At that moment old Owen came around dusting off the instruments with that familiar blacking brush, and stood square in the line of my vision. After I had removed the dear old janitor by sousing him in the car with a wet paper wad, the chief was again deeply engrossed at the switchboard, and the audacious Snibbs was sending his very fastest to Pittsburgh.

Still as I broke Tuckerton for the ninth time in a seven word message, and mopped up another blot, I couldn't help reflecting how this world is a mystery, and that sweet oil is more potent than people think.

WERNER.

MEDIA, Pa., boasts of a young lady telegrapher only nine years old who can use the telegraph apparatus with all the skill of a professional operator, and who, likewise, reads by sound with an ease and accuracy that is surprising. She is the daughter of Mr. Thomas J. Dolphin, the station agent.

A New York Telegrapher at the Centennial.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The man who does not take the tide at present setting toward Philadelphia at the flood, and misses the only chance he will have for a hundred years of witnessing a Centennial Exhibition, will find that he makes a grand mistake. The idea which so generally prevails that one needs a thousand dollars and a month's time to fully see it, is also a mistake, though we admit that a thousand or so and a month's time are very good in their way. However, a twenty dollar bill and four days judiciously expended will give one two thousand dollars' worth of pleasure and instruction. Ed and your correspondent went, of course, chiefly for the instruction part of it, and as we pushed our way through the turnstile at George's Hill for the first time at eight A. M., Ed remarked that he expected to contain so much information by night that he believed it would be necessary to take down a section of the fence to get him out. A gate attendant who overheard the remark intimated that we would find the brewers' building on our left, but we treated the insinuation of the aforesaid attendant with silent contempt. It was too early to enter the buildings, and after admiring the fountain presented to the city by the Sons of Temperance, we proceeded to the Government Building to admire the display of cannon, etc., and the army telegraph construction train which is just outside. In a small house close by we found the fog horn, and after inspecting its construction and demonstrating to each other unlimited satisfaction, how little either of us knew about it, we wended our way in quest of the Turkish Bazaar and its celebrated coffee. We had just started when the above mentioned fog horn led loose, seemingly for our particular benefit, with the most heathenish, most "infernalist" noise you ever heard in your life. We went away from there standing not upon the order of our going. When the thing finally ceased Ed's voice was heard in a key rarely reached by Brignoli, and using language seldom heard at a camp meeting. So earnest and energetic was it, that the Government Building actually moved four feet to windward. Fact. We finally found the Bazaar, and the coffee we drank will forever cast the grand efforts of even the illustrious Mrs. P. in that direction completely in the shade. We next entered the Main Building, and placed ourselves in "posish to view the Expositish." It is entirely unnecessary to state that we were at once the center of attraction, or rather the cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers, as it were; but of course we expected to be. As every one should, we saw the American section first. Nothing but the very kind consideration entertained for your readers, prevents an attempted lengthy description. After passing through the fine display of cloths from New England looms, we reached the exhibit of pottery, mantles, etc. A mantle in Mexican onyx is the most beautiful of that part of the display. Some idea of it may be formed from the fact that has been sold to the Emperor William for \$2,800. It was amusing to notice how its price and purchaser affected the spectators, and the idea suggested itself that Americans can see the beautiful only in the number of dollars the article costs. Further along we came upon the piano display; here Ed was at home, and as he went from one to another commenting on the tone of this one, and the touch of that, it was whispered about that Von Bulow in disguise was "sampling" the pianos, and in less than eight minutes there were nine hundred and fourteen persons about us trying to see him, and calling in thunder tones for music. Four companies of the police force were necessary to restore order. Fact. When all was again quiet and the mob had dispersed, Ed gave us some fine music on an ancient instrument whose cases were constructed from the wood of the old charter oak, and also treated us to a waltz on an old spinichord made, they told us, for Charles Carleton of Carol ton.

We found the Western Union, Western Electric, Partrick and Carter, and Tom Edison's quarters' directly opposite, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. Scully, and with his well known kindness and courtesy soon felt ourselves "at home." There is little left to tell you of our remaining sojourn in matters here. The W. U. people attract much attention, particularly the Phelps' printer and stock quoting instruments, and in the Western Electric, the signal system of Mr. F. L. B. is being worked with great interest. To-morrow we will enter Machinery Hall with our presence, and in a future letter may tell you what happened us there.

PERKINS.

A Review of "Oakum Pickings."

BY TOM QUAD.

Mr. Walter P. Phillips' work, "Oakum Pickings," looked forward to with so much interest by the major portion of the profession, as well as not a few of the general reading public, is before us.

It is a refreshing treat to peruse its very interesting pages. Beautifully bound and impressed from clear, bold type, the publisher, and all who labored to make the mechanical execution perfect, may feel an honest pride in the tasteful volume, and are, we predict, sure to be overwhelmed with merited congratulations. Indeed, the publisher, but first of all, the author, deserves the gratitude of the fraternity of which you, reader, and I, form an element, for giving us a literature of our own, and a rare treat at that, which others, though not conversant with the traditions and mysteries of the art, may read and enjoy. A careful examination of the various sketches shows Mr. Phillips to be an apt, natural story-teller with a crisp, compact, epigrammatic style, full of spontaneous sympathy and searching discernment, touched here and there with genuine pathos, on the one hand, and the keen instinct of a master humorist on the other. There is a quaint originality in these rich veins of humor, rivaling that of many of our most famous writers. There are often sentences and paragraphs which smack of the style and wonderful genius of Dickens. It has long been known, and, indeed, is often brought to the notice of the careful reader, that Mr. Phillips worships at the shrine of that great writer, and with commendable ambition seeks to emulate the author of David Copperfield and cultivate a similar style. Take, for instance, Mr. Phillips' description of the somewhat mythical town of Maguffinsville:

"Maguffinsville is, generally speaking, a quiet place. In fact, it may be regarded as somewhat subdued and neutral tinted as a theater of life and bustle. The people of Maguffinsville, nevertheless, are much like their brethren elsewhere. They have their entrances and their exits, and in their time play many parts, as well as poker and other games of a precarious and worldly nature."

Doesn't this sound like Dickens? Again, the passing mention that Mr. Jennison was "in high spirits, and drank in the words of the man who was calling off the numbers, as well as something contained in a railroad bottle, with much relish," reminds one instantly and vividly of the great novelist.

Among the many characters the author has brought into being, there are four or five which may be pronounced exceptionally realistic and well drawn. What telegrapher has not met in his experience a "Jim Lawless" or a "Tip McClosky"? Whose lines have so fallen outside the sphere of an ordinary "brass pounder's" life that no "Cap. DeCosta," or "Posie Van Dusen," with their stories of prowess or deeds of glory, have never dawned upon and illumined their humdrum existence and filled their soul with a thrilling desire to imitate such worthies, or perish in the attempt? Few, if any. Perhaps the greatest of these four characters, the one truest to real life, or rather to the many "rounders" whose ways and oddities he portrays, is that of "Little Tip McClosky." No one can make his acquaintance, and further on in the book read of him in "An Autumn Episode," without feeling, as "Orpheus C. Kerr" says he felt, that Tip is a type of a class, and a creation at once to be taken to the heart as a friend and a brother. Tip was a splendid operator, notwithstanding his fallibility and proneness to render a "A. N. Cushman" as "An Irishman," as humorously related on page twenty-five. As a moral lesson, too, Tip is worthy of notice. In him we may see illustrated the rise and fall of some of our most skilled talent. In him is portrayed the restless devil-may-care manner of many a well known telegrapher who shall be nameless here. In him are typified the roving spirits beneath whose rough exterior beat hearts generous and full of gayety, who unfortunately love the flowing bowl not wisely, but too well; of engaging address despite a dilapidation enforced, as the author has metaphorically expresses it, by "chasing the roebuck o'er the plain." Notice, if you will, the quaint humor in the opening paragraph of "An Autumn Episode." There is something bewitching in Mr. Phillips telling us that some of Tip's "pilgrimages were voluntary, others inspired by circum-

stances over which he had no control; while a fitting regard for the prejudices of officials prompted him to surrender lucrative situations with telegraph companies and turn his attention temporarily to other pursuits." How many of us, though we are not McCloskys, can appreciate those lines and the lively sense of humor unlying them! The whole character as a creation is above mediocracy. No panegyric can add to its charm or to the impression which it must make upon the reader. No jealous depreciation offered here or elsewhere can detract from the beauties and humors of that creation, or the strong hold which it must and will, sooner or later, take upon the heart of every appreciative reader.

Tip McClosky will endure forever. Dick Swiveller or Sam Weller are not more real in their way. It requires no great effort of imagination to behold Tip pacing the platform painfully aware of his unprepossessing appearance, and to note the sudden "brace" he took in his bearing as he exclaimed, "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow! * * * Cheer up, Tip, my boy, and make your *devoir* to the lady." Observe, then, Tip presenting himself, smiling and confident, at the little office window beguiling the lady within in his innate droll and winning manner from coldness and indifference into that lively state of interest and fascination at which she opened her heart and the office door simultaneously and bade him enter. Once in, his troubles are ended, as his blandishments and wonderful ability carry the day with royal honors. Tip's assertion, "Trying to get my hand in—been traveling extensively—taking views afoot—and am rusty," as well as the previous observation about his trunk being in Chattanooga, is so rich and droll that it brings to mind many thoughts of living travelers whom we have heard express themselves in a similar vein. The writer is inclined to think Tip almost a second "Alfred Jingle" in his laconic manner of expression, and the ready way in which he adapts himself to any and all circumstances. Verily, as the closing line tersely and succinctly expresses it, "Mr. McClosky had made his record," not only in the summary manner in which he disposed of the ticket-selling affair, but in many other striking and enduring acts.

While the author seems most at home upon humorous matters, and in portraying odd and startling episodes, the depth of feeling and simple grace evinced in "Departed Days" must not be overlooked. It is one of the most touchingly beautiful sketches we have ever read. In it we learn something of the author's own thought and feeling. None, save a person of sensitive, cultured mind, and a devoted student of human nature could have written it. A strange indefinable interest pervades the sketch, which enchains the attention despite the melancholy pathos everywhere evident. How naturally Helen speaks of anticipated loneliness as she parts from her wire acquaintance! One can almost see her quiet little office where

"Pretty, and pale, and tired,
She sits in her stiff backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines on her soft brown hair."

It is easy to imagine poor Phipps' realization of a sense of dreary loneliness as Helen tripped out the door. No wonder he thought that the sunbeams which in his fancy "played around the dimples of her cheeks, lending a new and genial luster to the office, and blessing every nook and corner in the dim old room like a visible benediction, went out with her." After reading the story through to the beautiful ending in the last paragraph where the author again quotes the verse (which is from one of his own poems), and tells us of the sweet sad-faced matron, with her children about her, waiting, ever waiting, for the dear face which never comes, we can not think of the sorrow entailed by that mis-carried letter, the parted lovers, the broken-hearted, grief-stricken mother, and the sad ending of it all, without feeling a mist gather about our eyes, and experiencing something of genuine pity for Helen as she carries her shattered heart, torn with conflicting emotions, back to her husband and little ones in the Far West. We feel, too, almost a reverence for the author who can thus with deft and gentle hand, touch the sacred chords of our hearts and bring out the pure and sympathetic feelings of our natures. We can not help realizing that George Phipps' experience, so feelingly related, will cause many an eye to dim, and many minds to revert to departed happier days, and touch not a few hearts as the last line of the little tale is reached. Although a mere creation of Mr. Phillips' fancy, "Departed Days" grows upon one and seems to

disclose new beauties upon each re-reading. This may be said of a great deal of his writings. There is much more in every sentence than appears on first perusal.

Among the many other worthy sketches of the volume, all of which are replete with more or less interest, "Summer Recreation," "An Old Man's Exegesis," and "Stage Coaching," may be mentioned. The first is a remarkably fresh and original sketch, savoring almost of the fragrance of new mown hay, or the breezy incense of golden autumn. The other two are marked by the same fine word-painting and skillful treatment which is one of John Oakum's brilliant characteristics. If the book meets with the success to which its merits entitle it, the sales will undoubtedly be exceptionally large.

Telegraphing that Saved His Life.

In my early youth I left home to avoid the harsh treatment of a passionate stepfather, and to endeavor to obtain a livelihood for myself. With the little money I had accumulated, and the addition of a few dollars from my dear mother, I started westward, and my first halting place was Chicago. While sauntering along the streets of that great city, undecided which way to turn, or where to find employment, I met with an old schoolmate, one who had been very dear to me throughout my boyhood. It did not require much persuasion to have me accompany him home, where I was kindly received and made welcome by his parents.

He had been for two years engaged in the telegraph office, and had become quite proficient in the language of the wires. I went with him to the office on the following morning, and by his kindness and intercession I obtained a situation as messenger. For two years I tramped the busy streets of that great city, conveying messages of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or pain, of life or death; seeking the recipients in the garrets of poverty, the cellars of iniquity, in the counting-rooms of the merchants, in the mansions of the great.

I soon became acquainted with the workings of the office, and in a little while I could read the click of an operator's key as though it spoke "my mother tongue." At last I was engaged as an operator, and served in that capacity during the first three years of the war, and afterward entered the army.

At the close of the war I decided to see as much of the world as I could before settling in life. For this purpose I purchased a noble horse, and in company with others started for the Pacific shores.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until we arrived in the vicinity of the Humbolt, in Nevada Territory.

While engaged in shooting sage hens I became detached from my party, and darkness coming on I dismounted, intending to camp for the night near a small stream. While engaged in preparing a fire with some dry brush I discovered smoke curling up above the tall trees that belted the stream. I remounted my horse, and rode up in hopes of finding my companions, but as I drew near I was surprised to find a well built log hut. I stopped to reconnoiter, and after deciding to proceed, my horse refused to move in that direction. This aroused my fears in a slight degree, but curiosity led me on. A deep thrust with my spurs sent Hero on with a lively pace, and in a moment more we were in front of the house.

Dismounting I approached the door and hesitatingly rapped. I hesitated because voices were busily engaged in some altercation, but on rapping the quarrel ceased. The door suddenly opened, and a tall, lank, blue-nosed, gray-haired man stepped out.

"Stranger," said I patronizingly, "can you give me accommodation for the night?"

"Yes, for money," squalled the man.

"I have plenty of money," I unguardedly said; then thinking of the dangers of a well filled purse, continued: "I have plenty of money for one night's lodging."

At this moment half a dozen ill-favored wretches poked their long-haired heads out of the door and viewed me with the air of a recruiting sergeant, and, notwithstanding that I had been through the war, the crowd before me was the hardest set of scalliwags I ever saw. I knew that it would not do to let them see that I was intimidated, so I stepped up to them as familiarly as I could under the circumstances, and extending my hand, said:

"Boys, it makes me happy to see a white man after fighting the Indians so long. How are you?" They came tumbling out of the door, and suddenly

became very familiar. Two or three started for my horse, but Hero showed no signs of dislike. I relieved him of his saddle and bridle, patted him on his back, and turned him loose. I then entered the house, and my suspicions of the horde that occupied it were confirmed. On the side opposite the door were two long bunks or shelves well supplied with Buffalo robes. In the center of the room was a long, roughly hewed table, and around the room were great bundles of furs, with here and there a rifle. All plainly showed that the ostensible occupation of the gang was hunting and trapping.

"Whar do you hold out, stranger, when you are to hum?" asked the first I have described.

"In Illinois."

"Illinoy. Let me see—that am a Norther State, ain't it?" squealed the old man.

"It am," I replied, unable to restrain my mimic powers.

"What trail do you foller?" inquired the old man, gazing very intently under his long, gray eyelashes.

"I am a telegraph operator, if you desire to know my profession," was my reply.

"An operator?" eagerly inquired one whom the gang called Ned.

"Yes."

At this juncture the old man invited us to eat, and the gang assembled around the long table. The old man with a long knife, divided a huge piece of buffalo meat, and distributed it, with some hard-tack, to the gang, who ate like veterans. Shortly afterward the old man brought on some tin cups, then going to the corner filled from the cask a long bottle. On returning to the table he poured into each cup some of the liquor. The young man whom the gang called Ned drank his portion off, and turning his cup upside down, he commenced with his fingers to beat upon it piano-like. It did not attract my attention until the old man cried out:

"What in Jerusalem are you doing with that thumping?"

"I am trying to get an old tune back into my memory. If I could I would sing it to you," replied Ned.

I then gave strict attention, and was surprised to hear him measure off those familiar sounds—click, click, click, cli-cli-click. In an instant it flashed upon my mind that this ruffian was an operator. I turned toward him—our eyes met; there was something in the expression of his that seemed to say, "I am your friend."

I moved my finger as though I was working an operator's key, and slowly spelled out, "Are you my friend?"

He immediately answered, "Yes—beware—watch me."

I did watch him.

The gang arose and passed out, and soon no one remained but the old man, Ned and myself. While the old man was busy, Ned resumed the conversation by sound.

"Where are you from, and what is your name?" inquired the clicks on the cup.

I clicked out in return:

"From Chicago, George —."

"Great heavens! do you not know me, George?" spoke the cup. "I am Henry —, the one that obtained for you a situation in Chicago."

"Is it possible? How came you here?" I asked with my fingers.

"I went into the army the same time you did, deserted with a number, and with our horses, started for California. We lost our way, our horses died, and not having the means of traveling, we located with this old trapper. Since I have been here my comrades have turned into a band of cut-throats. You are in danger. Your horse is worth a dozen human lives. Follow my advice and you are safe."

"I will."

"My comrades are suspicious of me. I have tried to escape three times, and they have overtaken me and dragged me back, fearing that I would betray their whereabouts. Your party can not be far from here. As soon as the men come back say that you wish to see your horse before you retire. Go out, mount him, travel the back path. The moon is now coming up, and you will be able to see your road. Keep out of the forest on the right, and ascend the hill on the left, about two miles distant. In the morning if your party are on this side of the river, you can see them if they are within ten miles. If you find them, bring them here, and let me escape from these murderers."

This Ned clicked out on his cup and with motions of his fingers as rapidly as though he were talking.

Soon the men returned, and when the last one

entered I asked him if they had seen my horse, and the reply was that he was not at the door.

"I will see if he is safe before I turn in, as I wish to start early in the morning."

They all volunteered to accompany me, but I positively refused to permit them. On arriving outside, I started in pursuit of Hero. After getting some distance from the house, I placed my mouth to the ground, and gave a long, low whistle that Hero was acquainted with. In a moment he was by my side, and I vaulted on his back, and without saddle or bridle, rushed from the scene of danger.

I had not proceeded more than a mile when I discovered a blazing camp fire a little way in the woods. Directing Hero to the spot, in a short time I was at the supper of my comrades. They were glad to see me, and stated that they were in search of me until a few moments before. I told my adventure over a broiled hen, and it was agreed that our party should make an attack on the hut at early dawn.

Before the sun had tipped the hills with red, the busy hum of preparation was heard in the camp, and in a few moments we were in front of the hut. Ten men were posted outside, with revolvers ready for any emergency. The gang were all in their bunks, and each one of my comrades chose his man, who was warned not to move hand or foot on pain of death.

I pointed to my friend, who was directed to come from his bunk and go outside. One by one the gang were ordered from their bunks, and bound to the floor with strips of buffalo hide. Our party remounted their horses, and my preserver, who had become an experienced guide by his long residence in the country, led us to the El Dorado State.

Quarterly Report of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Western Union Telegraph Company was held in this city September 13th. From the following report it will be seen that the net profits of the six months ending June 30th, are stated to be over \$180,000 in excess of the net profits of the corresponding period of last month. The net profits for the current quarter, which, however, is the dullest, telegraphically, of the year, are estimated at nearly \$75,000 less than the actual profits of the preceding three months. A dividend of 1½ per cent for the current quarter has been declared. The annual meeting of the stockholders will be held October 11th; in the meantime the following will be of interest.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.,
NEW YORK, September 13, 1876.

In the report presented by the committee at the last quarterly meeting of the board, held June 7, 1876, the net profits for the quarter ending June 30th (May business being partially and June wholly estimated), were stated at \$860,488.57.

The official returns for the quarter (ending June 30th) showed the profits to be \$871,330.96, or \$10,842.39 in excess of the estimate.

The following revised statement, based upon complete returns, will show the condition of the company at the close of the quarter ended June 30, 1876:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Surplus April 1, 1876, as per last quarterly report | \$102,402 82 |
| Net profits, quarter ending June 30, 1876, inclusive of dividend on International Ocean Co.'s stock | 871,330 96 |
| | \$973,733 78 |
| From which appropriating: | |
| For dividend of 1½ per cent., paid July 15, 1876 .. | \$506,920 50 |
| For one quarter's interest on bonded debt, payable Sept. 1 and Nov. 1, 1876 .. | 116,576 90 |
| For one quarter's proportion of sinking fund, payable Feb. 1, April 1, and May 1, 1877 | 20,000 00 |
| | 643,497 40 |
| Leaves a balance of | \$330,236 38 |
| From which there has been paid: For Southern and Atlantic Telegraph Co's stock | \$177,104 50 |
| For construction, purchase of sundry stock, patents, etc., January 1 to June 30 | 145,068 37 |
| | 322,172 87 |
| Deducting which, leaves a surplus July 1, 1876, of .. | \$8,663 51 |

Official returns of the receipts, expenses, and profits for the six months ended June 30, compare with the corresponding period of last year as follows:

| | | |
|---|---------------------|---------------------|
| | Jan. to June, 1875, | Jan. to June, 1876. |
| Receipts | \$4,621,662 82 | \$4,834,897 12 |
| Expenses | 3,141,546 69 | 3,174,775 41 |
| Profits | 1,480,116 13 | 1,660,121 71 |
| The net profits for the current quarter ending September 30th instant, based upon official returns for July, nearly complete returns for August, and estimating the business for September, will be about | | \$796,592 65 |
| Add surplus July 1st as above | | 8,063 51 |

Makes a total of

From which deducting and setting aside:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| One quarter's interest on the bonded debt | \$115,000 00 |
| One quarter's proportion of sinking funds | 20,000 00 |

\$135,000 00

| | | |
|---|-------------|--------------|
| Less portion of the sinking fund for the currency bonds of 1900 set aside previously, now returned to the company by the Union Trust Company, trustees, because the holders of drawn bonds have not presented them for redemption | \$28,000 00 | \$107,000 00 |
|---|-------------|--------------|

Leaves

| | |
|--|--------------|
| A dividend of 1½ per cent. on the capital stock outstanding requires | \$506,935 00 |
|--|--------------|

| | | |
|---|-------------|--------------|
| Additional Southern and Atlantic stock purchased during the quarter and agreed to be purchased .. | \$32,277 00 | \$539,112 00 |
|---|-------------|--------------|

Deducting which, will leave a surplus of ..\$158,544 16

In view of the preceding statements the committee have adopted the following:

Resolved, That a dividend of one and one-half per cent. from the net earnings of the three months ending September 30th, be, and is hereby declared payable on the 16th day of October next, to stockholders of record at the close of business, on the 20th day of September, instant.

Resolved, That for the purpose of the annual meeting of stockholders, to be held on Wednesday, the 11th day of October next, and of the dividend hereinbefore declared, the stock books of the company be closed at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th September, instant, and be reopened on the morning of the 17th of October next.

Whereas, The Union Trust Company, trustees of the sinking fund provided for the redemption of certain bonds of this company, have, pursuant to the terms of the deed of trust, returned to the treasurer of the company the sum of \$28,000, remaining from the moneys heretofore paid over to said Union Trust Company for the account of the sinking fund said sum of \$28,000 representing the par value of bonds which have been drawn for redemption, the holders of which have neglected and declined to surrender them; therefore,

Resolved, That the said sum of \$28,000 be used for the purchase of the company's currency bonds of 1900, and that such bonds so purchased be cancelled.

Respectfully submitted,
WILLIAM ORTON, *President*

The New York Tribune on "Oakum Pickings."

From the preface it appears that "John Oakum" is, or has been for a number of years past, a telegraph operator, and has devoted his leisure hours to essays in literature. With a judgment rare in amateurs in this line, he withholds what so many offer—"Poems of the Affections," tragedies of "Darius and Virgilia," or "Argo and Irene," and tales of modern pirates or mediæval barons,—and gives us short, realistic, lively sketches, illustrative of his own profession. We have read many a more pretentious volume with much less satisfaction. The author puts on no airs and attempts no execution above his easy reach. Even when his characters are more slangy than humorous, and his incidents less diverting to the reader than to those familiar with all the attendant circumstances, he tells his story in an honest, hearty way, which seems to silence objection. In looking through the book we now and then meet with a very old acquaintance, as in "Block Island," but the contents are mostly as new as they are amusing. The volume will doubtless be very welcome to the author's friends in the profession, and is thus sure in advance of a wide circulation.

The Operator,

THE ORGAN OF THE

United States and Canadian Telegraph Operators.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Editor.

October 1st, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

The annual meeting of the Telegraphers' Mutual Benefit Association will be held in this city, November 8th. It is gratifying to know that the Association is in a very flourishing condition, the reserve fund having increased to about \$9,000. A very large number of members have been added during the year.

The pneumatic tubes at the Western Union main office are a practical success. About one thousand messages are received through them from 14 Broad St. daily, and about 750 sent. The expense of laying these tubes was about \$8,000, but the cost of working is much less than if wires were used, while business can be handled much quicker and without possibility of mistakes.

THIRD ANNUAL BALL OF THE N. Y. TELEGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of operators and others interested in the annual ball of the New York Telegraphers' Association will be held in the Auditor's office, Western Union building, this city, on Tuesday evening, October 3d, at six o'clock sharp, for the purpose of electing officers and making arrangements for the third annual ball of the association. A full attendance is desired. The entertainment this year should, and we hope will, be even more successful and satisfactory than any of its predecessors.

BUSINESS is very much on the increase with both telegraph companies. The Western Union Co. handles at its main office in this city a daily average of 28,000 messages. Last Tuesday the number was 31,500. This does not include news messages, and is an increase of at least 8,000 over the business of last year. The A. & P. Co. has, proportionately, a much larger increase, and probably now does as much business, as its present facilities will permit. The Company is extending its lines South, and will soon be in a position to compete with the Western Union for business in that direction.

It will be gratifying to some to know that "Oakum Pickings"—the first book ever published with the object of giving the telegraph profession a literature of its own—is an unqualified success. One week after receiving copies from the binder, the entire first edition was disposed of. This was so encouraging that in the second edition, immediately ordered and now ready, considerable improvements and additions have been made, which it is hoped will still further increase the interest in the book. So many have been the favorable comments on the book from purchasers in every section of the country that we cannot pretend to quote them. We give, however, in this number a short review by Beppo, and a more exhaustive one by Tom Quad.

Notes on a Short Visit to the Centennial Exhibition.

Philadelphia and the Centennial Exhibition still proceed in the even tenor of their way. Very few changes have lately occurred among the telegraphic exhibits, except that a number of awards of medals and diplomas were made September 27th. Among the exhibitors from New York receiving such awards we notice Wm. B. Watkins, instruments of the Automatic Telegraph Co.; Dr. Byrne, Brooklyn, galvanic battery; Gold and Stock Telegraph Co., gold and stock transmitter; Western Union Telegraph Co., the Phelps printing telegraph and quadruplex electric telegraph. We have not learned how those from other cities fared in this respect, but will probably know ere next issue.

Wallace & Co., of this city have on exhibition in Machinery Hall the electric light apparatus by which the New York Western Union building was illuminated July 4th, which thousands stop to examine. An exhibition was given from three towers of the main Centennial building last Thursday evening, which attracted general attention. The Western Electric Manufacturing Co. have added to their exhibition one of the private line outfits advertised on another page of this paper. It is one of the most beautiful learner's instruments we have seen, highly finished, and with a clear, sharp ring which will certainly make it a general favorite.

Telegraph business has very materially increased both within the grounds and outside. The A. & P. main Centennial office, near the Department of Public Comfort, is now on a good paying basis, expenses having been reduced by withdrawing part of the force, and business being very much heavier than at first. On September 21st, for instance, 600 messages were sent from this office, 416 through and 184 city.

It is quite amusing to see the great gaping crowd constantly collected around the railings of this office and to notice the very great interest they exhibit in electrical and telegraphic matters. The men of lightning are often much affected by the sweet poetic innocence displayed in the questions asked, and seem, as usual, anxious to shed all the light they can on the mysterious art. A young man recently stepped up to the counter, having a lady on each arm. Noticing the sign of the Direct Cable, that messages were "forwarded to all parts of the world," he suggested to his companions that the operator sitting over there—an American District gentleman copying a message just received from Machinery Hall by one of those very old-fashioned private line printers—was probably working with Copenhagen or St. Petersburg. He knew all about the telegraph, he said, and for confirmation referred to the first "telegraph man" within reach. This happened to be Mr. Frank Janowitz, also of the American District.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the young man, with a gracious smile, "but do you not work with all parts of the world?"

"We do," replied Frank.

"And who is the operator working with now?"

"Paris," Mr. Janowitz replied, with unblushing effrontery.

"I wonder what kind of weather they have there?"

"I'll see," was the reply; and after thumping a moment on the desk he returned and said,

"Snowing."

"Snowing!" ejaculated the young man, "Snowing!" echoed the ladies, and the trio simultaneously produced pocket handkerchiefs and, wiping the large drops of perspiration from their heated foreheads, moved away, remarking to each other something about the telegraph being a wonderful thing.

Although the tariff from the Centennial A. & P. office to New York is twenty-five cents, the rate from any other office within the grounds is thirty cents, the American District making an additional charge of five cents on each message. So-called knot-hole telegraphing on the part of the Western Union has been discontinued. It will be remembered that when the Exhibition first opened the Western Union folks in the Trans-Continental Hotel were in the habit of sending two messengers inside the grounds every morning, all the business being subsequently pushed in through the fence and delivered at a cost to the W. U. of a dollar a day. The A. & P., paying, it is said, fifty per cent. of its gross receipts for the privilege of the grounds, objected to this, and the Western Union was finally compelled to abandon the practice, and deliver all messages for the Centennial grounds at the office of the Bureau of Information. From here they are delivered by the messengers of the American District Co., who collect from the addressee ten cents in addition to the Western Union charges.

No definite arrangements have been made regarding the occupancy of the new Philadelphia Western Union office, the Common Council seeming disposed to place every possible obstacle in the way. Business with this company, and, indeed, with the A. & P. as well, is exceedingly lively at the present time. The W. U. numbers to New York run up to eighteen hundred and two thousand a day, and to Pittsburg fifteen hundred. The following letter, which explains itself, shows that the A. & P. Co., not only does a large amount of business, but does it in a very satisfactory manner. The operators are certainly deserving of having their names put on record in connection with one of the most creditable performances in the history of Morse telegraphy:

New York, Sept. 28th, 1876.

Mr. W. J. DEALY, Manager, New York:

Dear Sir—The record of yesterday's work between New York and Philadelphia shows that on one wire with d'Infeville's Duplex Apparatus, 1,180 messages were exchanged between 8 A. M. and 5 1/4 P. M., the wire being idle an aggregate of sixty-four minutes—say one hour—making for eight and a half hours' actual work an average of 139 messages per hour. The men doing this splendid work, M. J. Doran and M. J. Jandy, at New York, with dinner relief by E. J. Davin; and E. W. H. Cogley and J. A. McDonald at Philadelphia, with dinner relief by F. J. Owen, deserve special mention and commendation. It is believed that no such amount of business has ever before been carried over one wire by the Morse system, within a like period of time. The copy of the men was not the least part of their wonderful service. There were 370 messages exchanged on the wire after 5 1/4 P. M., making for the entire day 1,550.

Very respectfully, D. H. BATES,
General Superintendent.

AMERICAN AND ASIATIC CABLE.—Celso Cesar Moreno, on behalf of himself and fellow corporators, filed at Washington, September 26th, in accordance with the law of Congress granting them a franchise for telegraphic communication between America and Asia, a written acceptance of the terms and conditions as imposed by that law in the office of the Secretary of State.

The Western Union's Advice to England.

In an editorial article in the last issue of the official journal of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the recent report of the Select Committee on Post Office Telegraphs in England, is discussed at some length. After referring to England's favorable position for performing a profitable telegraph service, and the fact that the telegraphs in that country are being operated by the Government at a positive loss, the following exceedingly sensible advice is given:

"The causes which have brought about this state of things are several. Among the most important of these is the low rate of wages paid by the department to its employes. *Low wages procure only poor and unskilled service*, and these necessarily result in un-necessarily heavy expenses for the work done. Let the department employ competent operators, at double the wages now paid to their inefficient clerks, and the result will be larger and better service performed by one-third the present number of employes, and consequently at a saving of one-third the working expenses."

We can heartily indorse this excellent advice, especially coming from the source it does. It may not be generally known that Mr. William Orton is editor-in-chief of the *Journal of the Telegraph*. But it is nevertheless so. Not one word of matter can appear in its columns without first passing through his hands. The article, we may then take it, if not directly written by himself, is at least in accordance with Mr. Orton's sentiments.

"Low wages procure only poor and unskilled service." Very true, indeed. And we congratulate the Western Union on having at last made the discovery. It is hoped that at the annual meeting of the stockholders, October 11th, a message from President Orton will be introduced recommending an increase to all employes, if not to "double the wages now paid," at least of from 5 to 25 per cent. on a sliding scale.

Yellow Fever Among the Telegraphers at Savannah.

No doubt most of our readers are aware that yellow fever has been raging in Savannah, Ga., for several weeks, from twenty to thirty persons dying from that cause every day. As at Shreveport, La., a year or two ago, the telegraphers of Savannah have not escaped the epidemic. Messrs. J. S. W. Phillips, W. S. Turner and G. W. Bell, operators, as well as a number of clerks, have been stricken down. In none of these cases, however, we are glad to say, has the disease proved fatal. Mr. Turner was formerly manager at Savannah, but lately worked for the S. & A. Co. He has resumed duty and is in charge of the receiving department. Mr. Bell is also convalescent and soon expected to be again at his post. He left Charleston for Savannah at the outbreak of the fever, worked about ten days and was then taken sick. Mr. Phillips is still very ill. So is his young wife. But hopes are entertained that they will recover. The working force in the Savannah Western Union office comprises Manager Griffith, Chief Opr. B. F. Dillon and Operators Harkness, Fleming, Hutchins, Frazer, and Sinnott still on deck. The epidemic is abating and hopes are entertained that there will soon be better times for poor stricken Savannah.

The New York Cab Company, limited, has just been incorporated in this city with a capital of \$500,000. It proposes to supply cabs at cheap rates, and will probably be a grand success. William Orton, President W. U. T. Co., E. W. Andrews, President A. D. Tel. Co., Brayton Ives, Vice-President Stock Exchange, and other well known parties are the originators.

Dashes Here and There.

TELEGRAPH TRANSFER.—The telegraph lines on the Canada Southern Railway and the Chicago and Canada Southern Railway were withdrawn September 26th from the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company's offices, and will hereafter connect with the Western Union Telegraph Company's offices and system of lines.

In a new contrivance by M. Bourbouze, the movement of a pendulum is maintained by means of a magnet fixed to the upper part and moving in a rectangular bobbin with two wires like that of a galvanometer; currents being sent alternately in opposite directions through the wires. A figure of the apparatus will be found in *Comptes Rendus* of 21st August.

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, has recently published a list of forty-seven subjects, on which communications are invited, certain premia also being offered. One of the subjects is—"On Recent Progress in Telegraphy, including a Notice of the Theoretical and Practical Order on which that Progress has been based; with some account of the improvements in the construction of land and sea lines, and in the working instruments."

In a laboratory for the study of plant physiology at Vienna, M. Veltin has recently made experiments "on the action of current electricity on the motion of protoplasm, on living and dead cell contents, and on material particles generally." He has observed that strong induction currents sent through an aggregate of cells, or a single cell, set the contents in rotation, which closely resembles the vital motion of circulation, gliding, etc.; both following the same laws. Induction and constant currents produce, in the starch granules and other particles enclosed in cells, rotations about their own axes, which are quite similar to those observed in chlorophyll granules in living cells of chara. In both cases the granules can be also made to perform the greater rotation. The hypothesis deduced from these experiments is, that the cause of protoplasmic motions is to be sought in electric currents produced by the living cell contents themselves.

ACCORDING to the official Report for 1875. (recently published), of the German Post and Telegraph system, the entire length of telegraph lines in the "Reich" (excluding Bavaria and Wurtemberg) was 132,000 kilometres. (The extent of country is estimated at 445,261.47 square kilometers; and the population 35,851,474.) The number of telegraph offices, including railway telegraph stations, 4,338; apparatus, 4,477; personnel, 4,610. The entire number of telegrams handed in was 9,003,379, of which 1,169,652 were for foreign parts. The entire income was 10,258,529 marks; the expenditure, 15,958,543 marks. July was the month in which most telegrams were sent (869,085); February, the fewest. Comparing with the previous year, it is found that the telegraph net work has been increased by 11,230 kilometres; the offices, 422; apparatus, 571; personnel, 44. The number of inland telegrams increased by 172,115; foreign, 21,972. The receipts were increased by 561,002 marks; the expenditure by 333,670 marks.

One charm of "John Oakum's" is that the characters he so graphically depicts are life-like, and their counterpart more or less familiar to most of the old time telegraphers. Mr. Phillips is one of the most promising of our young writers; his productions are never dull or uninteresting, and many of them are exceedingly witty and humorous, and occasionally we have a vein of pathos and sentiment, which shows that the author possesses abilities for other than amusing sketches, which will, if properly cultivated and developed, enable him to make an enviable name as a writer. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and will be an ornament to the library or center table. It contains 176 pages, and there is not a dull page in the work. The frontispiece is a handsome steel plate likeness of the author, and it will gratify many to possess so excellent a presentment of the writer with whom they have become so familiar, and who, it is to be hoped, will be encouraged to repeat the experiment, the success of which is already assured. We understand that the first edition has already been largely disposed of, and like *Oliver Twist*, the telegraphic fraternity are constantly calling for more. We congratulate Mr. Phillips heartily upon the deserved success of this his first book, and hope that he will at no distant day add to his fame and wealth by other ventures as a book maker. *Telegrapher*.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

Virtue has a charm that subdues the most obdurate hearts.

None but the virtuous dare hope in bad circumstances.

See that moth fluttering incessantly around the candle; man of pleasure, behold thy image!

Virtue is the surest road to happiness; it sweetens every enjoyment, and is the sovereign antidote to misfortunes.

A wicked man can not have any true love or esteem for himself. The sense of his depravity must disgust him.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness, the signet of its all-enslaving power, upon a shining ore and called it gold.—Shelley.

Princes have courtiers, the voluptuous have companions, the wicked have accomplices, the merchant has partners; but none but the virtuous can have a friend.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—Johnson.

So scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from the future.—Johnston.

Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indispensably royal as of the scepter or the planet.—Carlyle.

If our Creator has so bountifully provided for our existence here, which is but momentary, and for our temporal wants, which will soon be forgotten, how much more must he have done in the everlasting world!—Hosea Ballou.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—Sharp.

Learn to be pleased with everything; with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for, and with obscurity, for not being envied.—Plutarch.

Every war involves a greater or less relapse into barbarism. War, indeed, in its details, is the essence of inhumanity. It dehumanizes. It may save the State, but it destroys the citizen.—Boove.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.—Addison.

Conscience is at once the sweetest and most troublesome of guests. It is the voice which demanded Abel of his brother, or that celestial harmony which vibrated in the ears of the martyrs, and soothed their sufferings.—Mme. Swetchine.

Flatter not thyself in thy faith to God if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor, if thou wantest faith to God; when they are not both together they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.—Quarles.

A man is known to his dog by his smell, to the tailor by the coat, to his friend by the smile—each of these know him, but how little or how much depends on the dignity of the intelligence. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man is known only to God.—Ruskin.

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is that he should think of. He should first think of his character and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fears about his condition. Character will draw after it condition. Circumstances obey principles.—Beecher.

The way of fortune is like the milky way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light to the whole. So are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs that make men fortunate.—Bacon.

A Letter from Beppo in his Pennsylvania Home.

[We are highly pleased to make room once more for our old Centennial friend, Beppo, and to hear from him in his country home.]

PENNSYLVANIA, Sept. 20, 1876.

After writing my last letter, and taking possession of my quiet country home, I had intended to remain in silent contemplation of the great telegraph world, but the receipt of a volume of "Oakum Pickings," has revived all the old memories, and I desire to occupy your space once more—only once—in calling the attention, as I consider it my duty, of my fellow operators in this section of the country to the work.

In external appearance the book, (12 mo., p. p. 176) printed on good paper, in what is known as "small pica" type, is a model of taste and elegance, and I have no hesitation in saying, as pretty a volume as was ever issued from a publishing office.

Of the contents I need hardly say so much, as of course every operator of any account will read and judge for himself. The stories are all good, deep in thought, and often very witty, but their interest is much increased by the author's peculiar knack of working in delightful exordiums and perorations. He seems to have treasured up for years, not only the everyday stories which have been floating around in our own circles, but he has opened to us the introductory chapters of our—if the expression is permissible—legendary lore. Many commonplace incidents which with ordinary minds have passed unheeded, have been invested by his facile pen with much that is highly interesting, and sometimes ineffably sad.

The series of short stories make us acquainted with many comical itinerant members of our craft—gay rovers whose characters are vividly drawn. We are led in a dizzy whirl following these gipsy brothers of ours all over the country, and marveling at their extravagant stories; which stories, by the way, while they can lack no interest to the western fraternity, must be particularly captivating to the eastern people, for the author seems to have a particular fondness for home. It crops out all through the book, and in one of his most striking pictures of rural life, ("Summer Recreation," which I remember being publicly commented on in the most flattering terms by Orpheus C. Kerr), we are wonderfully impressed with the scent of new mown hay and the balmy air of a New England village. He has preserved all that is pathetic in our somewhat unromantic walks of life, and seems to have taken great pains to eliminate all that singsong ballad composition which too often marks our peculiar literature. At the same time he gives us life-like pictures of sundry semi-draft professors of our art character now almost extinct, but which will bring pleasant remembrances to more than one "old timer."

Behind the life of a telegrapher there is ever looming up fairy-like pictures of the outside world, and John Oakum's recollections of startling yarns, which possibly the fanciful Yankee skippers and stage drivers of the past have "dealt out" over a strong quality of flip to their skeptical visitors, are easily recognized in some well told story. It is believed in these rural districts of Pennsylvania, that the descendants of the Vikings of the New World, of Massasoit, and King Philip, are never slow in "working up" anything that is good, and our young author, who was, I think, born in the east, but who has at all events battled with a somewhat hard life there, and who may for aught I know have "roamed a careless mountaineer" in the region of Nonamestot or Nashawena, found plenty of good matter to be "worked up," and with the natural instincts and cleverness of his section he has spared no pains in doing it well.

This holding up of the mirror before each other both individually and collectively is wholesome to us all, and should be cordially encouraged. Like the calcium lights in front of our theaters at night, illuminating whatever section they are turned upon, and always turning, these sketches illumine every phase of our very erratic existence; while the mechanical continuity and unflagging interest of the various incidents, the simplicity, purity, and technical precision of the language used, are a positive relief from the customary Alfred Jingle-ness of current telegraphic literature. One of the pieces, "Departed Days," lately appeared in the *Journal*, an honor rarely accorded by a purely scientific journal to even the most favored or talented romancer.

There is plenty of encouragement, and with

increasing experience the author of "Oakum Pickings" may soon be heard from again. A man's first work is rarely his best, and in literature it is admitted that the greatest incentive to good composition is the *certainty of success*; so that when Mr. Phillips next comes to the front as an author, it will be with a full consciousness of the honors reaped in his maiden effort, and with increased enthusiasm from our own profession and a wider circle of readers in the outside world. BEPPO.

"Tis Better to have Loved and Lost."

Such a sweet, little darling she was. Those large lustrous eyes, and that beautiful golden hair were fast laying their weight on my susceptible heart, and when she stepped up to the counter and "desired to send a telegram" I swallowed a nickel's worth of masticated cavendish, fell over the message boy's three legged stool, and—handed her a blank. It was only a few words to her friend at Beeville, "Am tired. Will be there to night." Oh! that such an angel should suffer and be tired. It was too bad, but—"How much is it?" recalled me to earth. "Forty cents," I muttered, with a dim idea that filthy lucre was out of place in connection with this innocent, artless being. "The telegraph is a wonderful thing," she said, "I should like so much to see it work," and transported to the seventh heaven at the opportunity to form her acquaintance, I offered to initiate her as far as possible into the mysteries of the art. Everything was so strange, so new to her. It was beyond her comprehension, and *four wires!* How could a person look after so many! I explained it all, the use of each key, each button, each wire, and when with a fond, grateful look she withdrew to the passengers' waiting room, I felt that I had conquered, made a deep impression, and touched the secret spring of her heart. I was brushing the soil from my No. 10's preparatory to asking her address and permission to call, when one of the boys came in. "Has that girl been talking to you?" "She has," I replied, with dignity. "What about?" I told him. He rolled over, and for five minutes I supposed him crazy. Then I could understand amid his peals of laughter, "Why, you blamed fool! That's Mrs. D's cousin. She's an old telegrapher from down east." In the agony of the next half hour I received the following: "Sulphur Springs, 13th, to J. B. Dellwood, Cherokee. The odor smother's health. Improving none. Water rising, (signed) Jim." Mr. Dellwood wanted a better version, and I tried it again. It came, "Theodore's mother's health improving. No new arrivals, [signed] Jim." Frailty thy name is woman.

NORTHERN LIGHT.

The Improved Leclanche Battery.

The Leclanché element, which is now widely used, is, as is well known, composed of a mixture of peroxide of manganese and crushed retort carbon, inclosed in a porous vase around a large carbon plate. The vase is plunged in a solution of sal ammoniac, and a rod of zinc serves as the positive electrode. With this combination the expenditure of zinc occurs when the circuit is closed and is proportional to the work of the battery. Depolarization is effected as in other batteries, by the disoxygenation of the peroxide.

It often happens that this element presents a resistance quite considerable, which it is desirable to diminish. This, M. Leclanché states, he has succeeded in accomplishing, and he has already constructed over 30,000 elements of the improved battery for French railroads. The mixture which has given the best results is formed of 40 per cent peroxide, 55 of retort carbon, and 5 of resin (gum lac). These ingredients being intimately mingled are introduced into a steel mold capable of withstanding a pressure of 300 atmospheres and are heated to 212° Fah. The whole is then reduced to a solid state by the hydraulic press. The electricity of this mass may be easily collected by a small rod of carbon inclosed therein. The addition of 3 or 4 per cent of bisulphate of potassa in the interior of the agglomerate contributes toward diminishing the resistance in a notable proportion, by acting as a solvent for the oxychlorides which are deposited in the pores, and diminish the conductivity of the mass. This resistance, M. Leclanché states in his communication to the French Academy of Sciences, becomes so weak that a single element is capable of heating platinum wire red hot, and that he has thus been enabled to apply the battery to the electric lighting of gas. The electro-motive force of the new pile is about 1.5, the Daniell element being taken as unity.

The Best Story Yet.

A good story, hitherto unpublished, is told of Lawrence Barrett and his friend Stuart, the theatrical manager. It was during the war, and Barrett and a number of other pleasant fellows had been invited to spend the Sunday and dine with Stuart at New London. The *menu*, as arranged, was to lead off with gumbo, if any okra could be had; but when they came to scour the markets of New London on Friday, deuce a piece of okra could be found. Stuart sat down and wrote to Barrett to go to Washington market before leaving New York, obtain the okra and bring it up with him, telegraphing to announce his success or failure, so that, if necessary, the *carte* for Sunday's banquet might be amended. Barrett procured the necessary vegetable, and went to the telegraph office, where he found the wires so crowded with war news and government business that it would be impossible to get off his dispatch for some hours, if at all. He went out and bribed an operator to send the telegram as if it was a private matter of his (the operator's) own, in which case the freemasonry between telegraphers would certainly insure its getting through. The message consisted of three words; "Stuart—Got okra." Meanwhile Stuart and his cook were *au desespoir* waiting to know whether or not Barrett had secured the okra, and, after being in suspense till late in the afternoon, Stuart determined to go down to the telegraph office. "For," said he, "Larry must have sent me a message." So they started to go down town, and when about half way there saw a crowd gathering around the bulletin board of the newspaper office, on which was displayed in huge letters: "Important War News—Another Reverse for the Union Arms—General J. E. B. Stuart Captures Okra," and so on. Stuart understood it at once. The operator had kept faith and sent on Barrett's dispatch, but the man at New London received it, "Stuart got Okra," and took it for a war bulletin announcing the capture of the important village or town of Okra, not down on the map, by the great rebel raider.

Annual Report of the British Postal Telegraph.

From the annual Report of the Postmaster-General recently published in London, it appears that the actual net earnings of the telegraph service for 1875 amounted to £153,600. The total revenue in the year ending 31st March was £133,838, as against £971,217, in 1871. Nearly 1,670,000 more messages were handled in 1875 than in 1874. The number of post-offices open for the transaction of telegraphic business at the end of the year 1875 was 3,730, or 31 more than the number open at the end of 1874. This is a small increase compared with some former years, but the system had already been extended to nearly every place where the revenue could be expected to meet the expense involved. Of the thirty-one new offices, most were opened at the request of the inhabitants of the district, who guaranteed the Department against actual loss. In addition to the 3,730 post-offices, 1,872 railway stations were opened for the transaction of public telegraph business. Though the additional mileage of wire was small, yet improved apparatus and methods of working effected greater expedition with the increased number of messages than in previous years. The revenue from rentals of private wires, though showing a less increase than in former years, was at the rate of upward of £56,000 a year.

Marriage of a Popular Telegrapher.

MARRIED.—At Park Church, Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 12th, by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, Charley E. Stagg, W. U. Tel. Office, Elmira, to Miss Ella C. Van Allen.

The above "special" shows that the affair was happily "dispatched," and Charlie will please "receive" any number of "messages" of congratulation. May every Stagg find so fair a deer, (spelled with an "a.") The happy couple, well and worthily mated, left the city on train eight this morning for New York and the Centennial. The boys at the telegraph office are lonely, but they are perfectly willing to do double duty while their associate is off on his halcyon honeymoon.—*Elmira Gazette*.

There was a wedding ceremony at the Park Church, yesterday, adds the *Elmira Advertiser*, that was worthy attention. Two young people, alone, stood before Mr. Beecher and were made husband and wife in the presence of a large number gathered

to witness the ceremony. There was no bluster, nor parade, nor display. Out of all the women of the world he chose her; out of all the men she chose him, and they were content to commence the journey of life thus together, separated from all the rest as the simple service certified. The two thus made one, left on train eight on the Erie for New York and Philadelphia. Joy go with them.

How the Liquor Law is Evaded in Connecticut.

The last election decided that there should be no licenses granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this, a pretty little town in the State, where all are supposed to favor "steady habits." All do not do so we are sorry to say, and to provide for those who patronize their saloons, the rum sellers often have to telegraph for "hair oil" by the half dozen barrels. To save appearances, in telegraphing for liquors they sometimes use rather ambiguous terms, understood only by themselves and the persons addressed. Lately a message was sent from this office which read, "Send Dillon the Keller returned to-day sure all out." The operator at the repeating office to make sure it was right asked, "should not that be Teller instead of Keller?" "No, Keller is correct. The message is not in relation to drafts or checks, but whiskey." "Oh," was the instant rejoinder, "It does pertain to draughts, then, after all."

In this same town is the Rev. Mr. Jourdan and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Bray. A clergyman in an adjoining town wishing some assistance in carrying on some extra meetings, telegraphed to Mr. Jourdan as follows. "Come yourself and Bray three days," to the no little amusement of the unregenerate operator through whose hands the message passed.

DANIEL BERRY.

The Pneumatic System in Berlin.

The system in course of organization in Berlin for pneumatic transmission of letters or telegrams is (according to *Hamburger Nachrichten*) rapidly progressing, and is expected to be ready for use in October. The technical arrangements have been under charge of M. v. Felbinger, who directed similar work in Vienna. The pipe-laying through the streets, which is in the form of two large rings and various branches, is now completed; and the setting up of air-reservoirs, and steam engines to work the air pumps, is nearly so. The two rings on both sides of the Spree, into which Berlin is divided for the pneumatic system, are connected by a double line (of pipe) between the Central Telegraph Office on one side of the Spree and the Exchange on the other. The letters or telegrams can be driven through both rings partly by air pressure partly by rarefaction, in half an hour (inclusive of the operations in transmission). As, in most cases, the dispatches have to traverse only one ring, or less, the pneumatic sending of a message requires, as a rule, hardly a quarter of an hour. Each of the two rings has two engine houses at suitable distances apart. By steam power the reservoirs there and at neighboring stations are filled with either compressed or rarefied air, according to the mode of transmission. The arrangement is such that in any portion of tube the cases may be sent in one direction or the other (by compression or rarefaction). At first, however, this to and fro transmission will not occur in the peripheries of the system; but the dispatches will be all in one direction—the right; so that a letter which has to go to a neighboring station on the left, will have to traverse nearly the whole ring, whereas a letter which has to go to the opposite and most distant part of the ring is sent through only half of the ring. Only in the branch tubes, which extend from the periphery of the ring to the most distant parts of the city, and also in the tubes connecting the two rings, is the mode of dispatch in either direction (by compression or rarefaction). Along with the subterranean tubes run telegraph wires, by which each station can announce to the others the departure or arrival of messages. There are altogether fifteen stations, twelve of which are within the two rings, and three beyond.

A very rare kind of lightning flash was lately seen at Paris. It is designated by M. Plante the *clair en chaplet*, or "chaplet flash," being like a string of brilliant beads arranged along a luminous thread. The phenomenon is a consequence of the flow of the electric fluid through a ponderable medium, and is quite analogous to the row of incandescent globules presented by a wire that is being fused by a voltaic current, and to the swellings and nodes of a flowing liquid vein. It is a transition form of lightning between the straight or curved line flashes and the globular form.

PERSONALS.

Billy Lewis is subbing at 197.

John S. Clarke has resigned his position at 197.

F. C. Hastings has resigned from 197 on account of ill health.

Mr. Kohler "worries" the New York end of the Newark wire.

Mr. McCarthy expects to return to his Washington position October 1st.

Messrs. Patch and Keene are spending their vacations at Duxbury, Mass.

The organ business is looking up. Mr. Weller took a vacation last week.

If the walking continues good Les, Bradley will reach Pittsburgh October 2d.

E. V. Wedin, of New Orleans, has accepted a position on the night force at 197.

Miss Josie Pierson has returned from her vacation and resumed her position at 197.

Mr. McEnroe is the author of a new poem entitled, "The Song of the Roast-ed."

Mr. Macaulay and lady visited the Irish team at Creedmoor during the late "shoot."

Mr. A. C. Terry, late of the Dominion Telegraph office, Toronto, is in Buffalo, N. Y.

It cost seven dollars a month for any kind of a lunch at the Western Union restaurant.

Mr. Graff is a prominent advocate of Peter Cooper for the presidency on the soft money ticket.

Frank Cox is thoroughly posted on rifle shooting since Walter Richmond took him to Creedmoor.

The cashier pays the men at 197 at their desks now, thus preventing an excuse for "lemonade."

Mr. E. E. Wilkins is with the M. & B. R. R. at Eastman, and Mr. J. R. Graves at Bainbridge, Ga.

Mr. Hugh Irvine, chief operator of New Orleans, visited 197 in company with Mr. Cottrell on Sunday last.

The storm of the 17th cut off all communication with Washington and the south for thirty-six hours.

A. L. Sinnott, late of Galveston, Texas, has gone to Savannah to help out during the yellow fever epidemic.

Mr. George W. Connor, of Waterbury, Conn., favored 197 with a call a few days since on his return from the Centennial.

Jesse Stewart left on a fortnight's vacation last Monday. He intends thoroughly "doing" Northern New York before his return.

Chas. H. H. Cottrell has resigned his position in the cable department at 197, and accepted an appointment at Duxbury, Mass.

R. C. Clowry, of St. Louis, assistant general superintendent of the Southern Division, W. U. T. Co., visited the operating department at 197 last week.

Kraft and Cromwell, who are billed at an up-town variety theater as the "champion double clog dancers," are the gentlemen by these names who are employed at 197.

We had the pleasure of a call on Tuesday of last week from Mr. J. R. Van Wornor "Rufus Novum," of Albany, looking well. Mr. A. L. Suesman, of Providence, was also in town last week.

Mr. E. V. Wedin has resigned his position in New Orleans on account of ill-health, and returned to his home in Jersey City. We are sorry we were not in town when he called at this office.

Al Sinnott, late chief operator at Galveston, Texas, visited the Western Union main office last week. Mr. Sinnott had bid adieu to the sunny South for good and intended locating permanently in one of our Northern cities, but has accepted a position in Savannah.

The latest affliction at 197 is the "Bradt walk." It consists in throwing the head back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and giving it a sort of pendulum swing keeping time with each step. It promises to become very popular, as it enables the "patient" to look over the heads of his inferiors—or creditors.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.—The telegraph offices here are doing an immense business, and are all working with increased forces. The Western Union have Messrs. Hodgekiss and Sawyer of Washington to help out. Messrs. Sinnott, of Galveston, Joe McConnell, of Pittsburgh, Bennie Lloyd, of Pittsburgh, and Nutt, of Washington, are all in town.

Mr. James Raynor has returned from Providence, where he has been subbing for Mr. Bogle, and taken a position on the regular night force, *vice* "Chesterfield" Guthridge Esq. transferred to the day force.

If you see a well known operator slowly wending his way up Sixth Avenue, earnestly scrutinizing every clothing store, very much interested in the fashion plates and seemingly endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the proprietors of the stores through the windows, you can make up your mind that he is looking for some good-natured tailor to "stand off" for a fall suit.

Mr. James Corcoran, who has been employed by the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company as report operator at Newark, has been obliged to resign his position on account of ill-health. He has returned to his home at Norwalk, Conn. Mr. Lawson, formerly chief operator for the Western Union at St. Louis has accepted the position made vacant by Mr. Corcoran's resignation.

Miss R. E. Northrup, of Olean, N. Y., spent a few days in the city last week. In company with two New York friends she visited the Western Union Building, including the instrument room and other matters of interest, and expressed herself highly pleased. Miss Northrup and her friend, Miss Bradley, spent a week at the Centennial before coming to New York, the former being off on a two weeks vacation.

ARIZONA PERSONALS.—W. E. Guild has been transferred from Yuma, A. T., to Wickenburg, A. T.—the watermelon town. Ed. W. Boutelle, of Sante Fe, N. M., takes charge of Yuma office *vice* Guild, transferred. Henry H. Hull has been transferred from Phoenix, A. T., to Camp Grant, A. T., his health demanding a station of greater altitude. William H. Story, "The Lightning Wedding Man," has been transferred from Camp Grant, A. T., to Phoenix, A. T., *vice* Hull, transferred to Grant. William T. Burbridge, of Verde, takes a short leave to visit his numerous friends in Prescott, where he will be asked to deliver his lecture on "Natural Electricity" or Jersey Lightning.

COLUMBO-BASTANTE.

ALBANY NOTES.—Chief operator, M. L. Morgan, of the W. U., is doing the Centennial, and other points of interest in that direction. H. L. Waterbury, having returned from Saratoga, where he held the position of chief operator, has taken his old place on night press. C. E. Shelley, who has been working nights during the absence of Mr. Waterbury, returns to day press. Mr. T. A. Steward is visiting the home of his childhood in Vermont. Mr. George Lounsbury is looking out for the Boston wire during Mr. Steward's absence.

We warn the fraternity against any transaction with one Frank Cranson, who, while subbing in this vicinity, gave strong evidences of being a beat. "Oakum Pickings" are being largely "picked" in this vicinity, and pronounced by all to be the best out. Mr. Chas. C. King is general agent for Eastern New York.

Keay Street for Jay Street is the latest. X Y Z.

BIRTHS.

At Bergenville, near Quebec, September 17th, the wife of Mr. R. H. Rogers of a daughter.


September 20th, the wife of Mr. W. R. Mears, of the Auditor's Department, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

GARY—WILLIS.—September 19th, at Rutland, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. F. W. Gary, W. U. Tel. operator, to Miss Carrie L. Willis. The happy couple left on the afternoon train on a three weeks' wedding trip to Philadelphia and Westmoreland, N. H.

DEATHS.

September 14th, at Detroit, Mich., of typhoid fever, Miss Josie C. Adams, operator W. U. Tel. Co., aged twenty-six years. Miss Adams formerly worked in Chicago office, but for the past year for the M. C. R. R. at Lake Station, Ind., having been employed at Detroit only from July 4th to August 9th when taken with the fever which resulted in her death.

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Cancer Can be Cured.

Cancer has from time immemorial been a great scourge to the human race, and is now becoming the greater. For many years it has been held by the medical profession, and generally believed by the people, that Cancer is incurable; that once its roots take hold upon a victim, there is no chance for a sufferer to escape a lingering and terrible death; a death surrounded by all that is disgusting and horrible, not only to the sufferer, but to his friends. Happily, this fell destroyer need no longer be feared. Dr. H. T. Bond, of Philadelphia, a well-known physician, of large experience, has for years devoted himself to the special study and treatment of Cancer, and the result of his experience is his Discovery for the radical cure of Cancer, without the use of either knife, caustic, or plasters, and without pain.

The majority of persons are greatly deceived in regard to the first symptoms and appearance of this most dreaded disease, considering it painful from the commencement. This is a sad mistake, carrying thousands to an untimely grave. In most cases there is little or no pain until the disease is far advanced. The only symptoms for many months, and even for years, are occasionally a stinging, darting, stabbing, shooting, smarting, itching, burning, crawling, or creeping sensation, and in some cases not any of these. If a malady is growing worse instead of better, it is conclusive evidence it is of a malignant character, and demands immediate attention. If you have a branny, scaly, crusty, or warty appearance, with an occasional breaking out of these upon the face, lip, or nose, or any other portion of the skin, attended with any of the above symptoms, or a sensation of a fly being on it, or a hair tickling it, is certain evidence it is Cancer, and there should be no delay in using Dr. Bond's treatment. Life is too valuable to be tampered with.

Dr. Bond's treatment consists of an "Antidote," that is applied locally; this at once arrests the growth of the Cancer, and by chemical action neutralizes its malignity, rendering it harmless and changing it to a simple sore, which nature, assisted by constitutional remedies, soon heals (when the skin is unbroken and the Cancer is a hard tumor, the Antidote does not make an open sore, but removes it by absorption). In connection with the Antidote is used the SPECIFIC, taken internally. This tones up the general health, strengthens the patient, purifies the blood, and eliminates the poison from the system. Dr. Bond's ANTIDOTE contains neither caustic nor poison, and can be applied to the most delicate tissues of the body without injury, and therefore is the only Remedy that can be used in internal Cancer, such as Cancer of the Stomach, Cancer of the Womb, etc. Dr. Bond's remedies, with full directions for successful treatment, will be sent to any part of the world.

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POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

CONDUCTED BY

E. L. YOUMANS.

This periodical was started (in 1872) to promote the diffusion of valuable scientific knowledge, in a readable and attractive form, among all classes of the community, and has thus far met a want supplied by no other magazine in the United States.

Seven volumes have now appeared, which are filled with instructive and interesting articles and abstracts of articles, original, selected, translated, and illustrated, from the pens of the leading scientific men of different countries. Accounts of important scientific discoveries, the application of science to the practical arts, and the latest views put forth concerning natural phenomena, have been given by savants of the highest authority. Prominent attention has been also devoted to those various sciences which help to a better understanding of the nature of man, to the bearings of science upon the questions of society and government, to scientific education, and to the conflicts which spring from the progressive nature of scientific knowledge.

The POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY has long ceased to be an experiment. It has passed into a circulation far beyond the most sanguine hopes at first entertained, and the cordial and intelligent approval which it has everywhere met, shows that its close and instructive discussions have been well appreciated by the reading portion of the American people. It has not been its policy to make boastful promises of great things to be done in the future, but rather to appeal to what it has already accomplished as giving it a claim upon popular patronage. But no plans will be spared to improve it and make it still more worthy of liberal support, and still more a necessity to the cultivated classes of the country.

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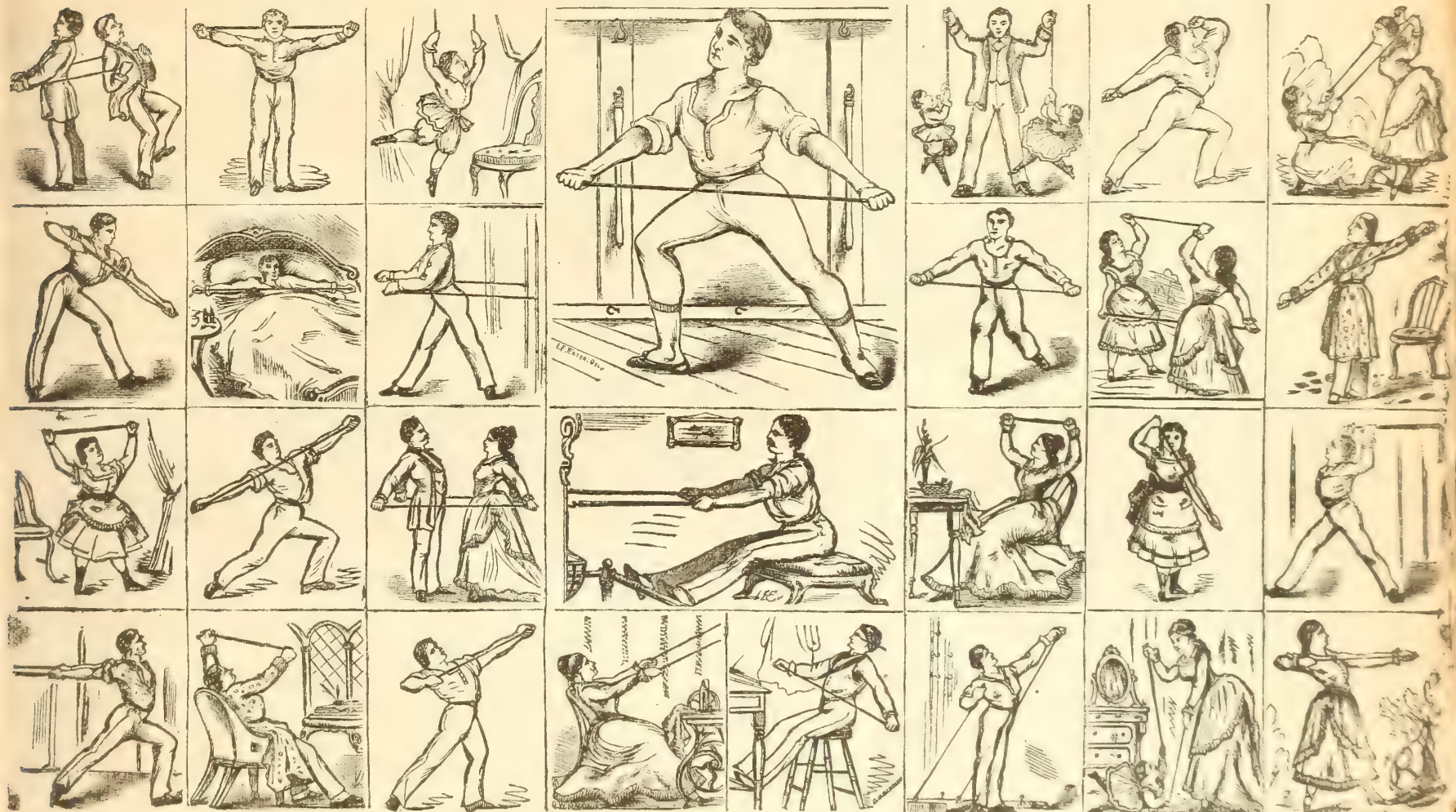
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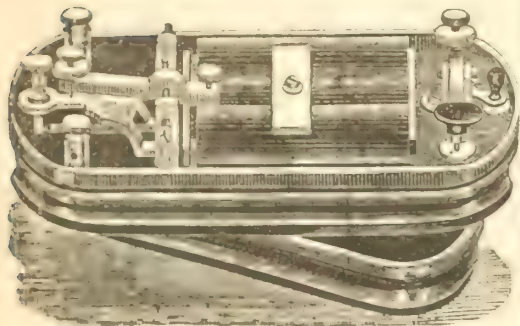
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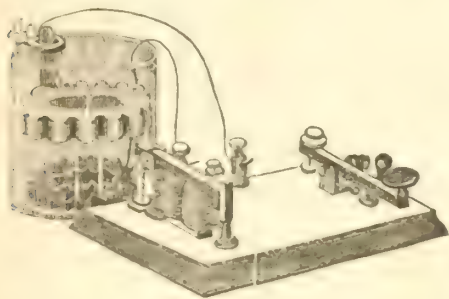
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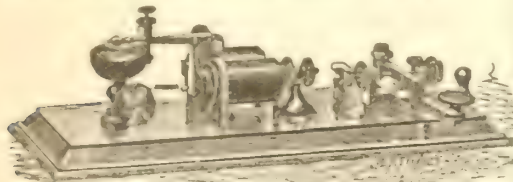
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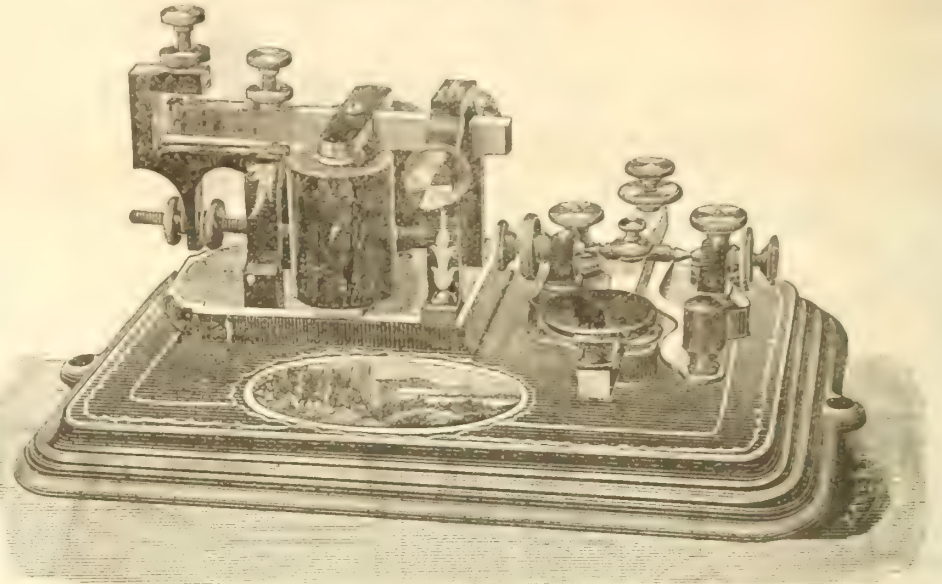
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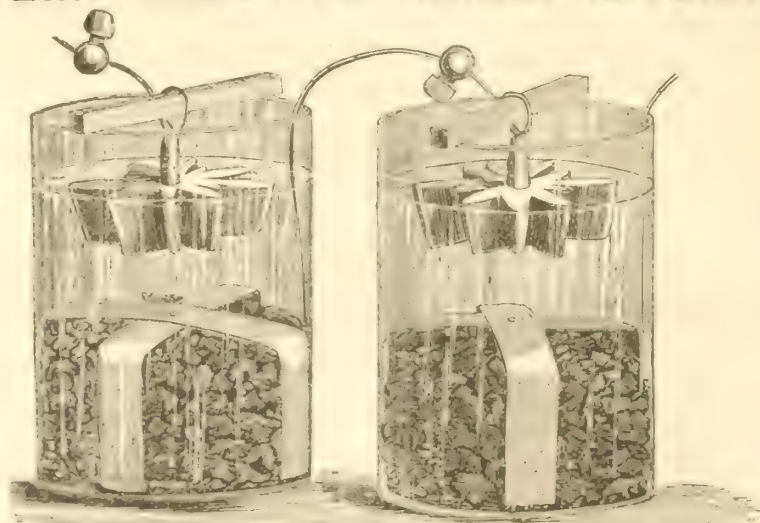
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VOL. VI.

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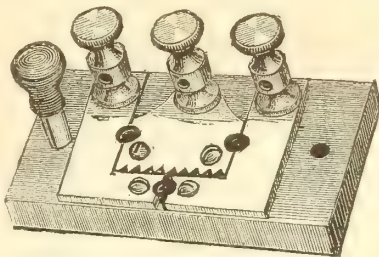
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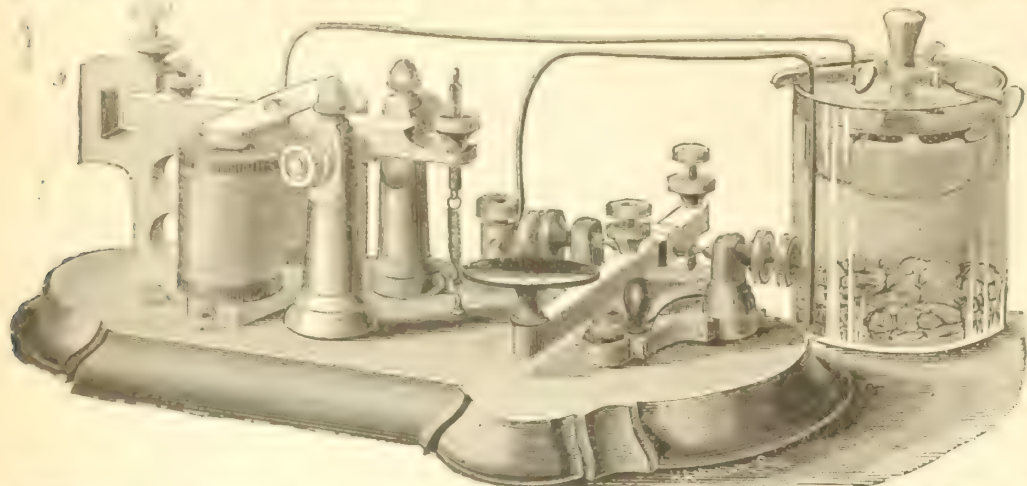
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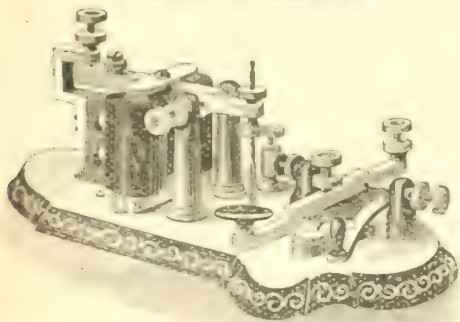
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A JOURNAL OF
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October 15th, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 64.

A Study in Natural History—The Plug.

To the uninitiated I will first remark that a "Plug" is one who has been weighed and found wanting. A plug is one who swaggers through the world, a kind of a freebooter in his particular line, wearing the epaulettes and spurs, but with no subservient command. Plugs are pretentious, and never come up to your anticipations. The man whom you hire to shovel in your coal, and who leaves a hundred weight of it in the gutter, and our notorious boarding mistresses who dose us diurnally with questionable sausage, are both plugs at their chosen avocations.

To become a solid telegraph plug, to those who provide their own stock-in-trade of stupidity of the requisite low degree, and produce the necessary ante-diluvian pedigree, is a comparatively inexpensive luxury; in fact it is entirely a nominal affair (ten dollars is, I believe, the panic price at most of our colleges), and the risks entailed will be no greater than condemnation to a perpetual salary of forty dollars per month. Careful telegraphic economists have shamelessly asserted that three plugs, obtained for a mere song, are preferable to one reliable man, who demands—commands, I should say—a larger pecuniary emolument; for the reason that when legitimate business is dull, these men, who are hired at seventeen dollars a dozen, can be sent out on the line painting poles. But as that is a question which is best settled by time, and the endless number of free fist fights in which the seventeen dollars' worth of plugs will involve their chief operators, I will content myself by studying the creature from a purely zoölogical point of view.

It was at one time believed that the modern telegraph plug was the result of a well-known system of evolution, and that the first plug—the Adam, as it were, of plugism—was contemporaneous with Professor Morse. In my school days pathetic pictures were vividly drawn of this benighted but adventurous individual, a kind of a second-class Pilgrim Father, settling cheerless and solitary on what must forty years ago have been a desert waste, viz.: the telegraph world. But plugs, with all that that word implies, increased so prodigiously, and in such a short space of time, as to entirely preclude the theory that they came of a common father; and my own close observation of the spontaneous production of full-grown live plugs, perfect in all that plugs ought to be, sets the important question at rest forever. Our modern telegraph plug is, then, I am free to assert, the result of an eruption, and to a close observer he bears every trace of antiquity. Great flaming volcanoes, commonly called "colleges," are constantly emitting from their craters millions of animated pluglings, and scattering them broadcast over the land, but a careful scrutiny reveals the fact that they are not an original growth of the present era, and that they are, in fact, merely fossils of the long ago—relics of bankrupted calcimining establishments and debilitated longshoremen, belched to the surface by the convulsions of a cheap labor earthquake.

The common domestic plug, in the well-kept menageries of the Eastern States, is a comparatively tame animal, woefully torpid and basely submissive, and has been known to hang on like a barnacle to one position, from which nothing less than an ox team could have moved him, for as long as twenty years; although I must say that, as these are creatures which move in the highest circles of the most eminent plugs, they are exceptions. But the wild plug—which has been decreed an outlaw by all the western courts, and is generally shot on sight in the southwest—affords a vast field for study for those whose minds lean toward natural history. The wild plug—the reader will please bear in mind the distinction between wild and domestic—the wild plug, as I was remarking, is a nomadic creature, found most frequently in great herds on our western railways, and cunningly organized for general depredation on social and mercantile correspondence; but occasionally a single specimen of the contraband

can be scared up. He is remarkable for ferocity, viciously chattering and snapping his brazen key at friend and foe alike; and when roaming alone he stoops only to his prey where the e are wealthy merchants to be "busted" by misquoted financial reports, trains to be wrecked, or when some such address as No. 121 Milk Street can be successfully transcribed into 12,170 K Street. When once he has got a good square hold, he shows evidence of gentle lobster blood, and only releases his grip under the persuasive mandates of an exasperated superintendent, armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun.

For the better protection of the service, and for general public information, the companies could reap much advantage by publishing, as they should be compelled by law to do, a daily map, similar to the Government weather map, showing the wanderings of these electrical Bedouins, and reporting the "probabilities" for satisfactory public service, as the Government Signal Service folks do the weather. Just think what a relief it would be to read in the official journal that the area of the greatest pressure (of plugs) is now central over Pembina; and how the cautious stock-jobbers would mail their telegrams from that section to Chicago, to be forwarded East from there. Then when some railroad smash-up with a terrific loss of life caused an atmospheric disturbance in plugdom, what a tranquilizing effect it would have on eastern people to learn from the official chart that a barometric trough of misguided plugs was centering over the lower Missouri Valley. Again, it would be no more than common honesty to display cautionary signals, by exposing a plug in effigy, over every telegraph building, when the daily observations showed that a storm center of plugs was threatening the Gulf States, veering to northeast over Georgia and the Carolinas, with a light sprinkling of mild to ferocious plugs over Virginia and Pennsylvania. As the matter stands now, heartless corporations are deaf to the warnings and remonstrances of somewhat obscure but highly intellectual individuals. The wild plug is left to roam unbridled and at will, and wherever he is found collectively, there is found also the devastation and desolation incident to the triumphant march of an exultant and conquering army of Bashi-Bazouks. Worthy chief operators are driven to the various lunatic asylums; hitherto Christian men take to swearing and tippling; stock-jobbers are financially ruined; salaries are decreased, and suits for damages are increased, until a revulsion of sentiment sets in, and old theories of Blue Jeans' economy are cast aside, when the vast pressure (of plugism) is once more dissipated over the upper lakes, and once again the Probabilities for good men are reported as "fair."

Now, having analyzed and dissected a fair specimen of the common cheap labor plug—wild and domestic—I will leave my more nimble-fingered brothers to salt him, although I know that without the system of official maps, it is impossible to exterminate him. The actual longevity of a healthy plug has never yet been determined, but his lifetime is believed to be very little short of that of an elephant, which animal, by the way, he resembles, inasmuch as he carries his trunk (generally a paper parcel) with him whithersoever he wandereth. His fair plug fame has been allegorically battered into a jelly by his literary friends, he has been shockingly kicked and beaten by outraged customers, and hustled unceremoniously out of fourth-story windows by irate managers, but still he survives—a smiling plug. He can exist without any particular or even valid reason for existing, without any definite object for living the life of a plug, and in most cases without the ordinary means of existence. Indeed, it is a maxim of our profession, as the plug was never struck by lightning, and, in view of his miraculous capacity for subsisting and even thriving under the supposed delusive influence of "wind pudding," that he never dies.

I have known him to be salted—in fact, there was no doubt of his having been thoroughly saturated with the briny fluid. I know he made four hundred bulls and ten thousand breaks on that night alone, besides entrapping his employers in seven lawsuits, and ruining the tempers of two urbane operators; I have known him on the same eventful night to give a sick and inoffending customer a doz. of pills, when the confiding physician telegraphed to give him a dose; and next morning I have found him fresh as ever, smiling confidently in the glorious morning of his plug life, a nodding of his plume, and streaming the ensign of plugism for forty dollars a month over the shattered remains of the Queen's English (language), while every vigorous armature thump was the death struggle of another Morse symbol.

PHILADELPHIA Oct. 7, 1876.

WEINER.

Amateur Line Repairers.

Some of your readers have, no doubt, had experience in line repairing. Being employed in an office in the northern part of Canada, and having to do the repairing of about fifteen miles of wire both ways, I will try and give you my experience in that direction.

To begin with, the weather is always sure to be cold and stormy when the line is in trouble, and you go to the livery stable and get a baulky horse and a rickety rig, and off you go. You keep going (that is when the horse likes) till you get to the break, which is always sure to be in a most miserable swamp or some such place. Then you find you can get no place to tie your horse to, but feeling convinced from former experience that he doesn't care much about going, you conclude that he will stand without tying, and commence operations. There is always a creek of some kind in the vicinity of a break, and about the first thing you do in trying to get hold of the wire is to fall off a log into the creek and get half drowned, you then pick yourself out, and the ice begins to form on your clothes which is an advantage in one way, as it keeps the wind out. After several mishaps of various kinds you succeed in making a splice; then comes the cream of the joke which is to get the wire up on the pole. You commence to climb, and when you get about two-thirds of the way to the top you look around and find that that farnal critter of a horse is going to leave you. Down you go at the risk of breaking your neck, and have a lively race to catch old baulky; when you get back you have to go perhaps a mile further to find a place to tie him. Up you go again, and when you have got just about the same place you were before you find the line hitched on a limb or something, and down you have to go again; by the time the wire is all clear you practice baptism by immersion in that creek once or twice more, and if you do not meet with any further accident, you will probably get to the top of the pole with your wire. Then you have to cut a piece out of the wire, and make a splice to get the wire tight, and when you take hold of the two ends every one on the line begins to work and you can not hold on to the wire, and there you are all the time with your clothes wet and frozen, perched on the top of that pole, looking like "Patience on a monument smiling at grief,"—well, something like that, but more like a boiled oil. After suffering everything but happiness, you get the job done at last, and if you do not break your leg or neck in getting down, you finally find yourself on the way home, the wind blowing in your face, and if you get home without being frozen to death, you can put it down to the interposition of good luck. Finally, you get back to your office, and about the first thing you hear is the head office calling you like mad. You answer him, and receive the longest and severest blessing an operator ever received, for being away from your office so long; and when he winds up it is generally with, "If this occurs again, we will have to send a man up to relieve you." Taking it altogether, the greatest amount of happiness an operator can experience is having no repairing to do.

Yours,

CABBAGE.

CABBAGEVILLE, ONT.

The lightning played peculiar freaks in the house of Charles H. Newman, near Greenwich Point, Hempstead, during a recent thunder shower. Only Mr. Newman's wife and little daughter were at hand. The lightning struck the chimney, and descending by it ripped off and splintered the woodwork until it reached the mantel, where it tore out the works of a clock and scattered them about the room. It then continued along the floor tearing up the carpet in its path, and passing near Mrs. Newman and her daughter, tore the shoe from the right foot of Mrs. Newman, severely burning the feet of both, paralyzing Mrs. Newman's right arm, but not dangerously. The bolt passed through the wall, badly shattering it, and striking a loaded gun, broke the breech and knocked off the percussion cap, but did not disturb the charge.

The clocks recently put up in the Grand Central depot in this city are operated by an electric apparatus.

A Boston servant girl utilized the telegraph wire that passed over the flat roof of the house for a clothes line, and every Monday the boys had a deeply scientific argument as to what ailed the batteries.

The Poetic Side of the Western Union Lunch Room.

Thousands of telegraphers have visited the Western Union new building, enjoyed the beautiful view of New York and the harbor from its roof, inspected the operating-room, and admired the switchboard and the operators; but to few outside of the regular main office force has been accorded the distinguished honor of dining in the little cozy Western Union lunch-room.

A New York operator may have trials, tribulations and afflictions to endure, and difficulties, disappointments, and annoyances to contend against; the artists he works with may be "soon," unsympathetic and unreasonable; the chiefs stern, officious and exacting; his heart may all morning be bowed down and his brow corrugated with sorrow, but once the sweet hour of rest—the dinner hour—or, more properly, the dinner twenty minutes—arrives, all is sunshine and peace, and his troubles are forgotten, or disappear like mist before the morning sun.

"Yes," remarked one of the operators, as he ground our favorite corn between the beel of his No. 11's and the iron stairs, "the lunch-room is a big thing. It is principally on its account that so many rural candidates for telegraphic honor and glory rush to New York and move heaven and earth to secure a job in the main office."

The room itself is on the floor above the operating room, and if the smell emanating therefrom does not convince a man that he is hungry, his views on the theosophic doctrines of cosmogony must be loose, as Walter Richmond used to remark to Saugerties when he wished to mildly insinuate that that office was not properly adjusted.

We were the recipient about three weeks ago of a semi-official and very kind invitation to partake of the noon-day meal at this model lunch room, but having, unfortunately, just dined, were not in a position to accept. Since then, however, conscience, that inward monitor, has accused us more than once of dereliction of duty in not visiting the lunch-room, and giving our readers an idea of a place of which they have heard so much, and in which all no doubt take a very lively interest. When, therefore, last week, we received a neat note inclosing a slip of paper bearing the device:

The bearer wishes to see the lunch-room. Give him every attention.

Will I. Morton, Prest.,

we promptly made up our mind this time to accept.

Modestly selecting a seat in one corner commanding a good view of the room, we retired thither to enjoy a little of that "feast of reason and flow of soul"—especially the flow of soul—so characteristic of telegraphic social gatherings. Few lunchers were then present, and these being only allowed "twenty minutes for refreshments," seemed terribly in earnest. In the words of Dr. Wolcott in *Peter Pindar*:

"Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell, like tomahawks, to work!"

In the center of the room, suspended from the ceiling is a large slate on which is inscribed the bill of fare of the establishment. For the benefit of such out of town readers as are interested in the matter, we quote as follows, trespassing on their good nature to say that the Western Union proposed in starting this lunch-room to furnish its employes with lunch at two thirds actual cost, the difference being made up in the time saved to the company during the portion of the day when business is most lively, by the time for lunch of each operator being reduced from half an hour to twenty minutes:

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----|-----------------|----------|
| Roast Beef | 25 | Stewed Tomatoes | 10 |
| Roast Mutton | 25 | Raw Tomatoes | 5 |
| Corn Beef and Cabbage | 25 | Succatah | 10 |
| Cold Roast Beef | 25 | read Pudding | 10 |
| Pork and Beans | 20 | Apple Roll | 10 |
| Cold Boiled Ham | 25 | Pies | 10 |
| Tea and Coffee | | | 5 cents. |

We should like to say that the 25 cent dishes are superior in quantity and quality to the 15 cent ones obtainable at Gould's, Currier's, or other outside restaurants, but, like all great journalists,

"Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
We sketch the world exactly as it goes."

If any intimated to us in confidence that they "could do better outside," and would prefer half an hour for lunch as in days gone by, leaving the Western Union lunch-room in undisputed possession of the officers of the Company and those who chose to patronise it, we shall charitably make no mention of the fact, but hurry on to a more entertaining and poetic topic.

Although the walls of the lunch-room are not festooned with beautiful mottoes of "Give us this Day our Graham Bread," or "In Onions there is Strength," or "None but the Knave upsets the Chair," one very affecting and really delightful little poetic gem, written on the back of a half rate blank and pasted on the wall, is much admired, and we have no doubt has a very salutary influence on the appetite of the frequenters of the room, and conduces in no small degree to the social and homelike feeling everywhere visible. It struck us as being somewhat similar in style and beauty of expression to some of the great G. Washington Childs' realistic and melancholy verses, but of course, that is a mere conjecture. Here it is:

"Plugs wha hae been rush'd this morn,
Plugs wham chiefs regard wi' scorn,
Welcome to your plate o' corn
Beef, or pork and beans."

The waiter, familiarly known as Old Tom, is a genius. If he wasn't, we don't see how he could keep so many and complicated orders in his head at once. Occasionally he does get them a little mixed, poor old man, but can we blame him? No doubt the light of other days often breaks in upon and for a moment illuminates a path perhaps otherwise rough and thorny, lifting the venerable caterer's mind above the prosy things of this mundane sphere. Don't scold the old man if, in these fits of abstraction, he brings you a plate of hash instead of the big round dumpling rolling from the pot you ordered. Perhaps, as Sir Walter Scott says,

"The scenes long past of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er his aged brain,"

and his thoughts and mind are over the sea, and his memory playing hide and seek around the home of his innocent childhood, where in the early springtime of youth when life was all sunshine and brass buttons he had romped barefoot, happy, careless and free, little dreaming that after years should find him a wanderer on life's desert or a waiter in the Western Union lunch-room.

"What will you have?" was Tom's very business-like inquiry, as he approached a tall, rather handsome, and very intellectual-looking man at a table convenient to where we sat.

"A good dinner," replied the person addressed with a philosophic and benign smile, "is the golden lever which pries beneath and rolls away the heavy burden of sorrow. Bring me a nice plate of corn beef and cabbage."

The speaker was our old friend Averdupois, a member, we presume, of the laugh and growl club. We worked in the same office with Av. a year or two ago, and can conscientiously say that he is one of the most entertaining, jolly and good-natured men we have ever had the honor of becoming acquainted with. His weight is about two hundred and fifty pounds, and his height over six feet, but we think we can safely say that he possesses more pure rollicking fun and gay, poignant wit to the square inch than any denizen of the great telegraphic beehive at 197 Broadway.

"I heard a good pun to-day," remarked Av. to his friend Opaque, sitting opposite, leaning over the table, and reaching for a glass of ice water. "It is by a Newfoundland ex-operator in this city: 'Why is Mlle. Belloc, the great operatic singer, like a young lady telegrapher doing a large amount of business? Because she's Russian.'"

The genial little Opaque smiled a sweet, appreciative smile. Op. is fat, round, and full of fun.

Although displaying a very commendable ambition to make his mark in the world telegraphic, and quite a politician beside, he seems to have no hankering after political office. He would not, in all probability object to the position of chief or manager at 197, or even Division or General Superintendent, and if no other place were vacant, would perhaps even accept that of president of the Company. But he is so much opposed to political positions that he actually won't work the Washington wire!

Once during an unusual rush in the office, he did very courteously consent to take a sheet of weather report. The Washington man seemed in so much of a hurry, that poor Op. quite forgot to write the matter on the usual soft paper. And thereby hangs a tale. He found that it was necessary to re-copy the sheet, and to facilitate this part of the business, called another operator to his aid. Whether this renegade, jealous of the spotless reputation as an operator which Op., after years of persistent and unflagging attention to business has secured, did deliberately and wilfully and of malice aforethought, attempt to sully that gentleman's fair fame, deponent sayeth not. We only know that the dispatch represented "Old Probabilities" as informing a confiding and long suffering people that the weather in store for them was "cloudy, with wind veering to the northwest, and positively rain." It is presumed that there was an out and out "storm" in the neighborhood of the Weather Bureau in Washington about that time. Poor Op. took the matter to heart, too, and it is said paced up and down the office with his hands thoughtfully behind his back, muttering something which sounded like, "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he that filches from me my good name as an operator robs me of what I never had."

But there are philosophers in the telegraph business, men whose bulls never annoy them, and who are cheerful and chirrupy under a mountain of mistakes. Op. is a philosopher. In fact, the above little incident scarcely cost him the second thought, and his smile as he listened to Av.'s pun on this occasion was one of most seraphic sweetness, as if he felt at peace with himself and all the world.

"Speaking of young lady operators," he remarked, as he transferred the last piece of pork and the remainder of the beans to his mouth, "reminds me of an interesting little episode I had with one yesterday evening on the city line. She is an excellent operator, pleasant to work with, and good conversation; but when she has occasion to break, she does it in the most precipitate fashion I ever saw in my life. She never allows herself to get more than two letters behind, and when she misses a letter or word the vigorous manner in which she opens the wire can only be compared to the explosion of a Mississippi steamboat. I leaped nearly six feet from my chair every time it occurred, and finally said to her:

"Excuse me, miss, but don't you think you break somewhat abruptly? Couldn't you accustom yourself to do it a little more gently? It grates harshly on my sensitive nerves."

"Some have told me," she replied, "that I copy a little too close to the sending operator. Perhaps that's what's the trouble. I'll be more careful in future."

"I thanked her and added:

"Yes, when you follow so very close upon the heels of the sending operator, if that gentleman ever happens to stumble you are bound to fall over him!"

Op. seems to have considered this rather a good joke, for he looked around triumphantly as if expecting a hearty laugh from those present, nearly all of whom must have heard him. But he was sadly mistaken. The story was only followed by what some one has beautifully described as an eloquent outburst of silence.

Op. felt hurt. He had expected somewhat of an ovation. "The employes of the Western Union," he muttered between his teeth, "are very much like the Company they work for. Neither can appreciate merit, not even in a joke."

But just at that moment the point of the joke seems to have struck one or two who laughed and

pronounced it very good. Laughter is contagious, and soon almost every one in the room had joined in. But Op. wasn't satisfied. He thought they might have "seen it" sooner. Drawing himself up to his full height, and assuming a very dignified and injured expression of countenance, he gave vent to his feelings as follows, laying particular stress upon the words in italics:

"Yes, it's a very good thing *when you see it*. But it takes you a *long time* to see it," which created infinitely more laughter.

"The reference to the city line," remarked Av., cutting off another piece of corn beef with some difficulty, "reminds me of a little incident which occurred to me last Thursday evening. I was sending a batch of messages to an up-town susher—one of those gentlemen I always think of when I read that couplet in Gay's Fables about the colt 'whose eyeballs flamed with ire, elate with strength and youthful fire.' I happened to stop for a moment to talk to an operator near me, as I sometimes do, and left the key open. When I returned this youthful disciple of Professor Morse had the supreme impertinence to say:

"Well, Old Slow Coach, do you *ever* intend to finish that message?"

"Young men in branch offices," I replied, with much deliberation, "especially up-town branch offices, should not make use of such language to operators of the main office."

"Fudge!" retorted the wayward youth, "you're no operator. You're the biggest plug from Alpha to Omaha!"

"Physically," I replied, still retaining my temper, "I am, perhaps, a bigger man than ole Grant or you either, but in a telegraphic point of view I am satisfied that you are the greatest plug on the American Continent."

"Before I could close my key the efficient city line night chief came up, fresh from a prolonged struggle with a swinging cross on one of the Long Island wires. The sight of so many unsent messages, many of them city, made him irritable. His brow was like the sea when tempest tossed, and living lightning flashed from his eyes. I never saw him so mad before. He caught the remark I had just made, and advancing toward me in a very threatening manner, fairly shouted:

"Sir! You seem to forget that I am here!"

"Taking him warmly by the hand, I said kindly:

"True, Tom, I never thought of you when I made the remark!"

"Tom can appreciate a joke," added Av., smiling, and the celerity with which the look of anger gave place to one of the broadest and sweetest smiles I have seen in years, as he started off to make an entry in the diary, could never be reproduced on canvas."

We had to leave then. On the stairs we encountered an old acquaintance, who hoped we would pay the lunch-room another visit. We said perhaps we would.

Sir William Thomson's Visit to America.

Sir William Thomson, the eminent English scientist, it will be remembered, paid a visit to the Centennial some months ago, and acted as one of the judges in group XXV., instruments of precision, research, etc., which includes the exhibits of telegraphic and electrical instruments and the awards of which we to-day publish. After his return to Europe, Sir William delivered a very interesting address on assuming the Chair of the section of physical science at the Glasgow meeting of the British Associations, from which we take the following extracts:

"Six weeks ago, when I landed in England after a most interesting trip to America and back, and I became painfully conscious that I must have the honor to address you here to-day, I wished to write an address, of which Science in America should be the subject. I came home, indeed, vividly impressed with much that I had seen, both in the great exhibition at Philadelphia and out of it, showing the truest scientific spirit and devotion and originality, the inventiveness, the patient, persevering thoughtfulness of work, the appreciativeness, and the gener-

ous open-mindedness and sympathy from which the great things of science come.

"I wish I could speak to you of the veteran Henry, generous rival of Faraday in electro-magnetic discovery; of Peirce, the founder of high mathematics in America; of Bache, and of the splendid heritage he has left to America and to the world in the United States coast survey; of the great school of astronomers which followed—Newton, Newcomb, Watson, Young, Alvan Clarke, Rutherford, Draper, father and son; of Commander Belknap, and his great exploration of the Pacific depths by piano forte wire, with imperfect apparatus supplied from Glasgow, out of which he forced a success in his own way; and of Captain Sinsbee, who followed with the like fervor and resolution, and made further improvement in the apparatus, by which he has done marvels of easy, quick, and sure deep sea soundings in his little surveying ship Blake; and of the admirable official spirit which make such men and such doings possible in the United States naval service.

"I should also tell you of 'Old Prob.'s' weather warnings, which cost the nation \$250,000 a year, money well spent, say the western farmers, and not they alone; in this the whole people of the United States are agreed, and though Democrats or Republicans playing the 'economical ticket' may, for half a session, stop the appropriations for even the United States coast survey, no one would for a moment think of starving 'Old Prob.'; and now that 80 per cent. of his probabilities have proved true, and General Myer has, for a month back, ceased to call his daily forecasts probabilities, and has begun to call them indications, what will the western farmers call him this time next year? The United States naval observatory is full of the very highest science, under the command of Admiral Davis.

"In the United States telegraphic department I saw and heard Elisha Gray's splendidly worked-out electric telephone, actually sounding four messages simultaneously on the Morse code, and clearly capable of doing yet four times as many with very modern improvements of detail; and I saw Edison's automatic telegraph delivering 1,015 words in fifty-seven seconds—this done by the long-neglected electro-chemical method of Bann, long ago condemned in England to the helot work of recording from a relay, and then turned adrift as needlessly delicate for that.

"In the Canadian Department I heard 'To be or not to be'—there's the rub!—through an electric telegraph wire; but, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers: 'S. S. Cox has arrived,' (I failed to make out the S. S. Cox,) 'The City of New York,' 'Senator Morton,' 'the Senate have resolved to print a thousand extra copies,' 'The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July.' All this my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin, circular disk armature of just such another little electro-magnet as this which I hold in my hand. The words were shouted with a clear and loud voice by my colleague judge, Prof. Watson, at the far end of the line, holding his mouth to a stretched membrane, such as you see before you here, carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform in the neighborhood of an electro magnet in circuit with the line motions proportionately to the sonoric motions of the air. This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell, of Edinburgh and Montreal and Boston, now becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realize the mathematical conception that, if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and, as nearly as may be, in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound?"

Dr. JEROME KIDDER of this city has recently patented an improved electrical apparatus which is designed for medical use, and includes several novel devices. A portion of a series of battery elements, arranged for transmitting a circuit through the body, are adapted to operate an induction coil. A new means is provided for substituting fresh fluid for that which has become spent in power, in the elements. There are new supports for the induction coil, and some novel arrangements for modifying the force of the induced currents.

Anecdotes and Curiosities of the Wire.

Blunders occasionally take place from the imperfect writing of the receiving clerks. We have had telegrams delivered to us utterly unintelligible. A celebrated doctor was once sent on a fruitless journey by receiving a telegram worded—"Don't come too late." As originally handed in to the telegraph office, the message ran: "Don't come, too late;" but in the transmission, the figure denoting the comma was omitted; and hence the considerable inconvenience to which the recipient was put. This instance shows, however, what care telegraph senders should exercise to avoid the least ambiguity, since the mere reversing of the phrases thus: "Too late, don't come," would in the case in point have dispelled all doubt as to the meaning which was to be conveyed. At the same time, of course, it also shows that the telegraphist in receiving and transmitting telegrams, can not give too much attention to apparently the most trivial matters. Another instance is taken from Mr. Scudamore's lengthy report of 1871 on the "Telegraphs." A London firm telegraphed to a country agent: "Send rails ten foot lengths." The letters "t" and "e" are in the Morse code represented by a dash and a dot respectively; but in transmitting the message, the instrument in recording the word "ten" signaled two dots instead of the dash and dot, and the word was thereby converted into "in," the message reading: "Send rails in foot lengths." Mr. Scudamore adds, however, that "if the senders had been less chary of their words, and had written: 'Send rails in ten foot lengths, which would have cost no more, the blunder would never have occurred.' In somewhat the same manner in a message where the sender asked for a "hack" to be waiting for him at the station, the letter "h," which is signaled on the Morse instrument by four dots, was converted into "s," the signal for "s" being three dots; the wayward instrument having failed in one dot, the consequence was that the traveler found a "sack" awaiting his arrival. At one of the gatherings held periodically at Braemar, some years ago, a certain earl telegraphed to Edinburgh for a "cocked hat" to be sent to him at once. In transmitting the message, the article mentioned as wanted was converted into "cooked ham," which was actually forwarded forthwith, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the nobleman. A telegram was once received as follows: "Please send your pig to meet me at the station." Of course it should have been "gig," the instrument having made what, in telegraphic phraseology, is called a false dot, by recording — (P) instead of — (G). In fact, it is almost necessary to state, for the credit of the telegraph, that the treachery complained of is, after all, not intentional, but arises mainly from a difficulty which it appears to have in distinguishing the difference between certain letters. This is plainly so in the letters y and x, which the electric wire is constantly confounding one with the other. Over and over again jaded railway officials have been caused fruitless searches after a missing "black boy" through this want of power, on the part of the telegraph, to discriminate between y and x. The stories current on this point are numerous, but the best I have yet heard is the following: Some time ago a station-master received a telegram from a lady, stating that she had left at this station "two black boys" in the waiting-room, she believed, and tied together with red tape; would he please forward them at once. The astonished official caused search to be made; but instead of boys he found two boxes in the waiting room, as described, which were duly forwarded. From a similar cause on the part of the electric fluid, a lady received from her son-in-law a telegram which astonished her not a little. It stated that his wife had presented him with a "fine box."—*Chamber's Journal*.

A SYRACUSE clerk put up a telegraph line between his house and office, so he could employ his leisure time in communicating with his better half. All went smoothly for some time, but this line is not used now. A DeWitt man and his wife were riding along in the dusk one evening last week, when the man was astonished to see his wife bounced out of the vehicle into the mud, and the horses run away. The horses were stopped, and the man's wife got into the wagon again, when investigation showed the sagging telegraph wire to be to blame. The chap who stopped the runaway team took the wire to the owner with a \$5 request.—*Utica Observer*.

The Operator,

THE ORGAN OF THE

United States and Canadian Telegraph Operators.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Editor.

October 15th, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

AN interesting paper by N. F. God on matters and things at the Centennial reached us too late for insertion this issue. Send articles in early, gentlemen.

IF THE OPERATOR ever fails to reach any of our subscribers, they will oblige by letting us know by postal card, or otherwise, when another copy will be sent, and the reason of the failure investigated. If any other transaction with this office is unsatisfactory, or any cause for complaint exists, don't fail to write us, more than once if necessary, until the matter is made right. We want to have everything satisfactory between our subscribers and ourselves.

HYMNS OF THE CENTENNIAL.—Two ladies passing through the telegraph office, and seeing Mr. Carson, stopping on the Atlantic, one of them remarked, "Mr. Carson, let's go and look at the telegraph office." A party youth from the hills of Pennsylvania wanted to know at the telegraph office how much they sell for a quarter. If he had sent a message to New York, and expected it to go, they would have sold it for a quarter. A lady who had just sent a message, rushed into the office, breathless, saying: "I want to send a message." "What kind of a message?" "I want to send it to the person who has been my friend here. How much will it be?" An old gentleman from Tennessee wanted to know the time in the receivers standing against the wall. He was informed that the time was about 10:10. He was surprised, he probably thought.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting of the New York Telegraphers Association was held in the Auditor's office, Western Union Building, Oct. 2d, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year, and resulted in the choice of representatives of A. H. Watson, President; J. H. Deane, Vice-President; T. W. Baldwin, Treasurer, and J. A. Ashhurst, Secretary.

Mr. Wolcott in a neat speech proposed a vote of thanks to the officers of last year for their untiring efforts to make the telegraph a common and indispensable part of the community. The meeting then adjourned, to meet Oct. 18, when business was appointed, and other business transacted. The next year the meeting will be held at the same place. The names to J. A. Ashhurst, Secretary, 127 Broadway. The assessment is \$4, and payment is required on or before January 1st. The ball will be held in February.

Annual Report of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Union Telegraph Company was held on Wednesday, October 11th, at the Company's offices, Broadway and Dey Street. President Orton submitted his annual report, from which we learn that the net earnings of the Company for the year ending June 30, 1876, were \$3,399,509.97, an increase of \$170,350.14, or 5 1-5 per cent. over the net earnings of the preceding year. The old Board of Directors was re-elected for the current year.

Mr. Orton's reports are always interesting to telegraphers, as well as to those interested in the finances of the Company, and the one before us is no exception. In the general review of the Company's operations since its organization in 1866, we see the rapid growth of the telegraph business. In nine years the number of messages handled by the Western Union has increased from five millions (in 1866) to eighteen millions last year, and the number of offices from 2,250 to 7,072. Another interesting item of information is that these eighteen million messages cost the Company 32 1/2 cents per message, and brought in 50 9-10, while the 58,141,934 messages sent in Europe in 1874 cost 39 3-10 cents a message, and brought in but 34 3-10, being an aggregate of nearly three million dollars excess of expenditure over receipts. Below we give the report in detail to which we draw the attention of our readers.

The gross receipts for the year, from all sources, were \$10,084,983.68; the gross expenses, \$6,685,473.69, and the net earnings, \$3,399,509.97. As compared with the preceding year there was an increase of \$470,409.06, or 4 9-10 per cent. in the gross receipts; \$300,058.92, or 4 7-10 per cent. in the gross expenses, and \$170,350.14, or 5 2-10 per cent. in the net earnings.

On the 1st day of July, 1875, the company operated 70,825 miles of line, 179,495 miles of wire, and 1,207 offices. At the close of the year ended June 30, 1876, there were in operation 73,532 miles of line, 188,532 miles of wire, and 7,072 offices. The increase during the year has been 699 miles of line, or 1 1/10 per cent.; 4,387 miles of wire, or 2 4-10 per cent.; and 547 offices, or 7 7-10 per cent.

Since the close of the year the company has acquired by purchase and lease the lines of the Southern and Atlantic Telegraph Company, embracing 1,225 miles of line, 3,778 miles of wire, and 105 offices, and the American Telegraph company of Michigan, possessing 430 miles of line and 41 offices.

Arrangements during the year were also made for exchange connections with the wires of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, Ulster and Delaware Railroad Company, Rhinebeck and Connecticut Railroad Company, Adirondack Railroad Company, Canada Southern Railroad Company, and Lake Ontario Railroad Company.

There were in use on the lines of the company at the close of the fiscal year 8,437 sets of instruments for sending and receiving, 18 printing instruments, 1,723 relays, 11,101 relay magnets, 11,363 repeaters, 253 repeaters, 4,328 switches, 4,780 cut-offs, 3,201 lightning arresters, and 28,810 miles of wire.

The cost of new instruments and apparatus for the year was \$41,471, all of which was charged to working expenses.

There were expended for repairs of line \$563,847.10 and for maintenance of line \$1,274,725.15, making a total expenditure for maintenance of line of \$1,838,572.25, an increase over the preceding year of \$170,350.14.

The number of messages transmitted during the year ended June 30, 1876, was 18,700,710, and for the year ended June 30, 1875, 16,700,000, being an increase of 1,000,710, or 6 2-10 per cent. This increase was due to the reduction of rates on messages on the basis of thirty words to each message. The average rate charged upon each message in the year ended June 30, 1875, was 54 cents, the average cost of transmission of cents, and the average profit

per message 19 cents, while for the year ended June 30, 1876, the average cost was 54 1/2 cents, and the average profit 17 1/2 cents.

The capital stock of the company is \$41,073,410, of which the company has received in the treasury \$1,773,355. The difference, \$39,300,055, is the amount of the company's debt. The company has received \$11,770,000 during the year for the issue of 100 shares in exchange for the stock of companies owned by the Western Union, which have a portion of capital still outstanding, on which interest is paid as rental.

The total funded debt of the company, after deducting the amount of credit accruing from the sinking fund and its interest, amounted to \$6,332,119.35. From the net profits of the year the sum of \$1,773,355 was added to the sinking fund, the sum of \$2,558,768 was appropriated, leaving a surplus for the year of \$41,700,000. From this surplus \$1,000,000 was appropriated for the construction of new lines, leaving a balance for the year of \$40,700,000. This balance, \$40,700,000, was applied to the payment of liabilities incurred during the preceding year.

An exhaustive statement of the profits and disbursements of the company from the date of its consolidation, to the present time, shows a surplus income amount of \$1,773,355, and the present time, shows, according to President Orton, a total surplus of \$15,710,596.40.

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The capital stock of the International Ocean Telegraph Company is \$1,500,000, of which the Western Union Company owns \$1,000,000, and the International Ocean Company owns \$500,000. The funded debt of the company is \$300,000, of which \$71,614 has been redeemed. The net earnings for the year were: Receipts, \$316,276.74; expenses, \$447,770, leaving a deficit of \$131,493.26. The deficit of \$131,493.26 was covered by the surplus of \$11,175.48, which was carried over to the next year. The deficit of \$131,493.26 was covered by the surplus of \$11,175.48, which was carried over to the next year. The deficit of \$131,493.26 was covered by the surplus of \$11,175.48, which was carried over to the next year.

In April last one of the cables between Key West and Havana, which had failed during the winter months, was thoroughly repaired by the substitution of a piece of new and larger cable for the faulty portion removed, and the International Ocean Telegraph Company now has two perfect cables extending from Punta Rassa to Key West, and thence to Havana. The land lines in Florida have also been put in most efficient condition, and the company is better prepared than ever before to handle promptly its improving traffic.

REDUCTION OF MESSAGE RATES.

The decrease in the average tolls during the past year as compared with the preceding year was 3 5-10 cents per message, or 6 1-10 per cent. upon the entire traffic of the company.

The average decrease of rates during the preceding ten years was 7 6-10 per cent. per annum, which shows that the decrease last year was one per cent. less than the average.

During the past year the average rate charged for the transmission of messages transmitted by the company was 54 1/2 cents per message, while the average rate charged for the same service by other companies was 58 1/2 cents, or 9 3-10 per cent. more than the average.

It is worthy of notice, that the increase in the traffic of the company, and about equally due to, the increased facilities and the reduction in rates.

MONEY TRANSFER SERVICE.

The number of telegraphic money orders received during the year was 1,200. The amount transferred thereby was \$2,000,000, and the revenue accruing to the company was \$1,000,000, being an increase over the amount received during the preceding year of \$100,000, or 10 per cent.

The increase in the number of transfers was 6 1/2 per cent, and the amount of transfers was 6 1/2 per cent, and the amount transferred in each case, was \$1,000,000, or \$56.33 during the preceding year.

PNEUMATIC TUBES.

During the past year the central office in New York has been connected with the branch offices at No. 14 Broad Street, No. 134 Pearl Street and the

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest.

The Yellow Fever in Savannah.

Yellow fever still rages in Savannah, the death rate averaging about twenty-five a day. None of the operators reported sick in our last have yet returned to duty, but all are convalescent. Mr. Will Fleming was taken sick Oct. 4th. The attack was slight, but he is still confined to his bed, though out of danger. Mr. Frazer, another operator, who has been up every night for some time caring for his wife and child, who were both ill, and has probably run himself down, is also reported ill. This leaves the force very short. The night work is done by Messrs. Sinnott and Harkness, while the day work devolves upon chief Dillon and Mr. Hutchins. As there are nine circuits, all requiring attention, these gentlemen, even if no more of them be stricken down, will have anything but an easy time of it. Both of the signal officers have died. The first had passed through the Memphis epidemic, but fell a victim to this, dying about a week ago; the other, Mr. James H. Guerrard, died October 12th. Mr. Sinnott is now temporarily in charge of the signal office. He is ably assisted, however, by Mr. Finny, a young man of Savannah, and everything works well. The operator at Tybee Island, Mr. Valleau, being sick, together with Mr. Turner's illness at Savannah, leaves the Tybee Telegraph Company without talent, but between Sergeant Popple at Tybee and the Signal office at Savannah, communication is kept up. The owners of the line have an instrument in their private office, but other duties prevent them from caring for the wire. Mr. Turner having partially recovered, returned to work, but suffered a relapse Sept. 30th, and was again prostrated. He is now confined to his house. Mr. Turner's family were all sick, he lost his child Oct. 5th. The weather has changed, and prospects are more encouraging. Cold weather is now looked forward to as the only means of abating the plague.

WRITING FOR THE OPERATOR.—Every reader of THE OPERATOR should consider himself (or herself) a special correspondent of the paper in his district, and should, so far as his duties permit, try to send us a notice of everything coming to his attention which he thinks would be of interest to the fraternity at large. The influence of the paper is being felt among telegraphers, and it is now acknowledged as the telegraph paper of America.

THE OPERATOR is read, if not subscribed for, by the larger portion of the telegraph operators, managers, and others connected with the Western Union, A. & P., railroad and cable offices of the country, and has many superintendents and other officers on its subscription list. It is also read by a large number of newspapers, editors, exchanges, who show their appreciation by copying from its columns. This we are glad to see, when credit is given, as we occasionally receive subscriptions from persons who have seen such articles recopied into their local journals.

It is our endeavor to make the paper a mirror of the current telegraphic news, literature, wit and humor, and with that object in view, solicit the co-operation and assistance of telegraphers everywhere. When you see anything telegraphic in your local paper, we will be much obliged if you will cut it out and send it to us, or mail the paper, marking with a pen or pencil the item to which you wish to draw attention, or if an in-

cident happens in your office or on the wire likely to interest the fraternity, send it to us in a brief note, and we and the fraternity will thank you. In sending a letter for publication, be brief, and do not give office calls or operators' signs. Spell out names and offices in full—many otherwise interesting letters have to be rejected on this account. The shorter and more to the point a communication is, the better chance it has to appear in print.

Dashes Here and There.

A WILD duck, which was flying down a stream at Westport, Conn., a few days ago, struck a telegraph wire which was stretched across a bridge with such force that its head was severed from its body. A passer by found the bird, and had it cooked for supper.

As the Saxon troops were on their way home from a review by the Emperor William at Pulgar, near Leipsic, September 6, a colossal statue representing peace, standing near the triumphal archway at Leipsic, was struck by lightning and thrown to the ground.

The annual meeting of the Telegraphers' Mutual Benefit Association, advertised for November 8th, will be held November 15th. November 8th being the day following the Presidential election, few operators could be present, and for that reason it has been decided to postpone the meeting for one week.

THE A. D. T. CO. IN PHILADELPHIA.—So much has been said about the Western Union and A. and P. Telegraph Companies in Philadelphia, that it is but fair that some mention be made of the American District. Mr. W. J. Phillips, Superintendent of the Bureau of Telegraphy at the Centennial, is managing director, a very estimable gentleman, and the main staff of the A. D. T. Co. in Philadelphia. Mr. Phillips is a very popular man both with employees and among his associates. Mr. W. H. Sawyer, late of the A. D. T. Co., New York, is the efficient superintendent, and thoroughly understands his business. His assistant is Mr. R. P. Manly. The latter deserves much praise for the very workmanlike manner in which the wires have been run into the Centennial buildings. In the Main Building, Machinery Hall, and also at the general office, the cables are composed of red, white, and blue covered wire, which look very pretty, and are much admired. The A. D. T. Co. employs the following operators: Messrs. F. Janowitz, G. E. Reed, S. Ellis, Morse wire, Messrs. Higson, Brown, Rogers, Collins, Hoyer, and Misses Hassell, Wientz, Clements, McManus. Powden & Lynch, printing instruments. Mr. J. E. McManus is bookkeeper, and Mr. W. C. Stewart assistant superintendent, now acts as delivery clerk. Mr. Stewart is the party who detected the robbery of the French exhibitor's jewelry in the Main Building. The A. D. T. Co. handle on their Morse wires an average of about 275 or 300 messages a day, and on the printers about 250. They deliver about 200 messages a day on an average within the grounds.

ALBANY NOTES.—Mr. Daniel J. Harrigan, who died last Friday at Norwich, N. Y., was for a number of years employed in the Albany office; first with the New York, Albany, and Buffalo line, under Mr. J. D. Reid, and afterward with the Western Union, under Superintendents Balch and Prescott. Dan was always a genial, good-hearted fellow, and well liked by all his associates in the office, and when he was finally compelled on account of ill health to seek other employment, not a few regretted his departure from our midst. He was finally stricken down by that fatal disease (consumption), which has taken away so many loved ones from our ranks. His funeral took place in this city on Sunday, Oct. 8th, and was attended by upward of twenty-five telegraphers and a host of friends.

Mr. Follet, manager of the Troy W. U. office, who was last spring granted a leave of absence for six months, has returned from the west and will resume his duties as manager Nov. 1st. Mr. Ashby, who has been acting manager will return to his old position as chief operator, and Mr. Rankin, who has been acting chief will again scoop in night press.

John R. Van Wormer, ("Rufus Novem") of the Albany W. U. office, has taken the stump for Hayes and Wheeler. The press speak very highly of his addresses.

Chief operator M. L. Morgan and F. A. Evans, of the W. U., have returned from the Centennial, highly pleased with their trip.

X Y Z.

A worthy couple, during a violent thunder storm, were discussing the cause and effect of the forces of nature. "Who invented lightning?" inquired the lady. "Benjamin Franklin!" promptly replied the husband. At this astounding intelligence the lady paused awhile, as if reflecting upon the achievements of the inventor, and finally manifested her appreciation thereof by the exclamation, "Cursed fool, wasn't he?"

"Oakum Pickings" is the title of a pleasant book which has recently been published by Mr. W. J. Johnston of this city. This book is made up of short, lively, clever, amusing, and very readable sketches. No book recently issued is better adapted to while away a tedious hour.—*New York Dispatch.*

THE directors of the Submarine Company, says the *Railroad News*, have entered into an agreement, subject to the approval of the Postmaster-General, with the German Union Telegraph Company, for working another wire in that company's cable, which has been placed in connection with a special land line recently erected between the German coast and Vienna for the purpose of establishing a direct communication between London and that capital. This new route will, it is expected, when the disturbances in the Ottoman Empire are terminated, be a means of improving the transmission of messages between England and Turkey, and be beneficial to both companies.

MORE or less indignation exists among the good people of Tarrytown, N. Y., on account of a recent change in operators made by the Western Union. It appears that Miss Clara Brown, late operator at Dobbs' Ferry, is daughter of the postmaster at Tarrytown. Mr. Brown mixes somewhat in politics, and is a great friend of Mr. A. B. Cornell. He wanted his daughter transferred to Tarrytown that she might be at home. The salary he also understood, was ten dollars a month higher at the latter office than at Dobbs' Ferry. Mr. Cornell, it is claimed, legislated the transfer. Miss Elliot, the young lady who had but a few weeks before been appointed manager at Tarrytown, the former operator having resigned, was against her wishes sent to Dobbs' Ferry and her salary reduced ten dollars per month, while Miss Brown's was increased by a like amount. As Miss Elliot's home is also in Tarrytown, she strongly objected to the change, and especially the reduction in her salary. The bank president interested himself in her behalf, and, armed with a petition signed by nearly all the residents of Tarrytown, called on Mr.orton. He was, however, informed that it was then too late, as the transfers had been made permanently. Miss Elliot is said to be a good operator, and is certainly conversant with the business of Tarrytown, having learned telegraphy at that office. Unless an explanation is vouchsafed by the Western Union, we may take it that the transfer was the direct result of political influence.

A FEW PENNSYLVANIA PERSONALS.—The wire I wish to introduce to the reader is known to us as New East Penn. It is a W. U. wire leased to the P. & R. R. Co. for railroad business, and runs from Reading to Phillipsburg, along the east Penn. branch of the Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Beginning at the east end, "D," (I don't know his name) at "Jf" office, holds up one end of the wire, but sometimes we almost think he must have tied his end to a chair or leg of a table, as we occasionally have to pound hard and long before he gives the answering tug. Next comes Schwartz, at Easton. C. H. Algert and Francis Roland relieve each other at Allentown. Emans Junction, not yet a year old, and the junction of the E. P. and Perkiomen branches of the P. & R. has H. Wesley Eliott and H. Beitenman for its talent. Emans has J. H. Shipe and John Lyndall; at Macungie G. F. Egner and O. Neumoyer do the day work, and have no night office. Digressing a little, I bear G. F. Egner with B. F. Diehl, J. W. Singmaster, Dr. J. Dallas Erdman, and Horace Neumoyer working an amateur line, having five different offices in Macungie. Several of these gentlemen are subscribers of THE OPERATOR. Next comes Al. Bartis, J. P. Hartman, who is also agent, and Morgan Hartman, his assistant, day, and Hiram Wentling, night. At Topton, E. F. Scholl and George W. Geist are especially to be remembered. At Lyons are to be found J. K. Bieber and Charles F. Guinther. At Blandon, W. H. Shantz and A. B. Kaufman, and at Temple, R. D. Darlington and A. Harms. Then comes Reading dispatcher's office "D." J. J. Sellers looks after the wire here. Then we have Reading Depot, C. M. Dechant. The wire terminates at Reading W. U. office, where W. H. Runyon is manager and W. H. W. Hamaker is assistant.

Washington Notes.

Hotchkiss and Sawyer have returned from Philadelphia where they have been "helping out," and resumed their duties. They are evidently satisfied and glad to get back.

Ed Thompson, who resigned his position in the Western Union here early in September, has accepted a position with the Carolina Central Railroad at Wilmington, N. C.

Story, the irrepressible, has turned up at Philadelphia in the Western Union service. He and Eitenmiller will be apt to make New York howl when they get on the duplex or quad, if they don't explode it. Royce, McArthur, Bender, McCarty, and Capt. Whitney are doing the Centennial. The former will take in New York before he returns.

Fred Marcan has returned from an extended tour through Canada and New England and settled down to business.

Most of the men indulged in a short visit to the Centennial, and probably all will see it before it closes.

Kennedy Duff has resigned the management of the Atlantic and Pacific, and has been succeeded by Ladow. Mr. Duff has accepted the ticket agency of the Penn. R. R. at their office in the National Hotel, and runs a branch A. & P. office in connection with it. The latter company have also offices at the St. Marc Hotel, corner of 7th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and one in the Pennsylvania Railroad depot on Sixth Street.

The A. & P. Company seem to be fully aware of the magnitude of the contest with the Western Union, and are making a good fight for the business, but they are doing it on a cheap scale. It is reported that their operator at the Capitol, a lady, is paid the munificent sum of fifteen whole dollars per month. If the stockholders fail to receive a dividend after this they can't charge it to extravagant salaries.

The office under the Metropolitan Hotel, formerly the Southern and Atlantic office, but which has been used as a branch office jointly by the W. U. and A. & P. since the consolidation of the S. & A., has been closed, and Burhans and Deakers transferred to the main office, the former to the day and the latter to the night force. By the consolidation of the S. and A. lines with those of the Western Union, the latter has exclusive control of the southern business, and, so far as the increase of business is concerned, it has undoubtedly been a good thing for the W. U., but the lines themselves are in very bad shape and will need a good deal of work, such as repairs, reconstruction, and a thorough overhauling before they will be very serviceable or of any great value.

Business has been very good all summer, much better than usual, for summer is generally a dull time, but the full winter force has been kept up, except those who have been on vacations, and there has been work for all, and, as the election campaign has fairly set in, it is fair to presume there will be plenty of work until after the inauguration next March.

Quite a number of wagers have been made on the result of the elections, and the fortunate ones will be sporting new beaver hats, Havana cigars, etc., while the unfortunates will have to perambulate the avenue arrayed in Centennial dusters all winter as a reward for their excess of confidence in the result of the ballot box.

Dick Falconer, an old timer, who has been employed as a clerk in the Treasury Department for some years, was one of the unlucky ones on the first of September, and has gone back to his first love. He is now in the office of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, at Baltimore.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.—Clara Sullivan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a telegraph operator, who said she resided at No. 60 East Forty-fifth Street, was arraigned before Justice Kasmire, at the Washington Place Court in this city, October 8th, charged with malicious mischief. It appeared from the evidence that on Saturday evening she sent a servant with a telegraphic message to the American District Telegraph office, No. 1,255 Broadway. The manager, Mr. J. Montross, refused to receive the message without pay in advance. She then came to the office and abused him, whereon he put her out. She then smashed a large pane of glass in the window. She told Justice Kasmire that she would have struck Mr. Montross if she could. The gentleman withdrew his complaint against her at the solicitation of Justice Kasmire, and the parties left court arm in arm.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Art.

If science is systematized knowledge, art is applied knowledge, or the application of universal laws to particular facts. It is derived from *ars*, strength, the primary sense of power, and therefore of skill. It is the modification of things by human skill to serve some intended useful purpose. There are many branches of art as there are of science. Thus we have the art of ship-building, of gardening, of painting, of engraving, of printing, of telegraphy. And not only have we the art of producing, but that of criticism, or of testing the genuineness, truth, or correctness of things done by others. A judge of pictures tests the truth of a production before him by comparing it with certain laws that he has learnt from observation, or has been taught by experience; and an electrician tests the value of an instrument submitted to his inspection by comparing it with certain principles or conditions that he has acquired by his scientific training. A scientific training increases many times the pleasure produced by an inspection of the beautiful productions of ancient and modern skill. The telegraph engineer invents a certain instrument by applying those particular facts that observation and study have brought to his notice, and the telegraphist applies his art in making use of the instrument so invented. Universal laws and particular facts are the extremes both of science and art, but science ascends from phenomena to conditions, and art descends from conditions to phenomena. Telegraphy may be both a science and an art. It is a science when it gathers laws from particular facts; it is an art when it applies those laws to particular facts. Thus Ohm laid the foundation of the science of electric currents when he developed the laws of resistance, and Varley developed the art of testing when he applied those laws to determine the distance from the shore of the broken end of a cable. Faraday determined the science of magneto-electricity when he discovered the fact that currents can be produced by the motion of a wire in a magnetic field, and Wheatstone improved the art of telegraphy when he applied those currents to work a simple alphabetical dial. In the development of science the mind is more exercised than the body; in the development of art the hands or body are more concerned than the mind. There are the useful arts and the fine arts—he former, besides the various trades, include telegraphy, and the latter comprehend those productions of human genius and skill which are addressed to the sentiment of taste or to the imagination. In fact, a science teaches us *to know* and an art *to do*, and all the more perfect sciences lead to the creation of corresponding useful arts. Psychology is the basis of the art of education, physiology is the foundation of the art of medicine, astronomy leads to the art of navigation, and heat to that of railway locomotion. Chemistry is the root of many useful arts, and electricity is the foundation of the art of telegraphy. Although the primary position has been given to science, it must not be forgotten that art is usually the precursor of science, and that it is from the art itself that the science has often been evolved. The fact that science is systematized knowledge implies the existence of isolated facts upon which the mind is able to generalize, and these facts are usually the consequence of the pursuance of the arts. Hence an expert in the art by no means implies an expert in the science, and unfortunately the two are rarely combined, especially in the telegraphic world. It is a very regrettable fact, for none have such opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the science of electricity as those who are engaged in pursuing the art of telegraphy.—*Telegraphic Journal.*

The difference in the effects of lightning in various countries is remarkable. It is believed to be more dangerous in England than here. From statistics collected it appears that on an average seventy-seven people are killed by it each year in France, and the annual list of killed and wounded there by this cause amounts to 250. The low-lying departments are less subject to it. Eighty were wounded and nine killed in one thunderstorm at Chateaufort-le-Montiers in 1861, and within one week, when the air was highly charged with electricity, thirty-three fearful flashes of lightning were observed, each bringing death to some victims. Twenty-two people are killed by lightning every year in England, nine in Switzerland, and three in Belgium.

Awards to Telegraphic Exhibitors at the Centennial.

It appears from the report of the awards of medals made to the exhibitors of telegraphic and electrical apparatus at the Centennial, and already referred to in *THE OPERATOR*, that, as in nearly all the other exhibits, each exhibitor who entered for competition has obtained a medal. These indiscriminate awards can not be very satisfactory, we should think, and perhaps the judges will find that like the old man in the fable, in trying to please everybody they have only succeeded in creating general dissatisfaction. Besides the awards published in our last issue,

The Western Electric Manufacturing Company of Chicago obtained medals for Galvanometers and Resistance coils; Brooks' Improved Patent Insulators; Gray's Printing Telegraph; Electric Bells, Annunciators and Fire Alarms; Electric Railway Safety Signals.

Patrick and Carter, Philadelphia, for Telegraph Sounders, Learners' Apparatus, etc.

Watts and Co., Baltimore, for Electric Annunciators.

Welch and Anders, Boston, for Magneto Printing Telegraph Instruments.

Wallace and Sons, Ansonia, Conn., for Moses G. Farmer's Magneto-Electric Machine.

National Fire Alarm Co., Richmond, Ind., for Fire Alarm and Police Telegraph.

Washburn and Mosen Manufacturing Co., for Galvanized Telegraph Wire.

Samuel Gardner, Washington, for Electric Gas Lighting Apparatus.

Holmes' Burglar Alarm Co., New York, for Burglar Alarm Telegraphs.

Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Co., for the American Automatic Telegraph.

American District Telegraph Co., for Improved Gravity Battery and District Telegraph Apparatus.

The American judges were Prof. Henry, of Washington, Prof. Barnard, New York, Prof. Hilgard, Washington, and Prof. Watson, the well-known astronomer of Ann Arbor; and the foreign judges Sir Wm. Thomson, LL.D., Great Britain, Jule Schiedmayer, Germany, E. Levasseur, France, P. F. Kupka, Austria, Theodore Grebi, substitute for E. T. Perret, Switzerland.

A BRIGHT little book, published by W. J. Johnston, of this city, with a portrait of the good looking author, has been written by Mr. W. P. Phillips, under the pen name of John Oakum, and with the title "Oakum Pickings." Written without pretension, it contains some really amusing sketches of telegraph life and character, and is interesting as the first step toward a telegraphic literature. The author says in a note accompanying the book: "I am aware that you are overrun with new books by people who were never heard of before, and who are never likely to be again." This is true, but how did the author find it out? At all events, we think he may be heard from again with advantage.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.—The small pox scare in San Francisco and vicinity evidently had possession of the artist at San Pablo, who transformed, "Come to-morrow, get children vacation rest of week," into "vaccination rest of week." He must have thought a rigid course of treatment was necessary. Oakland has her A. D. T. now, and also a direct cable to San Francisco which works first-class, that is when they can persuade vessels to keep out of the thousand foot limit and stop dragging their anchors over it.

Mr. B. H. Bates is manager of Oakland office. He is married, so we pass him by. Eddie and Sergeant Fisher of the A. D. T. are both destined to be good operators some day; in the meantime close attention to biz makes them beloved by all the boys. Oakland also has its "factory" where the most doubtful kind of operators do periodically graduate. One of the Branch office youngsters was heard to sing this refrain in regular revival meeting style after waiting forty-five minutes for O. K. to his message.

"In Heaven above, where all is love,

That student will not be there."

But we have our doubts about the Branch office gentleman himself being there, for the language he used is neither found in Webster or the Cyclopaedia.

CALIFORNIA

PERSONALS.

Miss L. A. Norris is operator at Northboro, Mass.
Mr. Charles H. Edwards is operator at Portland, Conn.

Mr. Thomas Bladen, of 197, has returned from Philadelphia.

Mr. J. A. Davis is with the G. and C. R. R. at Greenville, S. C.

Mr. R. Tazewell is agent and operator C. and P. R. R., Kingston, Ill.

Mr. Geo. E. Ruuck is manager of the D. and M. office at Toledo, O.

Mr. C. E. Martin, of 197, has just returned after a week at the Centennial.

Mr. E. K. Vandine is with the N. B. and C. railway at Houlton, Maine.

Mr. E. J. Nagle is manager of the Western Union office at White Haven, Pa.

Mr. Fisher, of the Western Union office, Chicago, has joined the opposition in same city.

Mr. E. C. Boileau has returned to his desk at the Associated Press room, New York.

Miss Case, manager W. U. Co., corner of Broadway and Duane Street, has a new assistant.

Mr. J. W. Chapman is manager of the Irondale, Ohio, office of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh R. R.

Will Ella F. please write to "Ma" once more, W. U. office, Lyons, Iowa, month of October only.

An infant child of Mr. J. L. Hendricks, Western Union manager at Englewood, N. J., died last week.

Mr. L. M. Pennington is with the New Orleans, St. Louis, and Chicago Railroad, at Water Valley, Miss.

Mr. W. A. Root, late N. Y. C. operator at Batavia, N. Y., has been promoted to a position in the Buffalo office.

P. L. Ryder, day report man at the Worcester, Mass., W. U. office, is spending his vacation at Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Geo. Shaw, of Chicago, died at Kansas City Mo., a couple of weeks ago, while on his way to his home in Chicago.

Mr. T. J. Bishop, who has been down nearly two months with a dangerous attack of typhoid fever, is slowly recovering.

The wife of Mr. Forman of the Western Union main office, Chicago, died Sept. 1st. He has the sympathy of all the boys.

R. W. Conklin is with the Western Union at Raritan, N. J., and F. Reed with same company at Gloucester City, N. J.

Mr. Mail Agent Holmes wants to exchange his 93 in the shade linen duster for an overcoat. Principals only dealt with.

Mr. C. H. Davis has resigned his position with the W. U. Co. at 197, and goes up one floor. He is now with the Associated Press.

The co-partnership business of Davis & Rae, has, by mutual consent, been dissolved. Mr. Rae attends to the Handbook business alone now.

Mr. W. T. Stone, lately from Hartford, Conn., has accepted a position on the day force, Philadelphia W. U. office, relieving Mr. Sawyer.

Charley Stagg of Elmira, N. Y., with his brand new wife, passed through the city a few days since, returning from his Centennial wedding tour.

Let every one sign for the ball. There is every promise of a more extensive and happy affair the coming winter, than has ever transpired before.

J. W. Benckert has resigned his position with the A. and P. Co., Philadelphia, and accepted the management of the Board of Trade office, Front and Chestnut streets.

Mr. T. R. Taltavall, of the Associated Press, leaves to-day for a three weeks' play spell. He goes to Sandusky and Cleveland, Ohio, via the Centennial, we understand.

Mr. Adam Beidler, formerly of Philadelphia, but now hailing from Chicago, is taking a month's vacation and rustivating between his home in Reading and the Centennial.

Mr. J. F. Shorey, of the Western Union Office, Boston, paid us a visit last week. He is off on a month's vacation. Mr. Chas. D. Wilson, of the A. and P., Davenport, Iowa, also called, on his way to the Centennial.

Mr. Perry Chamberlain, manager of the A. and P. Tel. Co., Englewood, N. J., called at this office on Monday. He says the A. and P. are doing quite a lively business at Englewood.

Mr. Jno. R. Glover, agent and operator L. and N. R. R., Paris, Tenn., wishes the present address of Charles O. Pierson, formerly operator at that station. Can any of our readers accommodate him?

The Enterprise Dramatic Association, composed principally of employes at 197, give an entertainment and hop at Turn Hall, East 4th Street, on Wednesday, October 18th, 1876. A good time is expected.

T. G. Kennedy, night chief of New York office has been doing the Centennial, but very briefly. He honored the Philadelphia main office with a brief visit. Messrs. Gaynor and Ed Morton, of New York W. U. office, also paid flying visits.

Mr. F. W. Glidden resigned his position on the Philadelphia W. U. night force, taking effect Oct. 1st. He has been succeeded by Mr. Haight from the day force. Mr. Glidden has been tendered a managership under Superintendent Clinch.

Miss J. Josie Schofield of the general manager's office, Dominion Tel. Co., Toronto, Ont., is a most pleasing and graceful writer. She is a valued and well paid contributor to the *New Dominion*, a literary paper published at Hamilton, Canada, we are informed.

Messrs. Hotchkiss, Sawyer and Story, were transferred from Washington to Philadelphia, temporarily, during the immense rush of business previous to and succeeding Pennsylvania day at the Centennial. The two former have returned home. Story still remains.

In its own peculiar chirography, the following verse by Spivins can be found in the autograph book in which telegraphers are in the habit of writing their names at the Centennial:

Some call me Charley Evans,
Some pronounce it Ivins,
But when its in the O. P. R.,
Its always written Spivins.

Mr. James Halley, who has been wafting lightning in the Western Union office at Cheyenne for several years, having held the position of chief operator during the past six months, leaves tomorrow for the north, and will take charge of the Cheyenne and Black Hills telegraph line, stopping for a short time at Custer City and going from there to Deadwood. Mr. Halley is a genial gentleman, a proficient operator, is full of vim, has good business tact, and we commend him to the good graces of our friends in the north.—*Cheyenne, Wyo., Leader.*

The Board of Directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company elected October 11th, are as follows: William Orton, James H. Banker, Alonzo B. Cornell, Harrison Durkee, Marvin Green, Joseph Harker, E. D. Morgan, August Schell, W. K. Thorn, C. Vanderbilt, Frank Work, Chester W. Chapin, John R. Duff, Wilson G. Hunt, David Jones, C. Livingston, James Milliken, J. O. Mills, Levi P. Morton, O. H. Palmer, George M. Pullman, E. S. Sanford, John Stewart, Moses Taylor, Daniel Torrance, W. H. Vanderbilt, W. R. Vermilye, E. B. Wesley, and E. D. Worcester.

James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, expressed his thanks recently, the *Home Journal* says, for the promptness and courtesy with which his telegraph business has been done at the Western Union Office, Newport, R. I., by presenting each of the employes there with a handsome sum of money. Mr. Bennett makes very liberal use of the electric fluid in connection with the *Herald*, the paper during his absence from New York being edited, as it were, by telegraph. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that he found the brethren of Newport so prompt and efficient.

BALTIMORE PERSONALS.—Frank Adams, of the Baltimore W. U. office, who has been off for some time, having suffered from typhoid fever, has returned and is working the Richmond and Norfolk wire. A. K. V. Hull, of the Chicago duplex, Baltimore, has returned from a week's sojourn at the Centennial. It is reported that Sam Sprigg, of New York duplex, Baltimore, is to leave for the Centennial November 1st, also paying a visit to New York, and that the fair lady who accompanies him is to make his future all happiness and bliss. May their pathway through life be ever straight and flow'ry.
Jx.

A step has been taken toward reducing the price of the lunch tickets. Additional waiters have been employed and now they have a cashier; a rather novel way, the lunchers think, of reducing expenses.

OAKUM PICKINGS.—Walter P. Phillips, otherwise "John Oakum," or, as he styles himself, with a second title, "A snapper up of unconsidered trifles," has issued his pleasant book, called it "Oakum Pickings" and chosen for his publisher W. J. Johnston, of 11 Frankfort Street, New York. As we have said, it is a pleasant book of nearly two hundred pages, filled with stories, sketches and paragraphs, written in an attractive and peculiar style. Some of these we have seen before, wandering about in the newspapers like little orphans, and have wondered who their father was. We are glad to see them reclaimed and to know that they have such an honorable paternity. Most of them can be best understood and appreciated by telegraphers, who can see certain points that apply to their profession; but many, like "Stage Conching," and "Uncle Daniel," any one can read and like for the humor and smooth style in which they are written. The book is embellished with a likeness of "John." We say embellished, for "John" has a very handsome face, not entirely a fleshly handsome one, but an intelligently handsome one. If you can read the book without saying "John, go and do some more," you are less susceptible to what is good than we are. Try it and see.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

MARRIAGES.

DE LANO—ALLEN.—Oct. 3d, at Manitowoc, Wis. by the Rev. Mr. De Forest, Mr. W. De Lano, operator at Manitowoc, to Miss C. Barbara Allen.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 24th, at Elizabeth, N. J., the wife of Mr. R. W. Pope of a daughter.

Sept. 24th, to A. Bowersock, of "Gh" office, Baltimore, a girl. Nine pounder.

October 1st, to Alex. Kline, repairman, Hunters Point, L. I., a girl.

September 28th, to William Brown, lineman, Western Union main office, New York, a girl.

September 6th, the wife of Mr. G. W. Fowler, of General Offices C. S. Railroad, St Thomas, Ont., of a son.

DEATHS.

Oct. 6th, at Norwich, N. Y., Daniel J. Harrigan, aged thirty-three years, formerly of the W. U. office, Albany, N. Y.

Oct. 5th, at Hinsdale, Mass., Ira H. Scott, formerly manager of W. U. office, Hinsdale, aged twenty-one years.

The "Snapping Frog."

Price, 25 Cents.

The Snapper Sounder, in its travels round the globe, has been remodeled by an ingenious Frenchman, and placed upon the Parisian market in the shape of a frog. The result of this metamorphosis was astounding. Paris ran wild over this new sensation, and the "Snapping Frog" has proved to be the most attractive novelty of the season, and they were sold in that city at the rate of 30,000 per day. Having no prejudice against foreign ideas, when good, I have arranged to supply my customers with this improved article. Telegraphers will be especially delighted with it, the sound produced by its manipulation being equally diabolical with that of the celebrated "Snapper Sounder," while its convenient size and attractive appearance make it alike desirable as a pocket companion or an ornament to the desk. By taking advantage of the "pauper labor of Europe," I am prepared to supply them, post-paid, on the following **SLIDING SCALE**, to suit the times:

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The *Telegraphic Journal*, a semi-monthly magazine published in London, and the highest authority on telegraphical and electrical subjects perhaps in the world, is desirous of obtaining more readers on this side the Atlantic, and becoming, if possible, as much of an American as an English journal.

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degree of strength to the muscles supporting the spinal column. To those who are afflicted with dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous debility, weakness of the chest, lung and liver complaints, etc., it may be used with the most gratifying results. It is graduated to the use of the strongest man or the weakest child; is admirably adapted to the use of invalids and convalescents, where gentle exercise is desirable. To ladies and children especially, the exercise will be found of the most invigorating character. It is highly recommended by leading physicians and all those who have made the subject of physical exercise a study.

PRICE LIST.

No. 1. For Children 4 to 6 years, \$1.00. No. 2. For Children 6 to 8, \$1.10. No. 3. For Children 8 to 10, \$1.20. No. 4. For Children 10 to 14, \$1.30. No. 5. For Ladies and Children 14 years and upward, \$1.40. No. 6. For Gentlemen of moderate strength, \$1.50. No. 7, \$2.00. Complete set of seven, \$9.00. No. 7 is fitted with a screw-eye and hook to attach to the wall or floor. Two of this size properly arranged make a Complete Gymnasium. Sent post-paid upon receipt of price.

JUST ADDED—No. 8. For Gentlemen of extra strength, \$2.50.

See THE OPERATOR of October 1st.

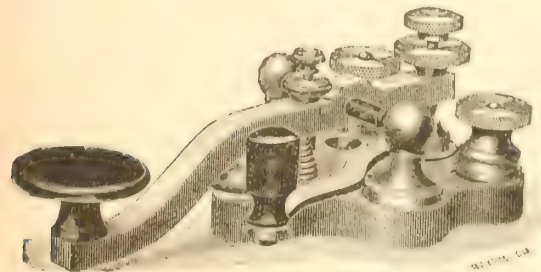
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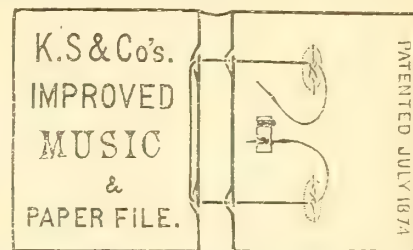
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Cancer has from time immemorial been a great scourge to the human race, and is now becoming the greater. For many years it has been held by the medical profession, and generally believed by the people, that Cancer is incurable: that once its roots take hold upon a victim, there is no chance for a sufferer to escape a lingering and terrible death; a death surrounded by all that is disgusting and horrible, not only to the sufferer, but to his friends. Happily, this fell destroyer need no longer be feared. Dr. H. T. Bond, of Philadelphia, a well-known physician, of large experience, has for years devoted himself to the special study and treatment of Cancer, and the result of his experience is his Discovery for the radical cure of Cancer, without the use of either knife, caustic, or plasters, and without pain.

The majority of persons are greatly deceived in regard to the first symptoms and appearance of this most dreaded disease, considering it painful from the commencement. This is a sad mistake, carrying thousands to an untimely grave. In most cases there is little or no pain until the disease is far advanced. The only symptoms for many months, and even for years, are occasionally a stinging, darting, stabbing, shooting smarting, itching, burning, crawling, or creeping sensation, and in some cases not any of these. If a malady is growing worse instead of better, it is conclusive evidence it is of a malignant character, and demands immediate attention. If you have a braun, scaly, crusty, or warty appearance, with an occasional breaking out of these upon the face, lip, or nose, or any other portion of the skin, attended with any of the above symptoms, or a sensation of a fly being on it, or a hair tickling it, is certain evidence it is Cancer, and there should be no delay in using Dr. Bond's treatment. Life is too valuable to be tampered with.

Dr. Bond's treatment consists of an "Antidote," that is applied locally; this at once arrests the growth of the Cancer, and by chemical action neutralizes its malignity, rendering it harmless and changing it to a simple sore, which nature, assisted by constitutional remedies, soon heals (when the skin is unbroken and the Cancer is a hard tumor, the Antidote does not make an open sore, but removes it by absorption). In connection with the Antidote is used the Specific, taken internally. This tones up the general health, strengthens the patient, purifies the blood, and eliminates the poison from the system. Dr. Bond's ANTIDOTE contains neither caustic nor poison, and can be applied to the most delicate tissues of the body without injury, and therefore is the only Remedy that can be used in internal Cancer, such as Cancer of the Stomach, Cancer of the Womb, etc. Dr. Bond's remedies, with full directions for successful treatment, will be sent to any part of the world.

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Send for Catalogue and Price List.

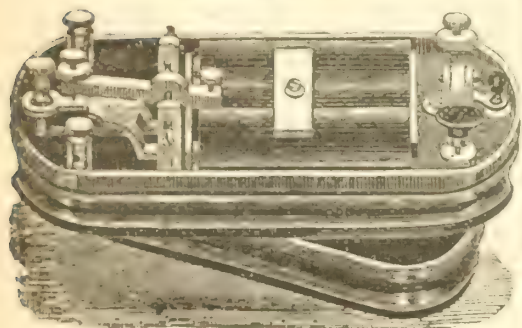
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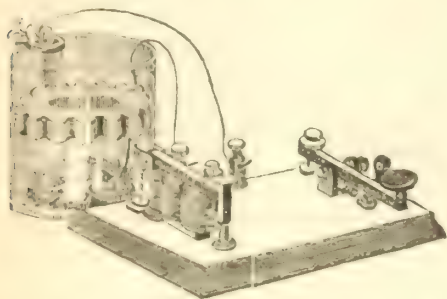
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They are complete Railroad outfits when furnished in black
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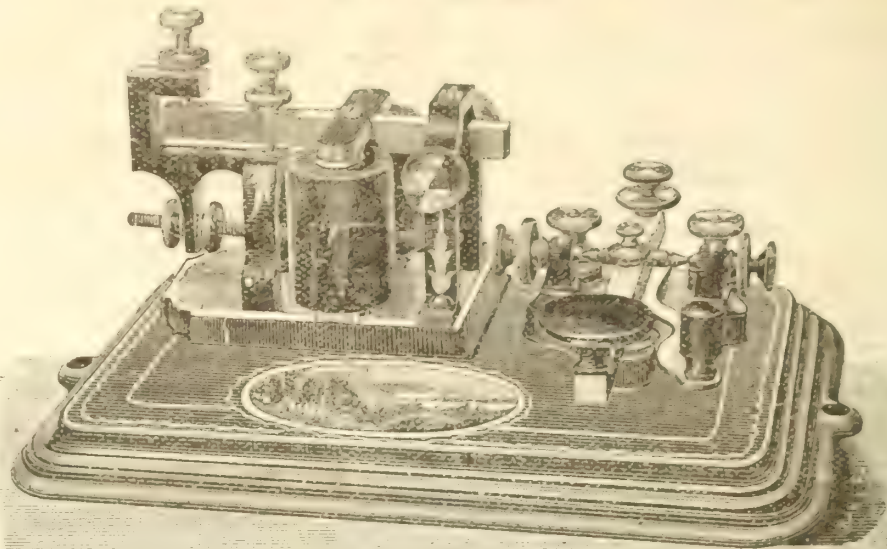
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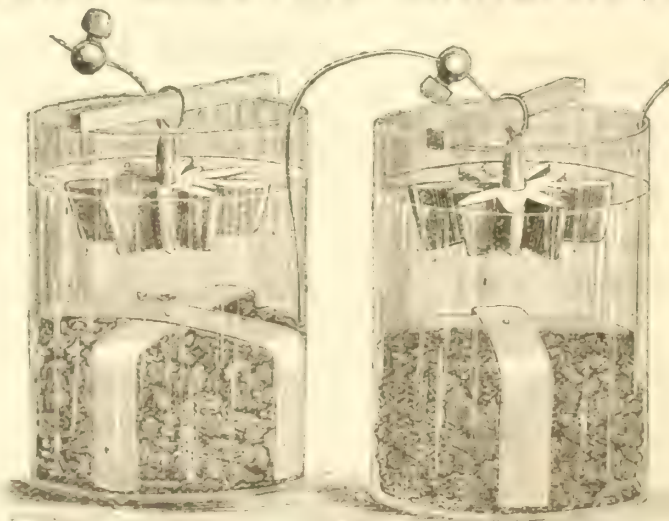
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The OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1876.

No. 5

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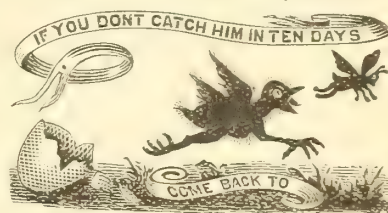
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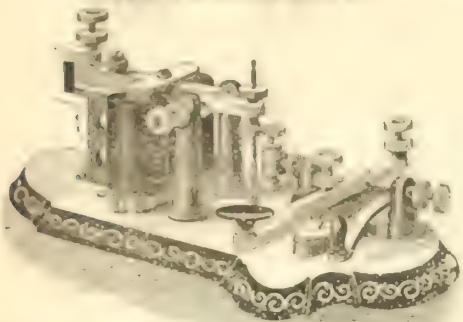
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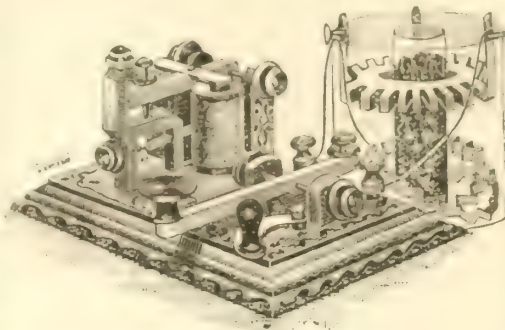
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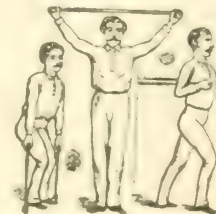
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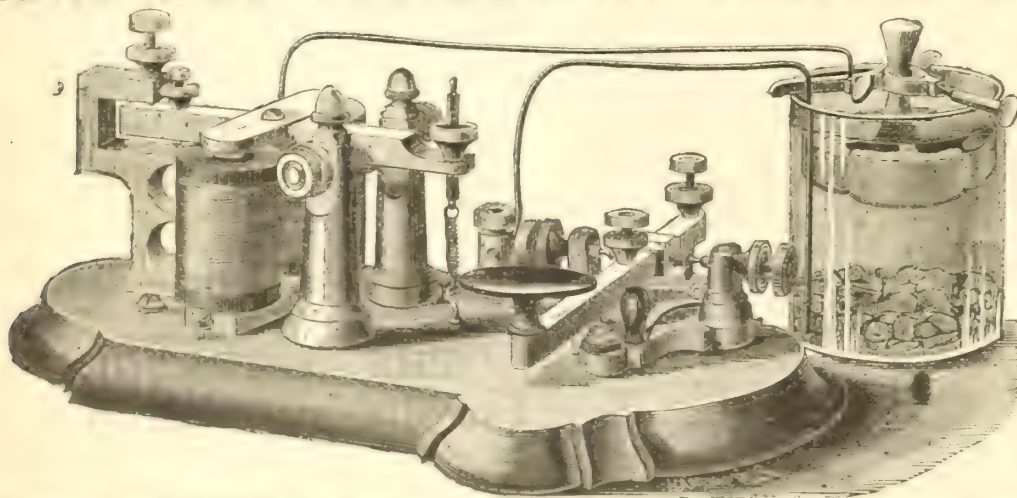
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The Operator,

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

November 1st, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 65.

Matters and Things at the Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct., 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPERATOR:

At the Centennial, as well as everywhere else, there are now indications that, as the poet has so well expressed it,

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
A little too warm for whisky,
And a little too cold for beer!"

which is certainly a sad state of things for the drinking community, as it isn't much fun to sit under Lauber's canvas roof and imbibe the Teuton's beverage to slow music with the thermometer showing a decided downward tendency, and the whisky is only to be obtained in Agricultural Hall, and there only by the favored few—policemen and guards, for instance.

But, although overcoats are now in brisk demand, and spooning in the shady, secluded spots of Landsdowne Ravine is at a discount—the crowd still holds its own, the gentle eyed and gaping countryman still strolls along—hand in hand with his gawky "gal," both munching pop-corn in charming innocence and blissful unconsciousness of the conventional prejudices of the "upper ten"—and sleeping accommodations are hard to find anywhere by those so fastidious as to require anything more high toned than a bunking spot on a door mat, or cot in the hall. New exhibits are still being uncovered even at the eleventh hour, and it seems as though the great show will only be fully completed at its close. One of the most prominent additions of late is the right hand of the Statue of "Liberty enlightening the world," destined for erection on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor, which has just been set up on the shores of the lake near Machinery Hall, and makes a striking feature in the artificial landscape.

It seems that Mons. Bartholdi wished to show at least a sample of his great work, and, from this immense fragment which looms up over Cook's building and dwarfs the life sized "Atlas" on its roof to a veritable pigmy by comparison, and might be taken, from its position, to be the veritable hand of Fate, of which we so often speak so lightly, holding aloft its blazing, gilded flambeau—at least a faint idea may be obtained of the immense size and imposing appearance of the complete colossal figure which will one day be the pride of New York and the world. At the base of the wrist, which seems to come from an arm of like proportions buried in the ground below, a doorway opens to a flight of stairs which lead through the hand and open by a door in the torch on to the balcony surrounding the gilded flame, where there is comfortable standing room for some eight or nine people, and which now affords a fine view of the grounds, but will be blessed with a wider horizon and more extended view when placed in its destined position, over two hundred feet above the sea. As the entrance door is a sealed barrier, however, to all but subscribers to the Statue fund, the number who pass it and make the ascent is as limited as that of the favored few who obtain the "open sesame," and tread the long tunnel under Machinery Hall, and reach the mysterious depths under the great Corliss engine. Inside the buildings one would suppose that everything must certainly be the best, for most all the exhibits bear phaeuds and signs of "medal awarded," or "highest prize," which show that the judges have concluded their labors and covered themselves with glory by bestowing testimonials of honor on three-fourths of the exhibitors, and, by making all happy, escaped the censure and complaints of the disappointed competitors. Indeed, so ludicrous has the battle for precedence become between some classes of manufacturers—notably the piano and sewing machine men—that the select few who were not mentioned in

the reports of awards, are inclined to consider the omission an honor, and claim that they, and they only, are, par excellence, the champions of the field. It is to be regretted, however, that no official list of detailed awards has yet been published by the commission—especially concerning the several telegraphic displays, and that we must wait until nearer the close of the Exhibition, before learning definitely what firms and what goods may be considered as really ranking first in economy, desirability, and general usefulness. As the patentee of a new style of corkscrew or toothpick receives precisely the same medal as the maker of a piano or discoverer of a new force, it is only the wording of the accompanying diploma which can determine the grade of merit which each medal represents.

In Horticultural Hall, among the fragrance and bloom of tropical plants and flowers, is to be found an ingenious application of electricity for musical purposes which has not yet been mentioned here. In the eastern gallery stands the "electric organ," which is certainly a novel and ingenious instrument, if not destined to play an important part in "The music of the Future," and crowds press around, day after day, gazing in awe and wonder, on a machine which apparently contains a full orchestra and literally reads and plays its own music. The motive power is furnished by a "blower," who works the bellows in any church organ, and the case of the instrument looks as modest and unassuming as any; but the player's desk and keyboard is where the mystery is concealed, and literally the key to the whole secret. A long roll of paper is first prepared as music, the notes punched out instead of being printed, and this is passed over a revolving drum, on which rests a row of fingers or keys, each connected by wire with its own organ pipe within the case. As the drum is driven by a "wind engine," whose motive power is the bellows blast—the organ blower, in "raising the wind" starts the mechanism, and the paper sheet at once begins to move; as each note passes under its key, a connection is made through the drum with the battery, the current closes an electro magnet, which opens an air valve in the pipe, and a musical note is produced varying in length with the hole in the paper. Thus by preparing the music sheet properly, the instrument may be made to play with absolute correctness and certainly the most difficult compositions, with all the accessories of drums, cymbals, hautboys, etc., and the effect produced is that of a full orchestra with organ accompaniment, rather than that of a mere organ alone. This application of the mystic force to musical purposes is the invention of Messrs. W. and H. Schmolle, two young Philadelphians, who have spent some years in their experiments, and have just reason for pride at the accomplishment of the difficult task of making an actual musician out of electricity. With this and the "Telephone," what will the next generation do with or need of Theodore Thomas or his confreres?

NUT CED.

A New Electric Fire Alarm.

A new electric fire alarm, devised by M. Gaulne, of Paris, was recently described at a session of the Belgian Society of Civil Engineers. A metal box fixed to the wall or ceiling of the room, has two metal columns which receive the conducting wires from below, and to which are attached two sensitive plates, the upper ends of which meet near the summit of the box at an acute angle when brought together. Each plate is made partly of steel and partly of an expansible metal, the steel being on the inside and extending to the end of the plate, the expansible metal being the shorter. The effect of heat on these plates is to cause the outer metal to expand; and the steel ends being brought in contact, connection is established between the wires, and a bell is sounded.

Besides serving as a fire alarm, the invention is intended to act as an ordinary call bell, and to this end a vertical rod, spring-supported, has at its upper extremity an index which, when the rod is drawn down by a cord similar to a bell pull on its lower end, rubs against the sensitive plates and thus establishes the current.

The degree of expansion of the outer metal of the plates being known, it is only necessary to approximate the ends more or less closely to cause contact to occur at any thermometric point and the bell to sound. A needle attached to one plate moves over a dial marked with degrees and fractions. This plate is moved toward or allowed to spring from the other by means of a regulating screw, and thus the needle may be adjusted to any degree.

A Story of Early Day Telegraphy.

GANDENSBURG, OHIO, Oct. 17, 1876.

A good many years ago, before I had first grasped the key, or attempted to sound the mystic combinations of dots and dashes, I read—I have forgotten where—the story I am about to relate. Little more than the base of the narrative remains in my mind, which will necessitate my rendering it in my own words as best I can.

In a little box of a telegraph office, in a sea coast village in Maine, sat Nannie De Shiels—blue-eyed, ruby lipped, laughing Nannie De Shiels—the pride of the rough but good-hearted fishermen, and an object of continual wonder to them, because she was the sole operator in the newly-opened telegraph office. Beside her, practicing on a rusty looking key, was "Little Rose Ringgold," with such a spiritual, magnetic beauty, that strangers and friends alike could not but marvel at her being the daughter of old Sam Ringgold, the lighthouse keeper. She it was that Nannie, actuated by a spirit of the purest good will, had undertaken to teach the hidden mysteries of Morse's wonderful invention, and in the short month that they had been drawn together by this occupation, a strong and lasting friendship had sprung up between the two.

But it was now the time for closing the office, and Rose knew that her father would soon be waiting to row her back to the lighthouse, so she bade her friend adieu, Nannie herself soon walking briskly to her home. But there was little rest for Nannie De Shiels that night. At first kept awake by the raging tempest outside, she was at last awakened from an untroubled sleep by the strange, unnatural ringing of the fog-bell at the lighthouse. Long and anxiously she listened to its irregular, almost fanciful pealing, now hearing some word of wondering curiosity from a casual passer by, now listening to the busy hum of voices on the beach. Suddenly she started up, her eyes distended, her whole frame quivering with eager expectation. How like telegraphic symbols those two last peals sounded! Listen! Dash—dot—A pause. Dot—dash—Not another moment she waited, but ere the noble old bell rung by fair hands had beaten out the final "e" of her own name, she was hurrying toward the crowd that had already assembled on the beach. Arrived there she insisted that she should have immediate access to the bell belonging to the village church, and her earnest aspect, as well as the unlimited confidence reposed in her by the villagers forbidding a too obstinate resistance, she was conducted to the church and the bell rope placed in her hands. She rang the bell violently for a few moments. The fog bell stopped. It would have been hard work for many men, but rejecting all proffers of assistance, she rang out the simple words: "I am here—Nannie." Then came back clear and distinct: "A ship going to pieces on the reef; our boats washed away; send help." All her strength thrown into the "O. K.," and hardly waiting to hear the eloquent "thank God," borne back on the wind, she hastily explained to the group of wondering listeners surrounding her. Some shook their heads, and said if the girl had been locked up at first it would have been better for her and her friends, while another upheld these views by asserting that that queer thing called the "telegraph," was enough to unsettle any one's mind; that it had nearly worried him out of his senses for the mere thinking of it, and who could wonder at it hurting a weak girl shut up all day with it. But as the soundness of this individual mind had never been fully established, sturdy Tim Donavin settled the dispute by declaring that the new invention had done stranger things than these; that they would not be true seamen if they let slip the slightest chance of saving human life, and finally clinched his argument by the astounding announcement that if he could not obtain assistance he would attempt to row to the lighthouse by himself, let the storm rage as it would. No one now thought of further delay, but two of the strongest boats being manned, and our heroine having placed herself in the foremost one in spite of the most earnest protestations, they set out into the night and storm.

All are saved; and as the two heroic girls weepingly embrace each other, many a grateful heart thanks God for the noble self devotion which he has implanted in them. IVENORDE YENIE.

Philadelphia News and Gossip.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 22, 1876.

Literary exercise is like practicing with Indian clubs—if those about you recklessly expose themselves, they are liable to be hit. It is my duty now to faithfully chronicle all that takes place in Philadelphia of a telegraphic nature, and if in swinging my clubs about the main office I should crack a crown or too, it is the victim's fault and not mine—they should keep clear records.

Philadelphia politicians as a body have longer ears by about four inches than any other pack of mules in the country. They have the faculty, like other stupid quadrupeds, of setting those organs back in the wrong direction, so as to render them perfectly deaf when a supplicant asks—merely asks, and nothing more—for its just rights and privileges. There is a little magic word which brings all their long ears forward at once, but the spirit which controls our destinies is too proud for that. As a consequence we are now sacrificing our energies in a dingy building, while one of the finest commercial edifices in the country awaits our occupancy at Tenth and Chestnut streets. One year ago our company fitted up the latter building in the most convenient and elegant style, and were about to string wires down the adjacent streets, when in step Councils and forbid us, with no particular reason, but with the customary nod, grip, and wink, which are familiar to every one. So, through the past twelve months the law's delay has dragged its weary course. At the meeting of the sub-committee of Councils on Monday last, (October 16th), the subject was again respectfully presented by our able managers. The ordinance granting permission to the Western Union Company to run wires on Race, Tenth, and Sansom streets, was negatively reported. A resolution authorizing the Chief Commissioner of Highways to remove the poles on the streets named within thirty days was favorably reported. An ordinance authorizing the Western Union Company and the Philadelphia Local Company to lay pneumatic tubes and underground wires under certain streets was negatively reported. By this action we are again delayed in getting possession of our new office, permission to use the smallest space between the center of the earth and the sky being haughtily refused by the proprietors of that domain.

Mr. Monroe, one of the graduates of Third and Chestnut, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared about a month ago. This telegraphic Charlie Ross is now heard from at Houston, Texas, and in a private letter he exultingly offers to explain the secret of locomotion between Richmond, Va., and St. Louis on the merely nominal outlay of fifteen cents; and to give further illustrations of athletic sports to any presumptuous tailors who may have the hardihood to follow him. Mr. Peace of Detroit is one of the latest additions to our force, and, as his name would imply, is a valuable acquisition. The courteous bearing and business qualities of the cheery little Dave Carl have been fittingly recognized by placing him in charge of all the offices at the Exhibition Grounds, including the Trans-Continental, Globe, and Westminster Hotels; and thereby Mr. Manager Hartman is reduced to the ranks as a commonplace day operator at the Globe. Mr. Wm. Groff of Wilmington, Del., has also been added to our force, to remind us of the late lamented Jake. Mr. Higbee of Atlantic City has been appointed night operator at the Trans-Continental Hotel; and Mr. Janney has been transferred from Broad and Chestnut to the main office (day work), Mr. Flood supplying his place at "Be."

Mr. Smith no longer makes night hideous for Bennie Lloyd on the night duplex, having been transferred to the Chicago wire. Mr. Smith is one of those unfortunate gentlemen who frequently find themselves in a hole, and as the cavity is invariably of coal mine dimensions, he is frequently lost to view, and were it not for charitable newspaper paragraphs people might possibly suppose he was defunct. When Mr. Smith is not in a hole, which is seldom, he contrives to get the electricians into one, from which they emerge only with sullied reputations. His last feat, and the real cause of his removal (although they say the "Sitting Bull jig" was too much for him) was the inability of our professors to invent a duplex which was capable of

working Mr. Smith, or to obtain a more moderate Mr. Smith who could work a duplex. Ben Lloyd sends something less than a hundred words a minute, but so much faster was Mr. Smith, that while Bennie was getting five dots through the rheostat, Mr. Smith squeezed ten through, and the result was such an alarming discrepancy in the way of "a balance," that the Philadelphia end of the dual circuit was a series of "kicks." Everybody was kicking and got kicked vigorously; Mr. Smith's boarding mistress was kicking about his accumulated board bill. But to come back to the office. The rheostat kicked itself into the same hole that was occupied by the immortal Smith and the electricians, from which they were only extricated by the electricians tinkering up a new machine, Mr. Smith signing papers never to touch it again, the company paying the bill, and the men who received the kicks being content therewith. It is possible that Mr. Smith may now object to my taking liberties with the honored name of Smith; although he has protested against being publicly praised under his own legal, if somewhat inconsistently spelled, cognomen. Of course every one knows that Smith is not his name. Mr. Smith, as the telegraphic world knows, designates himself by another and even perchance a sweeter appellation, but any weak minded individual who thoughtlessly in an unguarded moment distinguishes himself and then objects to being praised, has no claim on the sympathies of conscientious newspaper correspondents.

The recent return of one of our prodigal sons points a warning finger to those who write rambling letters deploring the decay of telegraphy, and advising their co-workers to hook on to something else, forgetting the proverb about letting well enough alone. About a year ago, fired by this kind of literature, a brilliant young operator left us, and high in hope, recklessly embarked in the kindling wood business; but it is here due to that incendiary craft to say, that all the higher circles of kindling wood men thereupon went West—and to-day he is back pounding at his old key. It is admitted that a great many of us may ultimately "better ourselves," but if a bolt into other professions is to be made, we must be careful at the outset to choose more ennobling paths than are found in the trackless intricacies of a lumber yard. The man who takes a rapturous pleasure in contemplating an ordinary wood pile as against a telegraph instrument, wondering how many latent fire brands he could saw out in a given length of time, evidently considers a wood pile a more poetical and remunerative institution than a Morse sounder, and is therefore to be condemned as one unfit to lead the coming stampede into other trades and professions. We can afford to shed a tear of sympathy with the proud spirit that seeks to sever its own chains, and to soar upward, but as this particular enslaved one saw fit to introduce himself to our honored profession as an exceptional hewer of kindling wood, and boldly challenged universal scrutiny and criticism as the only agile and reliable wood chopper in our ranks, loyalty to the traditions of what we once were compels me to regard his remains exclusively as those of a retired woodsman. The thread of my story now leads to the remark that he had a partner in the timber traffic, and that the number of ash boxes that disappeared daily from suburban residences, and the miles of old fences that were blown away on perfectly calm nights, demonstrates clearly that telegraphers are still capable of infusing new life even into the benighted wood chopping guild. But the nefarious business of supplying inferior kindling wood to the natives of Fiji, with the full knowledge that if the savages could coax it to burn it was to be used in frying the toothsome missionary supplied to them by our benevolent societies, could never prosper, even with a telegrapher's intellect to guide it. The firm of course became insolvent, and by way of assets that athletic partner explains to their joint creditors that he could reduce more garden fence into kindling wood in one day than his electrical friend could saw in a week, the latter being unable to get up the *dan* customary with the colored members of the profession. He says that that operator sawed two cords a day, but on the strength of his record as a telegrapher he confidently expected him to saw six. Now, one's trials are bitter enough in a lumber yard, without being salted on a knotty wood pile by every obscure plug of a joiner; and, as the very first lesson which an embryo carpenter receives is to draw a plumb line faithfully, our old friend, nothing loth, prudently chalked off the line at two cords per day. There was, figuratively speaking, an explosion in that neglected carpenter shop, and in just indignation,

displaying the true spirit of a chivalric telegrapher, the ex-operator proudly shouldered his wooden horse and handsaw, waved his late partner a defiant good-by, and came back to the Western Union, never to leave it more.

When the natural equilibrium of a man's mind is disturbed, whether by unrequited love or the badly cooked suppers of a Centennial boarding-house, he is catalogued at once in our professional slang as "away off." The first symptoms of being "off," or to be more accurate (that is from a slangy point of view), "off his crank," which the poor unfortunate man experiences, is the deep settled conviction that his clothes have ceased to fit him. His garmenture of dual form for the extremities becomes a hideous nightmare; the rustle of a silk vest, which he neglects to pull down, brings to his mind dismal howlings and spectres hiding at midnight in ruined abbeyes; while the natty little shooting coat, which is scarcely longer than a fashionable vest, obtrudes itself on his disordered intellect as an encumbering vestment with a *prima donna's* train. Now, this is the mania that struck Tomkins—Tomkins Stickwell, you know. He had read somewhere a concise account of how the right side of a man, being naturally the stronger and most exercised, tends to outwalk the left and weaker side, resulting of course, independently of the minor inconvenience of having to pay two fares for himself in the street cars, in ultimate disease and premature demise. He noticed for the first time, with much alarm, that although his left hand was naturally of a prodigious size, it was greatly inferior in that respect to his right. A like astonishing phenomenon presented itself in his pedal extremities, one of which, he imagined, felt reasonably comfortable in a No. 17 shoe, while the other, he insisted, was cruelly squeezed inside of a No. 19. He had detected his left eye gently closing to the soothing influence of Mr. Moody's farewell sermon, while his right, wide awake, was peering into the city line department at the lovable operators there engaged—engaged in telegraphing. Tomkins, with his naturally methodical mind, being convinced that he was undoubtedly going to pieces, notified chief operator Davis that if one-half of him should arrive at the office some morning on time, not to dock him the customary cent a minute, as the other half would, if the philosophical theory held good, soon follow. Both halves of him were next found by two reliable members of our force at the Doctor's—Doctor Morton's—with a rope tied round his frame, by way of keeping the various sections of him together. The Doctor, scorning the duplex theories, studied him exclusively as an entirety. He furnished him with a five cent tin flageolet to sound his lungs upon, but the deluded man blew the instrument in such a decided and uncompromising manner, and when professionally thumped in the chest he struck back with such unerring aim on the Doctor's left eye, and afterward sparred in such a business like manner that the medical man resolved to put him to a safer test. He was, in accordance with this view, attired in a bathing suit, more or less, upon which two ferocious Turks were instructed to use him as an improvised flail to beat a marble slab with, while a Bogardus kicker and pile driver combined was brought into requisition to batten him down. He hadn't much time to squeal as they hooked on the patent rag picking machine, for it shot him off the marble slab like a rocket, slashing him violently round and round in the vicinity of the ceiling, and it was all he could do to dodge the chandeliers and picture frames. However, as he swung round in mid air for the hundredth time, and his foot kicked through a seventy-five dollar mirror, he was consoled by the physician's order to the engineer to ease her up, and the next moment he was flung limp and almost lifeless on the window sill, with his head hanging down in the slop bucket. One foot protruding through a broken window sash clearly pointed out the way he should take. The tin water spout on the side of the house offered a convenient even if hazardous mode of rapid transit to the backyard, which he promptly availed himself of; and the clerical gentleman who had never before dreamed of executing a gymnastic feat, unhesitatingly cleared a six foot fence at one bound. The Doctor, quite mad, called after him through the wrecked window that there was a little bill to be liquidated, while the two Turks rushed down stairs to intercept him. But Tomkins, resplendent in the red white and blue bathing dress which he still wore more or less, never faltered in his course, and only paused for an instant to gain breath as the Doctor's locust wood bootjack and a volley of blacking brushes struck him square in the

small of the back as he "slid" around the corner "on his ear." He is all right again now as the duplex mania has developed itself into ossification of the heart, and it only shows itself when he's lingering sadly on the doorstep at midnight to bid her a loving good night. He is perfectly happy, and pays Johnny Maize three dollars with fifteen cents interest to do his Sunday work; but he says, in the sweet by and by, when he's a happy husband, doctors will be no more.

Although marriage is made the occasion of a joyous festival, there is always a sad but perhaps selfish feeling of bereavement mingled with my congratulations. When you have been working with a good, whole souled young fellow for years, one is prone to feel slightly hostile to the party who steals him away, and it is only with a sigh and many a heartfelt wish for both their welfares that you let him go. It is particularly so in the case of Vory De Graw, one who was a friend to all mankind, and probably one who never gave offence to any one in his whole life. May his new life be as successful as his telegraphic career has been, and may the excellent young couple be always as happy as they are now, and in their path through life may

Loving hands be always strewing,
Brightest laurels, one by one.

WERNER.

Protection of Buildings from Lightning.

Professor Clerk Maxwell read an abstract of a paper before the Mathematical and Physical Science Section of the British Association at the recent meeting at Glasgow, in which he stated that those who erected lightning conductors had paid great attention to the upper and lower extremities of the conductor—having a sharp point above the building and the lower extremity carried into the earth as far as possible. The effect was to tap, or, as it were, to gather the charge by facilitating the discharge between the atmospheric accumulation and the earth. That would cause a greater number of discharges than would have otherwise occurred; but each of them would be smaller than those which would have occurred without a conductor. That arrangement was, therefore, more for benefit of the surrounding country, and for the relief of the clouds laboring under an accumulation of electricity, than for the protection of the building on which the conductor was erected. What was really wanted was to prevent the possibility of an electric discharge taking place within a certain region. An electrical discharge could not occur between two bodies unless the difference of their potentials was sufficiently great compared with the distance between them. If, therefore, they could keep the potentials of all bodies within a certain region equal, or nearly equal, no discharge could take place between them. That might be secured by connecting all these bodies by means of good conductors, such as copper wire ropes. It would, therefore, be sufficient to surround a powder mill with a conducting material, to sheath its roof, walls, and ground floor with a thick sheet of copper, and then no electric effect could occur within it on account of any thunderstorm outside. There would be no need of any earth connection. They might even place a layer of asphalt between the copper floor and the ground so as to insulate the building. If the mill were struck, it would remain charged for some time, and a person standing on the ground outside or touching the wall might receive a shock, but no electrical effect would be perceived inside even by the most delicate electrometer. A sheathing of copper was by no means necessary in order to prevent any electrical effect taking place. Supposing a building was struck by lightning, it was quite sufficient to inclose it with a network of a good conducting substance. For instance, if a copper wire were carried around the foundation of a house, up each of the corners and gables, and along the ridges, that would be a sufficient protection for an ordinary building against any thunderstorm in England; but it might be well, to prevent theft, to have it built in the wall, and then it would be necessary to have it connected with some metal, such as lead or zinc, on the roof. It need scarcely be added, said the Professor, that it is not advisable during a thunderstorm to stand on the roof of a house so protected, or to stand on the ground outside, or to lean against the walls.

In less than twenty-five years India has been covered by a network of railways, which now reaches upward of 6,300 miles, and a closer network of telegraph wires extending to some 35,000 miles.

Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus in London.

We take the following interesting article relative to the special loan collection of scientific apparatus in London, from our contemporary the *Telegraphic Journal*.

Among the foremost of the type printers are specimens of the Hughes Type Printing Instrument, exhibited by the Postmaster-General, and which is thus described: "A purely synchronous instrument. The instruments at each end of the line are timed to run as nearly as possible at the same speed, and regulated by a spring vibrating in a circle. The type-wheel revolves continually, and does not stop during the printing of a letter. One current only is necessary for the latter operation, which is performed by the wheel-work liberated by an electro-magnet of peculiar construction placed in the line circuit. Each time a letter is printed the type-wheel, if out of time, is corrected, that is, moved backward or forward on its axis, without disturbing the train of wheels, so as to be synchronous with the instrument at the distant station."

The Hughes instrument has been considered the most successful of all type-printing instruments, and as regards its mechanism shows a marvel of ingenuity. It is very largely used on the Continent, and by our own Submarine Company, who work many of the Continental circuits with it. It was used in this country by the United Kingdom Telegraph Company, who purchased the patent. Its use was for some time continued by the Post Office after the transfer of the telegraphs; but latterly it has been abandoned, and at the present time no circuits are worked on this system. The abandonment is not due in any way to the instrument itself, but apparently to the difficulty of obtaining sufficiently skillful staff, and to the undesirability of having too great a variety of instruments in the service.

Of early forms of type-printing instruments, we find specimens of Wheatstone's of the year 1841; and of Theiler's of 1854, thus described: "Two currents are required for each letter, one to start the instrument and another to print. The type-wheel returns to zero after the printing of each letter; the sending and receiving instruments are made to act in unison, the speed being regulated by a milled nut, which is fixed on an arm attached to the anchor of the escapement."

In 1863-64 Theiler brought out a "step by step" type-printer which differs from the preceding. "The type-wheel fixed on the axle of the escapement is controlled by reversals, and the printing is performed by the wheel-work, which is brought into action by an electro-magnet, the local battery circuit of the latter being closed by a vibratory arrangement, which does not close the local circuit of this magnet until the type-wheel is stopped at any particular letter."

The Dujardin type-printer which was used for a short period between London and Edinburgh in 1865, which differs somewhat from the others—the instrument is step by step—and in which the escapement is controlled by reversals, the electro-magnets acting on the anchor of the escapement being worked by a polarised relay in the line circuit, and a local battery. The operation of printing is performed by an electro-magnet, the local battery circuit of which is closed by the anchor of the escapement at the end of each oscillation. When no key is depressed, and the apparatus is running, the short currents passing through the printing magnet are insufficient to cause it to attract its armature; but when a key is depressed and the type-wheel stopped at any particular letter, the printing magnet attracts its armature, and an impression is made. An electro-magnetic "cut-off" arrangement is used in connection with the printing magnet, by which the blow struck is always equal in duration, whether the key be held down for a longer or shorter time. The operation of printing is, as in the Hughes, performed at both sending and receiving instruments.

The ordinary A. B. C. instrument of Wheatstone has been adapted equally to printing in type; but the delicacy of the instrument has hitherto prevented its introduction. The arrangements are such that the instruments can be used readily for either a "printer" or "A. B. C."

An instrument was largely introduced into America some years since, and named the "Gold Stock" printing instrument. A transmitter was

placed at the central station, and receiving instruments at offices wherever desired. The transmitter was so arranged that the various receiving instruments were equally actuated, and messages were received at each office without any other attention being necessary than the occasional winding of the instrument. It was used for the frequent transmission of the various changes in the stock, share, and other markets, to not only other offices and individuals, but also to newspapers. This instrument was introduced into London by the Exchange Telegraph Company, and subsequently largely improved upon. Communications are now established with it to many points throughout the city, and newspapers and individuals are kept closely informed of any variation in the stock and share lists, and any changes in the markets.

The only instrument of this class exhibited is one by the Messrs. Siemens.

Of the alphabetical form of instrument many specimens may be seen, from the early historical ones of Cooke and Wheatstone to the present modernised form so extensively used now for private wires. At 1548 (1849-1850) may be seen the early forms of these. The first, a step-by-step instrument. The letters of the alphabet are arranged around a paper disc fixed on the axle of an escapement wheel. The letters are presented at an opening in the front of the case. The escapement is similar to the "*échappement à cheville*," and is controlled by an electro-magnet. There are as many teeth in the escapement-wheel as there are letters in the revolving disc; the latter moves from one letter to the following for each current sent. The train-work of wheel-work is actuated by a main-spring. In the two other instruments the revolving disc is replaced by a pointer, and in 1550 the current used is magneto-electric, the instrument being provided with a commutator, so constructed that the currents are in the same direction.

The council of King's College, London, exhibit a variety of Wheatstone's A. B. C. instruments, which exhibit the several improvements made by him.

Some forms of the modern A. B. C. are also exhibited by Messrs. Siemens; and at 1690a Deschien's "double-indexed telegraph-post, with alphabetical receiver, indicator, and printer at will, manipulator (Chambrier's system) working in any direction," may be noted for its excellence of manufacture.

The acoustic form of instrument is exemplified by "Bright's Bells," 1855, with relay used by the Magnetic Telegraph Company. In this instrument the single-needle alphabet is produced by striking two bells of different notes, the hammers being actuated by electro-magnets worked by a relay and local battery. The relay is double-acting, and consists of two electro-magnetic bobbins placed side by side, their ends being furnished with pole pieces turning inward. Between these pole-pieces at each end of the bobbins the ends of permanently magnetised needles pivoted on vertical axes play; these needles are so placed as regards their polarity that a current in one direction moves the needle which closes the local circuit of the right hand bell, and a current in the opposite direction moves the other needle which closes the local circuit of the left hand bell. The signaling key used with this instrument is similar to that used with Highton's single needle. This instrument superseded Henley's magneto-electric system.

At 1526 may be seen a model of Bright's Direct Bell Instrument (1870), in which the bells are struck by hammers attached to the magnetic needles of the relay.

At 1565, exhibited by the Postmaster-General, is a "Pony Sounder," which is thus described: "This instrument is of American origin; it is used instead of the ink writer on some of the lines of the Postal Telegraph Department, the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet being read by sound from the clicking of the armature lever, instead of from the paper band of the recording instrument; it possesses the advantage of not fatiguing the eye of the operator, and allows him perfect freedom for writing the message." Its use in this country is on the increase, as there are many points in its favor; in America it is almost the universal instrument, for of all the apparatus used there the sounder occupies about four fifths of the number.

Several specimens of sounders may be seen, used for military service; these are light and portable, and the sounder and key being in one small case, contributes not only to the lightness and handiness of the instrument, but also to its utility.

Of various instruments of an "acoustic" character, are classed alarms and bells for railway and domestic purposes, but these must be dealt with further on.

The Operator,

THE ORGAN OF THE

United States and Canadian Telegraph Operators.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Editor.

November 1st, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

OUR valued friend and contributor, Oney Gagin, seems to have been rustivating quite extensively among the White Mountains during the summer. His pleasant and enjoyable articles in THE OPERATOR have not been heard in the land for several issues. We hope, however, to have an article from him in time for our next number. Don't disappoint us, Oney.

ELECTION is upon us. Doubtless, dear reader, as you contemplate what is classically called a "roast," you wish the day was over. Telegraphers and night editors of daily newspapers are hardly to be envied during election times. We see that permission has been given the telegraph companies to place instruments in the police central office in this city during election night for the purpose of telegraphing the returns out of town.

BEFORE the next issue of THE OPERATOR the Centennial Exhibition will have been closed. November 10th is the last day. Probably our friend Nuf Ced will have something to say of it in our next number, if there be anything interesting to telegraphers in the closing proceedings. Part of the exhibits will be retained in position after Nov. 10th, but probably very little in the line of electric and telegraphic apparatus. If you have not yet visited the Exhibition, dear reader, and intend doing so, go at once. There will be a crush on the final days, rendering sight-seeing with any comfort out of the question.

MR. FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, a lawyer by profession and a gentleman very prominently connected with the introduction and establishment of the electric telegraph, died at Deering, Maine, October 15th, aged seventy years. Mr. Smith was the last of the original owners of the Morse patent. He was Chairman of the Committee of Congress on whose report \$30,000 was voted to construct an experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, and subsequently owned a one-fourth interest in Prof. Morse's invention in this country and five-sixteenths of its benefits and advantages abroad. Mr. Smith's active connection with telegraphic enterprises ceased about twenty years ago, when he disposed of his interest in a line of which he was the originator, and which was afterward built from New York to Boston and subsequently to Portland, Me. Although rendering very effective and intelligent services in connection with the early difficulties, struggles, and victories of the telegraph, he was but little known to the telegraphers of the present day.

THE WESTERN UNION REPORT.

It is gratifying to notice from the Western Union annual report the unmistakable progress telegraphy is making in face of the present demoralized condition of general business. During the past year commercial failures, bank suspensions, and general business troubles have occurred on all sides; values have shrunk in an unprecedented degree; railroads have been sold under the auctioneer's hammer, and trade and commerce have been at a standstill. Yet the business of the Western Union Telegraph Company has very materially increased. Its gross receipts for the year ending June 30th, 1875, were \$9,564,574.60, and for last year, \$10,034,983.66, an increase of \$470,409.96, or 4 9-10 per cent. The net profits for 1875 were \$3,229,159.83, and for 1876 \$3,399,509.97, an increase of \$170,359.14, or 5 1-5 per cent. In 1875 the increase in the gross receipts compared with those of the preceding year was \$301,920.62, or \$168,489.34 less than the increase in the year ending June 30th, 1876. The number of messages increased 824,454 during 1875, and 1,575,857 last year, and so on in the same proportion throughout every branch of the Company's business.

It gives us much pleasure to see in the same report the very graceful compliment President Orton pays the employes of the Western Union, "who by their cheerful and zealous co-operation have contributed in no small degree to the success which has been achieved." We wish Mr. Orton would follow this up at the quarterly meeting in December, by a resolution if not that the salaries of one year ago be restored, at least that the embargo against increasing the same be withdrawn, and the salaries of deserving employes increased, say five dollars per month, dating from January 1st, 1877, further promotion to depend upon conduct and efficiency. It would, in our opinion, have a wonderful effect in increasing that harmony throughout the service upon which success so largely depends.

The advice given to England some weeks ago in the official journal of the Western Union to increase the salaries of its telegraph employes, and the assertion coupled with it that small salaries procure only poor and unskilled service, has already been indorsed by us. We hope the Western Union will set a good example in this matter, and that when Messrs. Preece and Fisher, a civil engineer in the employ of the postal telegraphs, and the controller of the Central telegraph station in London, come to America, as they have been instructed to do by the Postmaster-general to examine and report upon the telegraphs in the United States, they may find the business in a very flourishing condition, the Company making money, and the employes happy. The Western Union will, we know, show the British gentlemen every attention. The commissioners appointed by the Western Union to proceed to England on a similar errand a few years ago were given every facility to examine the service there, and Americans are never behindhand in reciprocating a kindness.

The Second Edition of "Oakum Pickings."

We send out with this issue of THE OPERATOR a supplement giving a number of opinions of the press on "Oakum Pickings," to which we would draw the attention of our readers. Those who have not already ordered a copy of the work, can

obtain one of the second and enlarged edition by sending \$1.50 by postoffice order or registered letter either to any of our agents, or direct to this office. Do not fail to read "Oakum Pickings." It would be well, too, and every reader can do it, to secure two more names besides your own, and order three copies at \$1.25 each.

The newspapers speak so highly of the book, that it is wholly unnecessary for us to say a word. The sales so far, notwithstanding hard times, have been most extraordinary, and show that people are never averse to being amused. The greater part of the second edition has already been sold, and it seems as if a third will soon become necessary. Everywhere the book is highly spoken of, both by telegraphers, press, and public, which—"Oakum Pickings" being the initial step toward establishing a telegraphic literature—should be as gratifying to our readers as it is satisfactory to ourselves. We would thank telegraphers to bring the book to the notice of their friends and the book trade. We want outsiders to read the book, and believe they will enjoy it.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' BALL.—At a meeting of the New York Telegraphers' Association, held a few days ago, it was decided to make the assessment on each member five dollars instead of three. A larger ball-room is to be engaged this year, and no charge made for guests' hat checks. The committee have also decided—very wisely, we think—not to allow a bar for the sale of liquors to mar the general respectability of their third annual ball. We wish them every success, and hope that a large number of members will rally around, and make the ball the pleasant and enjoyable affair it should be. We might repeat that the subscription list is now open. Those who may not see it, and wish to subscribe, can send their names to Mr. J. A. Ashhurst, Secretary, 197 Broadway.

THE marriage of Mr. P. V. DeGraw, of the Associated Press, to Miss Emma L. Doerr of Philadelphia, has created quite an unusual commotion in the Centennial City. The numerous presents showered upon the lucky pair testifies to the high estimation in which they are held; an entire chamber set from Mr. DeGraw's co-workers being among the most serviceable and tasteful of the offerings. The marriage ceremony was performed at the house of the bride's parents in Philadelphia, by the Rev. J. M. Hark, on Monday evening, the 16th ult. Mr. E. C. Boileau waited upon the groom, and Miss Amanda Doerr, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. The happy couple left Philadelphia the same evening for an extended tour through the west. We wish them good luck and prosperity in their new state of life.

THE Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company has opened an office at Portland, Maine, the line from Boston being completed, and proposes to give the Western Union a tussel for the business in that section. The company has also just finished and put in operation a line from Cincinnati to St. Louis via Terre Haute and Indianapolis, Ind., and a new wire from Chicago to Peoria, Ill., giving connection with a number of points not heretofore reached, which will probably result in a like increase of business.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Reported Death.

Commodore Vanderbilt still lives, notwithstanding the report of his death telegraphed all over the world two weeks ago, and which caused so much excitement not only in New York but throughout the country. Two of his doctors have died, and a reporter who waited long and patiently on the street below that he might be able to furnish his paper with an early and authentic account of the great financier's last moments, has gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. But the Commodore is actually getting better. Probably by the time the other physician dies—we believe he originally had three—and a few more gentlemen of the press drop off, Commodore Vanderbilt will make up his mind to recover.

The canard regarding the Commodore's death by the forgery of Dr. Deems' signature to a bogus dispatch was a bold attempt to depress the stock of the New York Central and related roads. The afternoon papers published the obituary notices which for months have stood in type waiting for the Commodore's decease, and that gentleman, it is said, was quite interested in what they had to say about him. The false news of Mr. Vanderbilt's death had reached San Francisco, Montreal, Havana, London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, before the dispatch was found to be a forgery. As soon as those at telegraphic headquarters could assure themselves that the telegraph had lent its vast machinery to a forgery, and had spread it to the four corners of the world, all haste was made to supply the contradiction.

Mr. Simonton, of the Associated Press, and Mr. Orton, of the Western Union, did all in their power to discover the person who originated the false report, and the hope was universally expressed that the miscreant, if caught, should be punished as severely as the law would permit, but so far all effort to find the person who sent the dispatch seems to be useless. When Mr. Deems' name was being forged, he himself was starting for the east side of town. He returned about one o'clock and called upon Mr. Vanderbilt. He was naturally indignant at the use made of his name in the deception, and taking a reporter with him as a truthful and respectable witness, called on Marcus Heim, the young man who acts as the Western Union Telegraph operator in the New York Hotel. Dr. Deems called for the original dispatch. It was written in an immature school boy's scrawl, though rather plain, and read as follows:

"10:55, 16 Oct., 1876—Associated Press, New York:—Commodore Vanderbilt died this morning twenty minutes after ten. Reporters especially requested not to call at the house. Particulars will be given to the press.

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS."

Dr. Deems then questioned the operator, who said that the dispatch was brought to the office by an American District Telegraph messenger boy, who paid forty-eight cents for having it sent. Dr. Deems called the operator's attention to the fact that he had sent several dispatches through that office; that clergymen were not in the habit of spelling "minutes" with two "n's" and as many "i's," nor of attaching the title "Rev." to their signature. Besides, an extra "e" had been used in spelling the word "Deems," and had been crossed out. The operator explained that he was busy when the boy came in, counted the words, received the pay, and, after some little delay, seeing the importance of the message, sent it. Dr. Deems interrogated him again, and received a different statement from the operator. He remembered, then, that it could not have been an American District messenger who brought the dispatch, because he had signed no receipt with mention of the time of day, as is required. Dr. Deems obtained no further clue. He was not satisfied with the explanation of the operator. An hour afterward the operator told a reporter the first story about the American District Telegraph messenger, and evidently had not revealed his mistake to any one but Dr. Deems, as an effort was made during the afternoon to find the messenger boy, but without success.

William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph company, is reported as saying that the occurrence did not speak well for a company which made it a business to send important news to all quarters of the world. The difficulty was in the fact that operators naturally became human machines. He thought the dispatch contained internal evidence

sufficient to stamp it as spurious. Orders, he says, have been issued not to send a dispatch announcing the death of Mr. Vanderbilt from any office before giving notice to the general office that such a dispatch has been received. Then time will be taken to ascertain if the dispatch is correct.

Electricity Aiding Weary Cash Girls.

An enterprising dry goods firm in this city have recently tried the experiment of running their cash system by electricity, and with excellent results. Previous to the introduction of electricity, on Saturdays, particularly in the afternoon, the din and confusion, and the incessant call of "cash!" "cash!" "cash!" by the saleswomen and salesmen were absolutely deafening. So the two Ehrich brothers put their heads together to invent something that would call the cash girls without so much noise. "I suggested bells," says Mr. Ehrich in telling the story, but Louis said, "No, that would be as bad as the cash calls." One day he came to me and said excitedly, "William, I've found it. Electricity is the thing." I declare I thought Louis had gone crazy. "Found what?" said I. "What is electricity the thing for?" "Our cash girls," he replied. "In the name of conscience, Louis," said I, "what are you going to put electricity on our cash girls for? I don't see that anything is the matter with them." Then Louis began to laugh. He explained that he meant to apply electricity to call them, instead of the cash call used in all the stores in the city from A. T. Stewart's to ours. Come and see his invention." And he led the way to the register in the center of the store under the main staircase, where there are thirty or more little circular silver-plated drops, labelled "hosiery," "buttons," "millinery," and so on, with numbers also to correspond with the sections. Every now and then, as if by magic, down dropped one of the little silver plates. A young man standing by the side of the register instantly spoke, "hosiery," or "trimmings," 1, 2, or 3, as the case might be, and as soon as he thus announced the department and number off started the head girl in the line of cash girls seated on the other side of the register. In the mean time others came up as fast as the first departed and took their seats in the line. There was no confusion, no hurry, not a call throughout the large and busy establishment when dollars and parcels by the hundreds were passing over the counters. Near each of the counters are little cord-like straps running back of the saleswomen that they pull whenever a purchase is made and a sale completed, and which are connected with electrical wires running under the floors and joined to the drops at the register.

"An advantage in this system in addition to what you can see for yourself," said Mr. Ehrich, "is, that we can so regulate the labors of the girls that each one is obliged to do her share, and whoever has the most cash checks credited to her at the end of the week we give a premium of fifty cents over her regular wages. See how orderly and composed they look compared with their former distraction under the old system."

It was a fact. The little girls looked perfectly self-possessed, calm, and self-respectful, and the saleswomen were no longer fretting and scolding, and calling to get attendance, and the hundreds of ladies at the counters were collected and easy in the task of shopping on Saturday afternoon.

A Pleasant Affair.

About seventy-five persons, relatives and friends of Mr. Max Elser and Miss Inez I. Harding gathered at the residence of the latter in Binghamton, N. Y., on the evening of Oct. 11th, to witness their marriage ceremony. Mr. Elser is manager of the Texas and Pacific railroad telegraph office at Fort Worth, Texas. The occasion was one of pleasure, and the time very sociably and agreeably spent. The rooms were handsomely trimmed with evergreens and flowers, and the ceremony performed under a bower of shrubbery and vines. The bride looked charming, dressed in exquisite taste, and holding in her hand a magnificent bouquet. After the ceremony supper was served, and a large number of fine presents displayed. The evening passed in a delightful manner until the arrival of Erie train No. 12, when the happy couple left for New York on their wedding trip. The best wishes of many friends follow them. Mr. and Mrs. Elser will reside in Fort Worth, Texas.

SEE the new column advertisement of Messrs. L. G. Tillotson & Co. on the last page of this issue, giving a cut of the new Watson Battery.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

True repentance is to cease from sin.—St. Ambrose.

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue.—Bulwer Lytton.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.—South.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.—Confucius.

Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.—Fielding.

It is no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—La Fontane.

Man's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can bestow, nor take from him.

There is no greater punishment than that of being abandoned to one's self.—Pasquier Quesnel.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned he deals on his own soul.—Byron.

The public wishes to be managed like a woman: one must say nothing to it but what it likes to hear.—Goethe.

Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

So prone is man to society, and so happy in it, that, to relish perpetual solitude, one must be an angel or a brute.

Violent passions are formed in solitude. In the bustle of the world no object has time to make a deep impression.

A man is more unhappy in reproaching himself when guilty, than in being reproached by others when innocent.

Prudence and love are inconsistent: in proportion as the last increases the other decreases.—Rochefoucauld.

The art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means.—Henry Taylor.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

True contentment depends not on what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.—Colton.

The man who spends the productions of his labor as fast as acquired is like unto a burning candle—he is consuming himself to keep himself.

No man is poor who does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition.

The highest art is always the most religious; and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or Michael Angelo is not conceivable.—Blackie.

Shakespeare says we are creatures that look before and after. The more surprising that we do not look around a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends, will have an end; whereas that which is founded on true virtue, will always continue.

It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.

We are often mistaken for men of pleasure because we are not men of business; and for men of business, because we are not men of pleasure. A great genius finds leisure for both; an inferior genius for neither.

If virtue promises happiness, prosperity and peace, then progress in virtue is certainly progress in each of these. For to whatever point the perfection of anything brings us, progress is always an approach toward it.—Epictetus.

The Rejected Dispatch

About this time the circus agent bursts into the country newspaper office and says, breathlessly:

"You the editor?"

"I am, sir."

"Correspondent for some of the metropolitan press?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've got the biggest sensation you ever saw, and I want you to send it off by special to the *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Herald*, and all the other big papers."

The editor gets out his pencil and a quire of printing paper, and says—"Pile in."

The circus agent says: "Put down that Blowhard's Gigantic Mammoth Golden Tabernacle Combined Backaction Megalothasallarian Circus—that's a big thing, I tell you, and I am agent; Barnum's is a side-show to it, and Lent would have to burst up and go home on foot only our old man lent him money—have you got that down?"

"I have."

"Well, add that we have been tenting up in the Northwest, and been coining money everywhere, while all the little one-horse concerns that get up big posters and obtain money under false pretences haven't been taking in stamps enough to pay for their licenses—houses papered, all of 'em."

"Go on."

"Well, last week, while we were moving the show from Hoshkosh to Howlville in seven special trains and 153 cars, the train carrying the zoological carnivorium ran off the track, and all the dens were smashed and the animals got loose."

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!"

"I tell you, it was worse than the St. Louis convention. The anaconda swallowed the only real African giraffe in this country, imported especially for us at a cost of \$158,500—all but ten or fifteen feet of his neck. The poor animal's efforts to escape from its living tomb were frantic, and the look of dumb, almost human, agony in its large, lustrous black eyes moved the sternest advance agent to tears."

"Dear me!"

"Then the royal Bengal tiger, the Sumatran lion, and the big-horned rhinoceros got into a three-cornered fight, and the way in which the air was full of howls, and dust and blood, big chunks of meat like sirloin steaks whizzing around—it makes me shudder to think of it."

"It must have been terrible."

"Terrible ain't no word for it. Then the Chiaspian gigantic orang-outang and the blue-faced gorilla came up with clubs formed of saplings six feet long, and as big around as your leg, and sailed in like policemen into a primary meeting, and in 2:14 they had flattened out them tigers and lions and rhinoceroses, till there wasn't one of them dared say his soul was his own."

"Wonderful! wonderful!"

"You're just talking. Then the elephant Mercutio turned with fear and rage, and, trumpeting like a thunder-storm, ran into a fold where a farmer had a flock of 100,000 merino sheep, and such mutton-juggling I never saw in my life. He'd just yank up a sheep with his trunk and give him a jerk, and, zip! that sheep would go shooting through the air and come down flat as a pancake 600 or 700 yards off. It was just old chain-lightning, and it would have made your eyes stick out to see it. Why, once he had seventeen sheep in the air at once."

"How many lives lost?"

"None, thank Heaven! We always have a steam fire engine filled with chloroform on the train with us, and as soon as we could get out and steam up we began to play on them, and, of course, when they were stupefied it was the easiest thing in the world to catch them and put them back in their cages."

"I understand; but that giraffe?"

"Oh, we gave the anaconda a barrel of emetics, and the giraffe came up kiting; but the action of the anaconda's gastric juice has taken all the color off'n his hind quarters and half melted off his hoofs."

"How wonderful are the works of nature!"

"You bet! Now sock it to them red-hot and lively, and I'll ante up all the tickets to the show you want."

The editor does so, and goes to bed to dream that he is an anaconda, trying to swallow a long-necked circus, marked, "Special complimentary to the *Tribune*," when he is awakened by the telegraph boy, who brings him the following: "Your special to the *Chicago Tribune* about circus accident refused. Please pay bearer \$65.14. OPE. W. U. TEL. Co."

The Yellow Fever at Savannah.

The yellow fever at Savannah, from which so many people have died, is at length itself dying out, though a few deaths still occur from that cause. Of the operators that have been ill, Mr. Bell is the only one on duty, Mr. Phillips having been granted leave to visit New Jersey where he and his wife expect to regain their lost strength.

The boys all showed unmistakable signs of pleasure at the return to the counter of the veteran Mr. Turner, who has had a tough time of it with "Bronze John," having been twice attacked by him. Mr. Turner's family were also stricken down, but all are doing well again, except his pet daughter, who died early in the month. Will Fleming is out again, but not able to work. Mr. Frazer is convalescing. Mr. Popple, the observer from Tybee, went to Savannah on the 15th for medical treatment. He has been quite ill, but is recovering. Mr. Vallean, the Tybee operator, having recovered from his attack, is acting for Popple at Tybee. Mr. Alex Sinnott is still in charge of the signal business although he has twice asked for relief, but uncle Sam seems disposed to continue him in service. Manager Griffith and a clerk named Geo. Coolidge were attacked last week. Both are doing well, however. Chief Pillon still holds his own, and is in good health. Of the working men, Hutchins, Sinnott, and Jones, the repairer, are the only ones who have not taken to their beds on account of ill-health.

Sir Alexander Harkness, the high-toned night man, had a slight attack, but it only lasted three days. He is as well as ever, and Her Majesty's interest are attended to, during the day, with the usual promptness. Alex is Vice-Consul for Great Britain—no snide affair.

A Burglar Alarm Telegraph that did its work.

The second, third, and fourth stories of the building at the southeast corner of Leonard Street and West Broadway are occupied by H. B. Claffin & Co. as a manufactory of cloaks and women's suits, the ground story being rented to the United States Indian Commission. Between the offices of the Indian Commission and the stairway is a wooden partition two inches thick. Just before the close of business on Saturday evening, Oct. 14th, two men sneaked into the Indian Commission offices and concealed themselves in the cellar below. This was calculated to give them all of Sunday in which to work undisturbed. They began operating early. With a bit and brace they bored holes around one of the panels in the partition, but so cautious were they that work which an ordinary carpenter would have done in two hours consumed the whole day. At about dusk they removed the loosened panel, and crawled into the hallway. None of the upstairs rooms were locked, and within a few minutes they were removing the contents of a cabinet in which the choicest silks, satins and laces are kept. They did not notice that the cabinet was connected by wire with a burglar alarm telegraph, and so worked on in ignorance that an alarm had already been rung.

The bell sounded in the telegraph office, 407 Broadway, and a messenger was sent to inform the police. He found Officer Cashman near the store, and together they went to the Leonard Street station. In a few minutes Capt. Caffrey, a roundsman, and four patrolmen were at the store, and soon afterward the keys which are kept by the janitor of Claffin's Church Street store, enabled the Captain to enter without noise. Creeping up stairs he surprised the burglars in the act of bundling up the valuable goods they had taken from the cabinet. So intent were they on their work that the Captain had time to watch them closely before they saw him. Then, with an effort to appear gay and smiling, one of them said to the other, "Harry, the game's up!" The goods taken from the cabinet were worth \$5,000. The burglars confessed that they had made arrangements to have the plunder taken away early in the morning by an express wagon driven by one of their confederates, as they knew that the passing of a vehicle of that kind at night would inevitably attract attention. This store was robbed last winter of \$3,000 worth of fine silks. On the following Thursday, the prisoners, John Williams and Henry P. Smith, stood side by side at the bar of Judge Gildersleeve's Court and pleaded guilty to burglary in the first degree. "Four years each in the States Prison with hard labor," responded his Honor.

A MESSAGE that knocked operators off their stools in several offices passed along a telegraph line in Nevada. It was a stroke of lightning.

Cupid's Foibles Follies and Fancies.

A ROMANCE OF "LOVERS' REST."

Last night was one to tempt the rustiest and crustiest old bachelor on earth to take a moonlight walk and revel in romantic thought. The sky was cloudless, and the beautiful stars shone forth in all their brilliance, while fair Luna—who was as full as a tick—shed her radiant light upon this mundane sphere, and stood out in the planetary system like a bright and shining twenty dollar piece among a myriad of five dollar pieces. It is seldom that we are favored with so beautiful a night in these parts, and it was made the most of by sighing swains and maidens fair, many of whom took moonlight walks to "Lovers' Rest." "Lovers' Rest," be it known, is the freight platform of the Eureka and Palisade Railroad. It is quite a long walk down there, and, on arriving at the platform, lovers, as well as sensible people, sit down to rest, and that's why the place is called "Lovers' Rest." They walked to the platform, he and she, and sat them down to rest on some piles of coils of telegraph wire intended for the new telegraph line to Belmont. Long had he yearned to tell the tale of his heart, but had not dared to give utterance to the passion which was consuming him; but, with the gentle moon shedding its mild light upon them, with all nature hushed, and naught breaking the stillness but the ripple of the water in the railroad company's ditch, the seal on his lips was broken, and the declaration of his love gushed forth like Oregon champagne from the bottle which confines its sweetness. Softly pressing her beauteous hand within his own, with faltering tongue he poured forth the tale of his love and asked her to be "his'n."

"Can I have a piano, and a solitaire diamond wedding ring, and seven button gloves till I can't rest?" murmured the fair creature. "Anything, darling, anything you want. Do you suppose I would see you want for anything? No; I would shut my eyes first." He was about to clasp her to his manly breast, when she exclaimed, "I'm stuck!" "Yes, dearest, I know it," he returned. "How could it be otherwise? From the moment I first beheld thee I have felt in my bones that you were stuck after me." "That ain't it, you fool," she shrieked. "I'm stuck in the wire." And, as she made an effort to release herself, she sank further into the treacherous coils, till she assumed the shape of a letter V. Gallantly the lover rushed to the rescue of his precious one; but his strength was not equal to the task, and his efforts to release the maiden from her cruel bonds were futile. Assistance must be procured; and in desperation he shouted, "Murder! Fire! Thieves! Cloud burst! Help!"

His cries aroused the night operator and some of the railroad employes from their slumbers, and they jumped from their beds and rushed out into the night, thinking Bedlam had broken loose or somebody was trying to steal the railroad. None of the gathering throng seemed to understand what was the matter, but the maiden's young man soon informed them of the situation of affairs, and crowbars were procured, and the young lady speedily pried out of her unpleasant predicament. When she was at last released from the wire, she had acquired the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, and the Eureka limp, none of which she knew before; and the last named she practiced all the way home, with variations on the other two. When the door of her paternal mansion was reached, the young lady informed the young man that he "needn't come snootin' around there no more;" that she "didn't want nothing to do with a snoozer who didn't have as much strength as a kitten, and couldn't snake a girl out of a coil of telegraph wire without calling on the entire community to come to his aid."—*Eureka (Cal.) Sentinel*.

We who are accustomed to the formal manners of the North are sometimes astonished at the freedom which in the South manifests itself even in the gravest affairs. Recently a gentleman at a town in Provence had an occasion to send a telegram to his wife, announcing his speedy return. He phrases it as curtly as possible. The telegraph clerk counts the words, and then fixing upon the customer his spectacles, sparkling with good humor, says:

"The dispatch is to your wife?"

"It is."

"There are only seventeen words. Come, now; tack on something pleasant. You can give her something nice and loving—some little pet name. If it isn't more than three words it will not cost you any more."—*Paris Paper*.

The Atlantic and Pacific Co.'s Troubles.

The Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company are having considerable trouble in securing the right of way for the line which they are at present building from Davenport to this city. Farmers in several counties, we understand, have refused them permission to set their posts on their farms without the payment of large sums for the privilege. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad Company refused them the right of way altogether, on the ground that their agreement with the Western Union Company was such they could not grant any other company the privilege. The officers of the A. and P. Company, under the above condition of things, concluded to test the matter before the courts, and as a preliminary step thereto, commenced the erection, week before last, of their poles on the Rock Island Company's territory. As soon as they were up they were taken down by the railroad employés. Then, on Monday, the 9th inst., the poles were replaced by the A. and P. workmen, and they have not been disturbed since, owing to the fact that an application for a temporary injunction was granted by Judge Hayes, of Davenport, filing a bond of \$2,000, restraining the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad Company from interfering with the erection of telegraph posts by the former company along the line of road between Davenport and Council Bluffs, "or any of the posts, wires, or other material of which the same is composed, and especially from removing the same, or any part thereof, from off the land occupied by the said railroad company for his right of way, and from in anywise hindering or preventing the plaintiff from erecting or locating the said line in the usual way upon and along the right of way of the railroad company, always provided that the same shall not be located or constructed so as to actually hinder or obstruct the operation of the defendants. And the defendants are also enjoined from bringing any suits in any courts to enjoin or restrain the petitioners from erecting and maintaining their line upon the railroad right of way until the further order of the court. And the railroad company are further enjoined from discriminating between the plaintiff and the Western Union Telegraph Company in respect to the transportation and delivery of material, to the prejudice of the A. and P. Company." A writ was at once issued by the court and furnished the sheriff of Scott County, who served it on the proper railroad and Western Union Telegraph Company's officials. The suit will not be heard and determined upon until February next.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

TRYING TO FORCE THE RAILROADS INTO TERMS.

At Davenport, Iowa, October 20th, the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company served notices on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company that they would proceed to condemn a right of way for their telegraph line along the railroad company's right of way, and the railroad company presented to Judge Hayes a bill for an injunction against the telegraph company to restrain such condemnation and to restrain the projected entry upon the right of way of the railroad. Judge Hayes granted the injunction.

During the same week the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company also condemned a right of way along a part of the Kansas City, Council Bluffs and St. Joe Railroad in Pottawatomie County, and were proceeding to condemn a right of way in Fremont and Mills Counties, Ia. To-day application was made by that railroad company to Judge Reed, of the District Court for the Council Bluffs District, for an injunction, after notice to the telegraph company to restrain further condemnation and to restrain the telegraph company from using the ground already condemned, and after a full hearing Judge Reed granted the injunction asked for.

The Telegraph in Central Africa.

SOME suggestions forwarded by Messrs. Nicholls and Arnold and Colonel Grant to the Brussels Geographical Conference, with regard to the idea of introducing the telegraph into the African Continent from Egypt overland to the Cape of Good Hope, have been collected in a small pamphlet. There is little doubt that Africa offers as many facilities for construction of a line as Australia or America—indeed, greater facilities; and the principal obstacles seem to lie in the nature of the population. At present the Egyptian wire extends to Khartoum, which is 1,260 miles from Alexandria, and this is being extended to Gondokoro, 700 miles

further on. "Hence," says Mr. Arnold, "the route to King M'tesa's capital is within practical control, the distance being about 230 miles. King M'tesa's City makes a safe and central station, and thence the wire should be taken under the Victoria Lake, which gives us 200 miles more of waterwork to Muanza. Hence it should go overland by Speke's old route to Kaze, which is about 150 miles off, and thence should bifurcate, on fairly secure roads, to Ujiji and Bagamoyo (Zanzibar.) Having thus picked up two commercial emporiums, it would pass down Tanganyika, and go to Bamba and Lobisa overland to Lake Nyassa, where it is to be submarine again till it reaches the new town of Livingstonia. Hence it would safely proceed down the Shire and Zambezi rivers to the sea, where a short ocean line would connect it with Delagoa Bay, or, better still, Port Natal; or it might yet more cheaply pass overland from Lake Nyassa to the Transvaal frontier. The distance to be covered between the Egyptian and colonial ends is about 2,700 miles, but out of this at least 1,500 may perhaps be laid in the beds of rivers and lakes. There is, however, no necessity for expensive insulated cables; a simple railway wire stretched openly from tree to tree, or upon poles, may be carried from Khartoum to the Limpopo; and once established, will be maintained by small subsidies to the chiefs. Commerce and profit will soon protect what they depend on; stations will arise like beads on a string, and the aforesaid subsidies—with the fear of "fetish" and traveling inspectors—will keep the line open as surely as all others have been maintained across barbarous countries."—*Telegraphic Journal*.

Enterprise Dramatic Association.

This association, which is composed mainly of employés at the main office, gave its first entertainment of the season at Turn Hall on Wednesday, October 18th. Some 800 or 900 persons were in attendance. The performance opened with the negro act, "The Arrival of Dickens." Mr. Ed Dix (delivery department) was very funny and original, and the acting of Mr. Frost promising. Peter Shaw in his female impersonations elicited several encores. In the farce of "Box and Cox," Willie Cunningham (mail office) did well. Mr. J. J. Mather (delivery) gave some very good songs which were deservedly encored. "Ex-Senator Spivins" (free message department) gave a humorous stump speech on the political situation, or something, for, as he said himself, that if any one knew what he was talking about they knew more than he did; it was too short and terminated rather abruptly. Miss Lizzie Dwyer followed with some pleasing songs; she has a very fine voice and was well received. The performance concluded with "The Rough Diamond." This petite comedy was well enacted, Mr. William Eason (book-keepers' department) showed careful study, and Mr. F. W. Maul (timekeeper) among others displayed considerable talent. After the performance there was a ball.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MACHINES.—The first machines ever used by Professor S. F. B. Morse, late of this city—says the Poughkeepsie *Eagle*—the inventor of magnetic telegraph, was taken from his residence below this city, yesterday, by an agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who carried them to New York. It is the intention to have them connected with a battery and worked, after which they will be put into a case to be preserved as a memento. Mr. Morse's family, it is stated, did not like to part with them; but as the Professor in his will left them to the company, they had to be delivered up.

An old lady at the Exposition last week was in as much trouble as her immortal prototype in the nursery tale, who exclaimed:

"If this be I, and I ain't sure it be,
I've got a little dog at home, and he'll know me."

She was found wandering about the grounds just as the gates were closing, had missed her companions, and knew neither the street nor the number where her party were stopping in Philadelphia. A policeman took her to a telegraph office, where her name and residence in Indiana were obtained, and a message was dispatched to her son in Indiana, asking if he could tell his mother where she was staying in Philadelphia. A satisfactory answer was soon obtained, and the old lady was restored to her frantic friends.

Dashes Here and There.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.—Thomas F. Wall, aged seventeen, telegraph office clerk, of 138th Street, was put under \$1,000 bail at the Tombs, October 21st, for shooting W. S. O'Neill, of 143d Street, on October 9, in the abdomen with a pistol. The affair was accidental.

THE estimated gross receipts of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, on 19th ult., were £1,250; 20th, £1,680; 21st, £1,750; 22d, £1,800; 23d, £1,520; 24th, £1,510. The traffic receipts of the Direct United States Cable Company, Limited, at 3s. per word, for week ending 16th September, 1876, were £3,400; 23d, \$3,400.

A PATERSON man last night at twelve o'clock was standing with his ear against a telegraph pole listening to the music made by the invisible fingers of the wind striking across the wires. Said he, enthusiastically, "Why, I can hear a perfect harmony." "Yes," said the other, "and if you had another drink you could hear the melody."—*N. Y. Herald*.

ALTHOUGH pneumatic tubes for telegraphic purposes have been very successful in London, the Pneumatic Dispatch Company of that city has been an utter failure. It had connected the General Post-office by several subterranean dispatch tunnels with the railway depots, but the trucks carrying the parcels stuck fast so often in the tubes that the experiment had to be abandoned and the fittings sold for a song.

In this civilized country, and in this 19th century, the following seems almost incredible—nevertheless it is a fact: An intelligent looking gentleman stepped into the Albany W. U. office, a few days since, and after handing the receiving clerk a message regarding some ribbon, presented a sample, asking the clerk to inclose and forward it with the message. He appeared quite surprised upon being informed that such a thing could not be done by telegraph.

It is proposed to carry a wire to the Cape of Good Hope across the African Continent. Of the 1,500 miles or so of aerial line it is suggested that much might be erected without the expense of poles by taking advantage of the trees over thickly wooded tracts, which are frequent in tropical Africa. The difficulty would be to keep the natives from utilizing the wire in regions where iron is scarce and valuable, but this might be got over. The undertaking, if it could be established and kept in working order, would be exceedingly lucrative, and would, in many ways, aid in opening up Africa to commerce and civilization.

THE printer's hand takes up and sets down 4,000 letters per day, and assuming that his hand moves the distance of two feet to and from his "stick," it travels 48,000 feet each day, or nearly ten miles, or from here to Europe every year. Now, will somebody kindly figure out the average manipulations of the wrist of a first-class commercial telegrapher in, say New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or other large city, during the year, how often he breaks or says "adjust" or "it don't come," or calls his distant and less expert brother a plug? We pause for a reply.

A NEW method of measuring the speed of waves and at the same time their exact contours, has lately been invented by Mr. Robert Sabine, a well known London electrician, and tried with excellent results upon lengths of the Red Sea cable, at present in course of manufacture at Greenwich, England. Mr. Sabine's method consists in sending currents into one end of the cable (the other end being to earth), and at regular intervals testing the potential of some given point in the conductor. This is done by means of a mica condenser, which is kept in connection with the point in question until the right interval has elapsed, when it is discharged through a galvanometer. A rotating time apparatus is arranged to close the circuit of the battery at the end, and after a given interval to separate the condenser and discharge it. The interval may be varied from 0.001 to 2.0 seconds. A similar reading is taken for each interval from 0.001 second upward until the maximum of the potential due to the position of the point tested is attained. This gives a curve of the exact contour of the wave. The speed is measured by sending two waves of opposite size into the cable, and noticing the intervals at which their neutral points passes two given points in the cable. The difference of the intervals and the distance between the points give the speed.

It is said that Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic Cable fame, is making arrangements to purchase the New York *Mail*. It is now edited by Major Bundy, a man of study, but who is not warm enough in his writings to be popular in his effect. The *Mail* has, probably, suffered during the hard times. Though a well edited paper and one whose influence is felt, its circulation is small. It seems that after all people prefer news to much nice reading matter in a daily. Cyrus W. Field, in his purpose of buying the *Mail*, has the idea of having a special wire-dispatch and a special European agency for working every day. This is a nice enterprise, but the question remains, would it pay?

An improved combined electric fire signal apparatus and fire extinguisher has recently been patented in Brooklyn. With the pipe through which the water is brought into the building and in the upper part of the room is connected a perforated pipe through which the water is discharged into the room, and in which, near the pipe, is placed a stopcock. To the handle of the stopcock is attached a weight. The stem of the weight is made with an eye to receive a pin, that is held back by a spring and is held forward by a cord which is led to different parts of the room, so that, should a fire occur, the flame may burn off the cord and cause the weight to drop, which opens the cock and causes a discharge of water into the room. In the pipe is placed a small water wheel, which, when the cock is thus opened, rotates thereby, sounding an alarm.

A subscription has just been raised at Bougival in France for the purpose of erecting a monument to Francis Debergue, a gardener of that commune, who was shot by the Prussians on the 29th of September, 1870. Some days after Paris had closed her gates the Forty-Sixth Regiment of Prussian infantry took up its quarters at Bougival, and the colonel's first care was, naturally enough, to establish telegraph communication with Versailles. Day after day, however, the wires were found to have been cut by an invisible enemy. Suspicion lighted on Debergue, who at once acknowledged himself the author of the mischief. He had done it "because the Prussians were his enemies, and he was a Frenchman." Would he do it again? asked the president of the court marshal before which Debergue was summoned, to which the poor fellow replied that he certainly should. He was condemned to death, and it was in vain that the inhabitants of Bougival collected a sum of 10,000 francs, and offered it to the Prussian commander as the ransom of Debergue's life. Debergue himself entreated his friends to make no effort on his behalf. "If he were released he should cut the wires again to-morrow." The German officer who commanded the platoon at the execution seemed much affected, and was heard several times to mutter the word "patriotisme" with a Teutonic accent.

The *Scientific American* speaks very flatteringly of Sir William Thomson's galvanometer, which was used at Hallett's Point to demonstrate the perfection of the battery connection intended for the instantaneous firing of the enormous mass of explosives distributed throughout the great mine, an experiment, remarks the same journal, even more impressive when rightly understood, than the final blast. It saved the first Atlantic cable, says the *Scientific*, from being a complete and utter failure, and so demonstrated to the world the grand fact that submarine telegraphy through long distances was not chimerical; yet it consisted essentially of nothing more than a slender magnetic needle, three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a circular mirror about a quarter of an inch in diameter, the whole—weighing a grain and a half—being suspended by a film of silk. Without this prompt and acutely sensitive little indicator of electric disturbance, telegraphing through great lengths of submerged wire would have been practically impossible, owing to the length of time required for each signal wave; and it is not at all unlikely that, had Sir William's invention not been on hand in the nick of time, the Atlantic cable would not only have been abandoned as a hopeless failure, financially considered, but capitalists would have declined to sink any more money in that sort of enterprise. But its usefulness did not end there; it has since been and ever must continue to be of the utmost importance in ocean cabling, and in all important electrical operations on land, whether practical or purely investigative.

The more enlarged is our own mind the greater number we discover of men of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.—Paschal.

PERSONALS.

Ed Fallum is subbing at St. Louis.
Frank Swain was in town last week.
Les Bradley was at Knoxville last week.
Rocky Moore has jumped the town again.
Billy Lewis takes a position in Mobile Nov. 1st.
A. C. Rossback is night man at Lone Rock, Wis.
A. E. Shape wafes lightning at Fond Du Lac, Wis.
Mr. Talcot has accepted a position in Philadelphia.
Mr. Jesson, the Quarantine blonde, has accepted a position at 197.
Joe Wood walks stiffer than usual. He has a new suit of clothes.
The W. U. office at Sandy Hill, N. Y., was recently destroyed by fire.
Mr. Hucker, of Buffalo, visited the operating department on Wednesday.
Miss Bell Madison has charge of the N. W. Tel. office, at Merasha, Wis.
Mr. Mudgett has been transferred from the Fx city office to the night force at 197.
Charlie Bross, of Madison, stays up very late nights reading Oakum Pickings.
McL. Campbell has resigned from 197 and accepted a position in New Orleans.
F. L. Fancher and C. E. Arnold, of the Albany W. U. office, are doing the Centennial.
Will Ormond and Miss Lilian Brown are the "extraordinaries" at Milwaukee stock yards.
George Cromwell resigned this week. He didn't give any information as to where he was going.
Willie Groff was too sick to work at 197. He has resigned, and is now doing the Centennial city.
Wall Collins, assistant train dispatcher, Lax. Div. M. and St. P. Railway, is doing the Centennial.
Frank Cox is bracing up. He has bought a new scarf, and if he keeps on he will have a new hat.
Charley Jennings has resigned from 197. He was an old rounder, and the boys are sorry he's gone.
General Superintendent Gamble, of California, visited the operating room at 197 on Friday evening.
Mr. McEnroe is going to vote for Tilden and Reform, and he takes pains that every one shall know it.
H. D. Sloat, an old timer, almost gray in the profession, is manager N. W. Tel. office, Oshkosh, Wis.
Mr. Sabine, who was at Saratoga for the past summer, has accepted a position on the night force at 197.
Mr. J. M. Lyman, Manager Downer's efficient clerk, is a happy father. It's a girl. Congratulate you, Jim.
The ladies have commenced to do extra Sunday work, five of them being on duty at the main office Oct. 29th.
Miss Charlier has returned from Lake George, where she has been spending the summer, and resumed her duties at 197.
One of the first-class men at 145 was guilty last week of rendering Hon. J. H. Fry Stone for Hon. J. Henry Stone.
C. C. Murphy, of 197, was one of the secretaries at the great Republican mass-meeting held at Cooper Union last week.
Jack Laughlin, the curly headed boy, does the telegraphing for the Mil. and St. Paul Railway, at Waukesha, Wis.
Mr. Van Hollenger has had a bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism. We are happy to state he is rapidly recovering.
Mr. Bradt offers a reward of five dollars for information as to who wrote the description of his walk. Still he doesn't care.
N. S. Dalliba is manager of N. W. Tel. office Marquette, Mich. His assistant, Walt Bittel, is one of the best boys in the State.
Jack Quigley, night report man, Milwaukee, sports a new four dollar hat, the result of a bet on Blue Jeans in Indiana.
Mr. W. J. Philips has been elected President of the A. D. Tel. Co., Philadelphia, in place of T. F. Adams. The latter is now Vice President.
Messrs. Lombdon and Bradt visited the Centennial last week. The commissioners will regret to hear that they pronounce it a complete fizzle.

Mr. John W. Parsons, manager W. U. Tel. Co., Springfield, Ohio, has been elected Republican County Treasurer by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. L. H. Long, manager N. W. Telegraph office, Green Bay, Wis., is suffering from a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism in his knee and thigh.

Mr. Crate is a large dealer in carriages, etc. He purchased four gigs on Thursday last, and then sold them again the same day, at an immense profit.

Billy Lloyd, manager, McGregor, Iowa, paid the Milwaukee office a flying visit last week. He was on his way home from the Centennial, and just dropped in.

Miss Clara A. Deisher, formerly W. U. operator at Lake City, Fla., is now working for A. D. T. at Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia. Miss Deisher is an excellent operator.

Mr. Frank Methwin, operator W. U. office Wooster, Ohio, who has been spending his vacation at the Centennial, passed through New York last week on his way home looking well.

He broke thirteen times on one word and then got it "Bots" instead of "Bob." He holds forth not 1,000 miles from Sixth Avenue, and persistently clamors for an increase of salary.

Mr. W. D. Sargent, Superintendent of A. D. Tel. Co., Philadelphia, who has been absent for six weeks on account of ill-health, has now entirely recovered and is able to resume his old place.

Mr. Weller is a student of the *Times* campaign supplement. He has committed to memory the article entitled "Tilden's War Record," and his recitation of it is said to be a grand piece of oratory.

Mr. J. F. Malone has been transferred to night duty at the Centennial A. D. Tel. office, Philadelphia, in place of C. J. Wickersham, resigned. G. E. Reed has been transferred to the main office, 3d and Chestnut, for day duty.

Mr. N. G. Sharp, manager Erie Railway office, New Windsor, N. Y., called at this office last Saturday on his way from Philadelphia. He liked the Centennial, but says there is too much of it, and is glad to get home.

Thomas E. Callahan, manager of Neenah, Wis. office, is to be married on the 1st of November to a handsome young lady named Hunt, of the same city. Best wishes be with him. Tom intends going east on his wedding tour.

Mr. A. D. Babbitt, of the Western Union office, New Orleans, participated in a rifle match near that city two weeks ago. Our readers may be pleased to know that "his side won," beating teams from all parts of the State "by a large majority."

The Law Telegraph Company, an organization started in this city about eighteen months ago, having for its object the facilitating of business between lawyers, and which employed some messengers and a few operators, peacefully expired last week.

Mr. C. F. Burdick, better known as Lawyer Burdick, has been appointed assistant to Mr. Long at Green Bay, Wis. Two better men can not be found in that part of the country. Charlie is extremely happy, having won \$30 on Blue Jeans in Indiana.

Mr. William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has been quite ill for more than a week. He was somewhat better on Monday, but still confined to his room. It is hoped that by another week he will be able to be about.

Mr. John F. Agne, for many years press operator at Rochester, Buffalo, New York, and other places, but for the past three or four years employed in the County Clerk's office, Rochester, called at this office on Monday. Many of his former friends will be glad to know that he is well.

Mr. James O'Brien, until about two years ago manager of the A. and P. Telegraph office at Buffalo, N. Y., and which he resigned on account of ill-health, died in that city October 19th. The funeral on the 22d was largely attended. Messrs. Smith, Roche, Lapp, and Bowker acting as pallbearers.

Mr. J. M. Moffatt, of 197, has been quite ill. He was so low at one time that his recovery was considered doubtful, but we are happy to say that he is now slowly recovering. So soon as his attending physicians will permit of his removal, he will be taken to his home in Dunmore, Pa., where we hope he will soon regain his lost strength, and speedily return to his desk in the Western Union main office.

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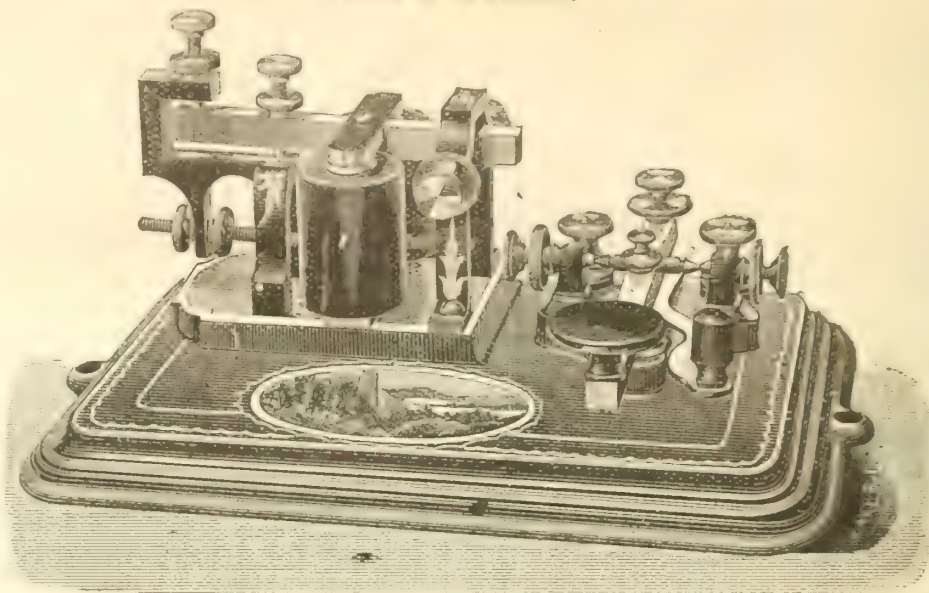
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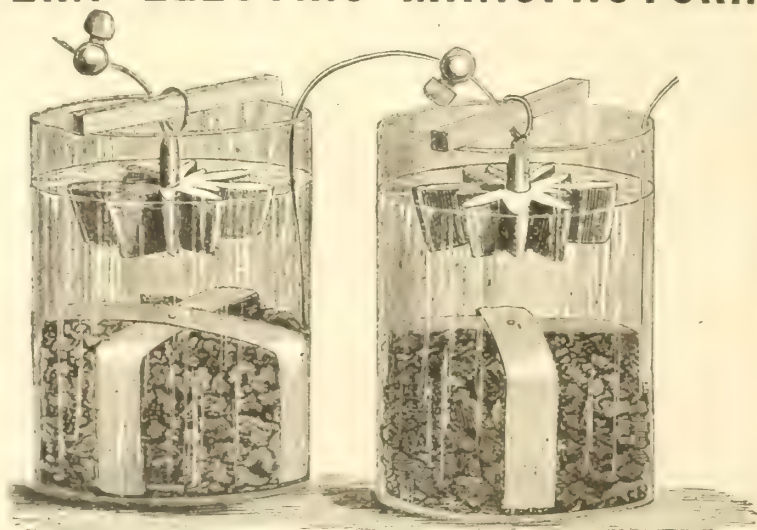
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A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

VOL. VI.

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No. 6

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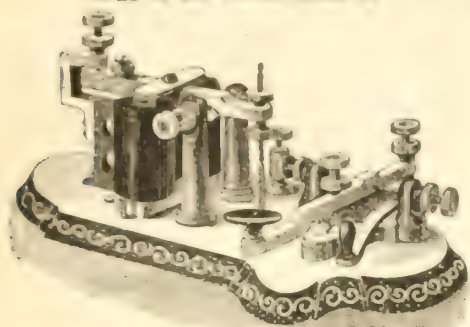
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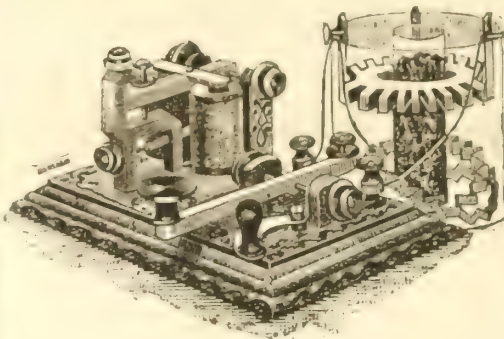
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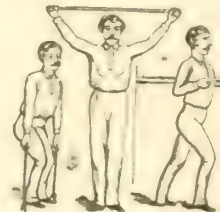
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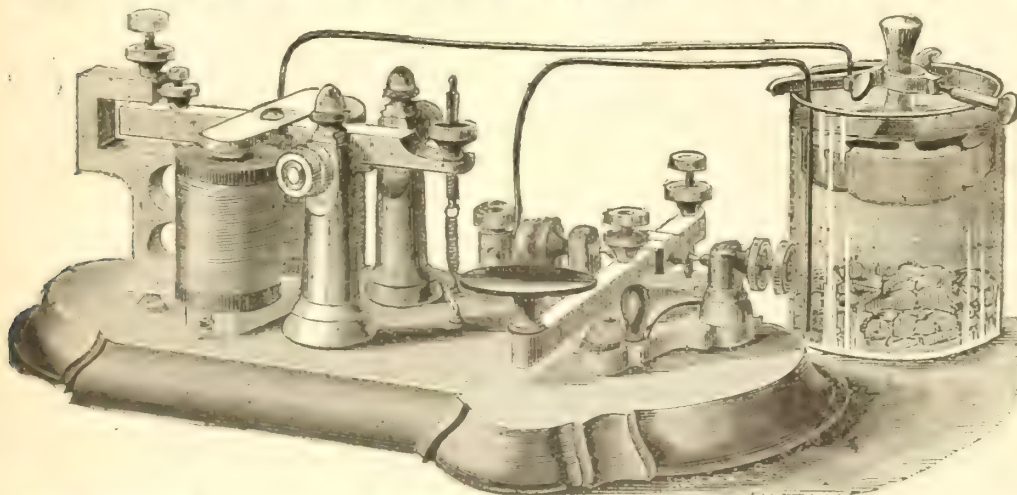
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A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC TELEGRAPHY.

November 15th, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 66.

The Fair Alicia.

A CENTENNIAL ROMANCE.

It was the fair Alicia, Sophronia Gwendolina,
And everyone acknowledged that they never yet had
seen a

Fairer or more gorgeous one in form of Eastern Houris,
But, alas! that such exterior could cover so much fury!

'Twas at the Exposition that she kept her little stand,
And peddled out cheap jewelry with ever dextrous hand,
Averring that she sold there all the treasures of Cathay,
Which monstrous, awful fib she told four hundred times
a day.

Her articles of olive wood had never crossed the sea,
While all of her cheap jewelry was made in fair Jarsee;
But still the crowds poured in the cash about that little
stand,

For none could well resist a face so smiling and so bland.

One bright and balmy morning, when customers were
few,

And she had just mussed up her hair, as Eastern Houris
Arranged her wares for business, and waited for the cash,
She was guilty of an escapade I fear you may think rash.

For, glancing from her counter, her bright eyes chanced
to meet

A pair of shining black ones in a booth across the street.
The stranger wore a turban, and trousers awful wide,
As clear a case of made-up Turk as ever was espied.

He gave a twist to his moustache, and very sweetly
smiled,
And when the Houris rolled her eyes he almost went
quite wild.

To withstand her eagle glances he found it was no use,
For of this made-up "Turkey" she quickly made a
goose.

So, armed with gorgeous slippers, he from his kiosk
hied,

And steps, in length prodigious, soon brought him to
her side,

When, in respectful jabber, and the very *gonest* look,
He asked to swap his gorgeous wares for Tunisian chi-
boub.

She averred that to oblige him it gave her utmost pleas-
ure,

And in the fullness of her heart she gave him double
measure.

Thanks profuse and broken were mixed with lots of
looks,

And soon 'twas plain he was secure on very tender hooks.

The love that was thus kindled grew fiercer day by day,
And the Turk was soon engaged to the fair one of Cathay.
The very warmest glances were shot across the street,
And in preoccupation he almost forgot to cheat.

That true love never *did* run smooth, by poets we are
told,

So on the scene let's introduce the rival, fierce and bold.
'Tis sad to spoil a romance so handsomely begun,
But by the truthful chronicler, alas, it must be done!

He was a noble guardsman of the mock policeman class,
Whose cheeks were like his buttons, the consistency of
brass.

He wore a pair of snow white gloves and most prodig-
ious shoe,
And gorgeous, bran-new uniform of regulation blue.

And as he strolled magnificent and lordly on his beat,
He spied and quickly lost his heart to our Circassian
sweet;

And set up opposition to the Turk across the way,
And how he sighed and ogled I really dare not say.

He treated her to popcorn, and truly was most rash,
For on the fair Alicia he squandered all his cash.

She accepted all his sweetmeats, but in her shop would
lurk

Until, in sweet seclusion, she shared them with her
Turk.

The Turk, thus fed, grew fonder, and she in turn more
kind,

While for a time the guardsman was by his love made
blind;

And all went on as smoothly as though it were a play,
Like any true love story in the good old-fashioned way.

But, alas, for love and passion! the lovers once were
caught,

For glancing one day o'er a pile of sweetmeats he had
bought,

The gallant guard saw through it all, and I, alas, must
state,
That all his lordly passion was turned to bitter hate.

Now, in a bloody romance of course you want some
killing,

So, not to disappoint you, we now produce the villain!
His name was Senor Corliss, a man accounted great,
Who hailed from far Rhode Island, a famous Eastern
State.

And many months before this, with malice in his heart,
He in this fearful romance proposed to take his part
By bringing on an engine, the largest to be found,
Armed with a monstrous gear-wheel which traveled
round and round.

And underneath this engine, as Fate would have it so,
Alicia the gay fair one was bound that she should go.
She wished to see the mystery, and hear the awful roar
Which lurked in tunnels, holes, and pits way down be-
neath the floor.

So—arm-in-arm with her own Turk—one day she thither
hied,

With that perfidious guardsman who acted as a guide,
With malice lurking in his heart beneath a sickly smile,
And dissembling exterior which cloaked a lot of guile.

They hastened to the boiler-room, and saw them cook
the steam,
And traveled through the tunnel beneath the gas-light's
gleam;

And finally emerging in the pit beneath the ground,
Stood close beside those horrid wheels that traveled
round and round.

And now at last the guardsman espied his longed-for
chance,

And casting on Alicia his very sweetest glance,
Besought her to draw nearer, close to those awful jaws,
And—but really, gentle reader, if you faint I'll have to
pause.

You want to hear the awful tale? Well, then, here goes,
And we bring our mournful story to its proper horrid
close.

A pair of arms about her form the fair Alicia feels,
And then she is thrown shrieking between the grinding
wheels.

A groan, a crash and rumble, the noise of papers rustle,
A fair form falls upon the floor completely shorn of
bustle;

The cruel wheels go tearing up and grinding *Times* and
Suns,

And hastily escaping the guilty guardsman runs.

The engineers and oilers down through the hatchway
drop,

And that great mighty engine concludes its time to stop.
Till even Senor Corliss comes most wildly asking how
The thing was done, and kicking up a most outrageous
row.

They deluge that fair creature to rouse her from her
swoon

With water from a bucket and brandy from a spoon;
And when resuscitated they bring her to the light,
Well, on the whole, her *tout ensemble* presents a sorry
sight!

Her dress is somewhat ragged, and is torn off very short,
Exposing big broganded feet by far more than it ought;
False teeth lost out, and paint washed off—the fact was
very clear,
Our handsome Eastern Houris was sadly out of gear.

It also was quite patent, from epithets not choice,
Whatever might be wanting she hadn't lost her voice;
For, turning on that wretched Turk, she wildly gave
him fits

And threatened then and there to tear him into little
bits.

"Why hadn't he prevented this, and to her rescue
rushed,

As became her sole protector, the one on whom she
gushed?

He was a paltroon, coward, the very meanest sneak,
She only longed to knock him to the middle of next
week."

While he—well, he was also a little out of shape,
And, minus wig and turban, looked extremely like an
ape.

What hair he had was rosy, and it was plainly seen
The Turk was a descendent of the land of emerald green.

But o'er this scene of agony now let us draw a veil,
And bring to a conclusion the sad and grievous tale.
The Exhibition's over now, the Corliss wheel is still,
The guard has not returned yet, and I don't expect he
will.

Alicia has gone back to her farm in Jarsee far,
Our Turk is now termed Michael, and tends behind a
bar,

And Corliss, on the whole, has well the public cheated,
By telling all the papers his condenser's overheated.

NUR CEN.

Bulls.

I have always been anxious that our profession
should draw a line of distinction between what may
be strictly designated as errors, and what are popu-
larly and flippantly called "bulls." To err is hu-
man, and very often excusable, but to be confronted
with the astronomical sign of Taurus on the
slightest provocation, even under the most favorable
circumstances, is very humiliating to a sensitive
spirit. It is a fact well known to educated and re-
fined plug-fanciers that a "bull" which will reduce
the swaggering millionaire into a homeless wander-
er on very short notice, is easily made. The
same members of this peculiar branch of the sport-
ing fraternity know that the common college bred
plug has wonderful facilities for effecting such a
disastrous and rapid change; and as they need not
be told that when an ordinarily careful and intelli-
gent operator applies the full force of his under-
standing to the proper number of dots and dashes
with a conscientious motive, the result thus arrived
at is an intellectual result. Or if *that* should subse-
quently prove to have been wrong, even though it
may at a later day seem to have been slightly
beyond what his cooler judgment would have dic-
tated, it should not be classed in the category of
condemned bovine quadrupeds.

As the matter stands now, all errors, stupid and
scientific, are classed alike as "bulls," and are popu-
larly supposed from some insane reason or other,
to be extravagantly funny, and it seems to be com-
mon law among us that when some unhappy lout
misreads a word, all the other members of our
guild who have not muddled a message for the
previous two hours, are consequently warranted in
going into violent fits of laughter at the presumed
vast stupidity of their unfortunate friend. The
story is peddled out from one to the other as a pro-
found but uproariously funny secret, until it finally
pulls up in some telegraph paper in a grossly exag-
gerated form, as a new joke for all the shallow
headed country plugs to amuse themselves with.
Indeed, bulls seem to be replete with merriment for
one and all, since the eager devourer of this kind of
highly amusing literature scans the electrical papers
for the latest bull as eagerly as a lady glances over
the new fashion book. I know many a "first-class
man" who regards the bull-wright's profession as a
very entertaining if not absolutely strictly moral
method of living; and as something less hazardous than
coming late and "oiling up" the chief, but a trifle more
exhilarating than sneaking out of the office ahead of
time. Even our patriarchal *Journal*—that profound
and sober exponent of abstruse platitudes and rever-
end arrays of algebraical signs, whose swift, un-
flagging torrent of logarithms and geometrical
blandishments rolls on as steadily as the Pontic sea,
and whose Spartan editor would, probably, for pure
love of electrical science, advise a hard worked
operator to spend his summer holidays in no lighter
occupation than fishing out the cube roots and x's
of magneto-hieroglyphics—even this excellent and
invaluable paper contains its standard account of an
"amusing" bull once in a while.

Bulls, then, in our profession, by such aristocratic
patronage and our own peculiar system of legisla-
tion, are admitted to be a great deal funnier than
the less perplexing misconceptions of the daily rou-
tine of other callings, though goodness knows why.
We are expected to consider them when doled out
by plug or *savant*, as infinitely more jocose and fa-
cetious than the very clever guesses which are con-
stantly being made from other people's bad efforts
in other trades and professions; while we have not,
at the same time, a corresponding chance of con-
cealing or amending the fell slip. For comparison:
the burly bricklayer, never faltering in his duty to
himself as a contractor, slaps an extra hod of hair-
less lime and mud—called for business purposes,
mortar—over his slip of the trowel—his "bull" by
the way—with no more serious result than an extra
journey for his sweltering and discouraged head-
carrier. Again, that great exponent of political
principles who, true to the last, keeps the Sabbath
on a Monday (the shoemaker), deliberately pastes
some brown paper over the "bull" which he makes
in the sole of your shoe, plights a cobbler's glib
troth for the integrity of his leather, and you don't
discover the unreliability of the job until you make
a kick at the next book canvasser. Observe still
closer when the smiling leader of an orchestra
makes a bull in timing the music, and thereby
throws the audience into agonies by discordant
overtures, he simply cracks the base fiddler over the
bald pate with his baton, and every one thereupon

points with the finger of scorn at the *base* fiddler, and reviles him as an unmusical poltroon. Yet more; the doctor makes a serious bull in measuring your dose, and on discovering that he has nearly laid you out, blames the relapse on the beef tea you drank, and chalks down two extra visits in his bill. But your poor, unfortunate telegrapher's bull—his misreading of a single numeral for instance—haunts him ever, and sticketh closer than a bankrupted professional brother. It is the fatal bloodstain—or pen stain—which will not "out," and it carries a light of its own to testify to his degradation. Those immaculate and wealthy individuals, "the boys," who work at our business for the sole privilege of salting some one, all laugh at him; the chief operator, even when he is a plug himself, metaphorically clubs him; the unsympathizing superintendent indites him pompous and scornful, not to say withering, epistles; the Auditor cooks it up in official gravity, and thrusts it at him in a monstrous yellow envelope, scribbled all over with shocking chirography; while the heartless cashier docks it from the re-constructed pay roll, and informs him on pay day that, instead of drawing any salary, he owes the whole set of them just three dollars; and a few days afterward the brigandish looking and outraged customer inquires for him at the counter downstairs with a hickory club.

Away back from the dim past, treasured by the wild fancies of romancers and sailors, there comes a somewhat fishy story of sweet-voiced serenaders, who, mirror in hand, used to comb the dripping sea-weed from out a wealth of golden tresses, while reclining on the dismal ocean rock, impervious alike to asthmatical affections and telegraph superintendents. Our fables call them sirens, and they sat upon the barren cliffs—cliffs undefiled by the advertiser's paint brush—singing ravishing love-songs to "ye ancient mariner." Many a toiling crew with their bluff old mate and "gallant capping too," have been soothed to their everlasting sleep by the plaintive, lullaby songs of these sea-maids after stranding their vessel—literally making a marine "bull"—through the allurements of the mermaid. Is there no analogy to be traced between the myths of the sailor's demonology and the unwritten fables of the telegraph—and more so, when we reflect on the multitude of "salts" in both professions? As the deluded plug, duly certified to and diploma'd by a crack college, opens his key, faithfully counts up the words in accordance with the book of rules, tallies the same on his fingers' ends, fills in entire words where in his excusable haste he had only written initial characters, and licks off the blots or mops them up with his office duster, is it not possible, in view of the frisky hobgoblins that sometimes cross and entangle our busiest wires with such impish perseverance, that he too may experience monstrous and supernatural visions? Nay, is it not *probable* that some sweet siren, disgusted with her luckless love-chase among the methodical cheap labor "chinee" sailors who now plough our seas—or perhaps it may be a lost mermaid of old—has wandered landward, and now sits upon a cross arm to lure the susceptible plug into dreamy forgetfulness by the novel, even if unmelodious refrain of a female salmon? and as in the wee sma' hours his melting eyes do blink and close from very weariness, may she not guide his palsied hand to fashion the fatal bull?

To pursue this subject further we must divest ourselves of all palpably erroneous traditions, and go back to the long long ago, considering the plug as a bull-wright in his earliest inception. Is it a fact that the blundering plug is a parasite of the electric telegraph, and that he insinuated himself into the world only on the invention of that great rival of the Post Office? Our professional ancestors in the dark ages of the profession stood on platforms fifty feet up in the air, sending or receiving on the gaily painted semaphore signals, and made alleged laughable bulls with the same astounding variety in their method as do the most conventional and "buck-some" plugs that loaf luxuriously at a patent quarantine table to-day. Years before even that benighted age, our still more remote ancestor, the pony express rider, made disastrous bulls which were just as odious to the general public and quite as acceptable to the fun-loving connoisseur of its dark-lanternism, as are the somewhat more novel bulls of the present day. Walter Lamb, who was the Eitemiller of fast transmission at that time, "expressed" the news and market reports from Philadelphia to New York on ponies in a trifle under seven hours; (and when he felt like "whoopin' em up" he got "clear" sooner.) Even he must have had his little error sheets come back on him, and possibly his one-third of the damages to pay. Look back forty

years, ye lightning "expressmen" of to-day, and see your noble professional ancestor's mounted form swooping like a swallow over the turf, and hear his good pony's hoofs clattering in the streets of Trenton. No first-class sultanic of to-day rises from his desk after getting away with an immense pile of reds, with loftier disdain or less apparent concern, than did our athletic predecessors leap from the foaming beast at the inn door, and throw his reins to the groom. There were no supercilious chiefs to be "oiled up," no palaver, no shrinking; he had his contract work to do, got a good pay for it, and, as a rule, did it thoroughly. Think, how, after taking a little extra grog and prior to mounting a fresh steed, in kissing the barmaid a sweet farewell behind the door, his ideas became slightly confused, and he put the New Brunswick letter in the Amboy bag. It is a long time ago, ye degenerated descendants of this fearless equestrian, but the consequences are exactly the same to-day. A delay occurs, almost unavoidably—a sinner dies unshrived, or a lover marries somebody else, and the usual number of pugilistic encounters with doughty customers follow; the subsequent explanations and extravagant expenditures are entailed, to all of which the unlucky "expressman" and the siren, be she currying her locks on a barren rock or blooming by the blazing fire of a wayside hostelry, are called upon to be involuntary participants. The miserable "expressman" is finally compelled to defray most, if not all of the expenses for what is, look at it as you will, no worse than a fatality.

However, in the present state of professional opinion, we must accept the custom which decrees that a bull is an ineffably funny incident; but, pending the change in popular sentiment which will set in sooner or later, the idea might be greatly improved and rendered universally funny, if "the boys" would invent some process by which the miserable manufacturer of one of these mirth-provoking blunders could be induced, in his dismal frame of mind, to see even a moderate amount of fun in it. I admit that I have frequently joined in the general merriment, but I always feel that the jolly circle should also embrace the self-sacrificing individual who has so successfully catered to our amusement; and that he should not be allowed to wander through the office forlorn and deep in meditation, with his hat all battered in and the bow of his necktie turned around to the back of his head, without a word of sympathy from me. Failing in our efforts to impress the funny part of the occurrence on his neglected intellect, could we not devise some method of boiling it down, by which we would not be compelled to consume a whole bull at a single laughing spell, preserving the broth, so to speak; or, halve or quarter it like a good old political barbecue, so providing by such forethought and economy a sufficient amount of jocularity for the glorious times a-coming when salaries shall be large, and when colleges and snapper sounders, and the consequent atrocious bulls shall be no more.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6. 1876.

Burned by Lightning but not Killed.

On Thursday, at about five o'clock p. m., the canal boat Robert S. Phelps, of Binghamton, loaded with flagging stones for Syracuse, was about half a mile below this village when the thunderstorm passed over. The lightning struck the steersman, a Mr. Higley of Triangle, Broome County. The lightning must have struck him on the right side of his head, a short distance below and forward of the crown, passed down his face, burning a path through his whiskers, then down his neck and the right arm; one branch crossing his shoulder, breast, and on the left side of his abdomen, burning part of the way to a blister, and part of the way scorching the skin and flesh to a cinder. From his wrist, which rested on the boat tiller, the stroke passed to the tiller, tearing a hole in the wood of considerable size, and from thence by the iron straps to the water. Mr. Higley's arm and shoulder and on to his breast is the worst sight we ever saw from lightning burn. This morning the old gentleman feels very weak and sick, being able to sit up only a few minutes. The right ear is evidently deaf from the stroke.

MORTGAGE FORGER CONVICTED.—Joel R. James, a telegraph operator, employed at Brooklyn, but a resident of Trenton, N. J., was convicted, October 21st, in the Mercer County Court, of forging a mortgage of \$1,500 on property which he owned in that city. After forging the mortgage he went to the County Clerk's office and presented it for cancellation, when the fraud was discovered.

All Hallow Eve.

BY CHOPS.

The clock in the telegraph office at Relaytown was just striking eight, as Herbert Pinkham and his brother operators Al Swett and Howard Prince emerged from the coat-room, and proceeded to hunt up and re-light the cigar stubs which they had deposited there at the close of the dinner hour.

"It's too bad, and no mistake," said Herb, in a despairing tone; "I went to Burton about that night press job, and he wouldn't hear a word of it; said that I wasn't up to that sort of thing yet—the old muttonhead!"

"That's all he knows," responded Swett, puffing away energetically. "You could do it as well as any one, with a little practice; but who has he booked for the night job, any way?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Pres Leighton, appearing at that moment with the everlasting dinner pail and umbrella—"that last pet of his, the Nova Scotia feller, is the happy man. Ninety dollars a month, and no day work."

"You don't mean Riggs?" said Herb.

"Yes, I do mean just him, and nobody else," replied Pres. The old man told him that he could go on next Tuesday night; Fred Sweetser's resignation takes effect then, you know."

"By the way, isn't Riggs the chap who believes in ghosts and all that sort of thing?" asked Howard Prince; "I've heard that he was as superstitious as an old maid."

"He is," assented Pres; "he spun George Davis a long yarn the other night about some old cod up there in Nova Scotia being carried off by the goblins and never seen afterward, and of the ghost of a murdered sailor that used to scull around in a bottomless boat, and I don't know what. Davis said that Riggs told him the story for gospel truth, and got so worked up telling it that he didn't dare to go home alone, but waited three-quarters of an hour for Doughty, the battery man, who lives on the same street."

"What a glorious chance to give him a big scare some night," said Howard. "Our office used to be the ante-room of the old Odd Fellows' Hall, and there are closets and trap doors enough to hide a dozen of us. What do you say, fellers, to giving him a benefit?"

"I vote aye, for one," said Pres, grinning horribly.

"Second the motion," bawled Davis, from the coat-room.

"Tis a vote," said Herbert. "And now, boys, just leave the direction of this matter in my hands. I've worked six years in this office, and won't take a back seat for any new comer from Nova Scotia or anywhere else, without a blow for my rights."

"And therefore, since I can not be a pressman,
To entertain these farewell spoken nights—
I am determined to prove a villain."

Just leave the affair to me. But here comes old Burton, so let's talk it over on the street," and Herb hurried down stairs followed by the others.

Marmaduke Riggs was a modest and unassuming young man, who several weeks previous had entered the Relaytown office fresh from his native province. He was somewhat awkward and nervous, but his work was always well done, and his diligence and efficiency soon attracted the notice of Manager Burton, who, on the resignation of his night pressman, advanced young Riggs to the vacant place. The appointment gave rise to some jealousy and ill feeling among the other operators, as the place in question was one of importance, and the salary correspondingly high.

Tuesday night came around at last. The weather was cold, and the wind blew heavily from the north. All the towns folks that could went home early, and those whose duties kept them abroad went shivering down the streets heavily muffled in shawls and great coats.

In the bar room of the Golden Fleece, seated around a huge open fire was a group of old settlers, smoking their pipes, gossiping, and listening to the wind as it howled and blustered without. Marmaduke had finished his supper, and was waiting in the barroom while the table girl put up his luncheon

"It's a cold night," said the landlord, offering Marmaduke a seat by the fire; "sit up, lad, and warm yourself before you face the blast again."

"It is a cold night, true as you live," said Captain York from his favorite seat in the corner, "we haven't had any such weather as this in October since the Baptist meeting house caught fire ten years ago."

"October thirty-first, why, it's All Hallow Eve, isn't it?" said the landlord. "I declare I never thought of it, but such weather as this never drops down on us at this time 'o year unless it is at All Hallow Eve."

"Ay, ay," spoke up another town oracle, "Halloween always brings bad weather. 'Twas just such a night as this that the old peddler was drowned in the brook down by Priscey's bridge."

"You mean old Eben Moody," said the Captain, poking the ashes down in his pipe; "yes, I remember it well. 'Twas no mortal hand that pushed him off'n that bridge. Farmer Winn used to say that he saw old Eben's ghost the Halloween following as he was coming home from the fair—saw him standing on the bridge with his pack on his back looking as natural as life. But no good came of it; for Winn's horse took fright, ran away, and was killed; and that night his barn caught fire and was burned to the ground, and the farmer himself was laid up with the rheumatism nearly all winter."

Here Mary Ann brought in the luncheon, and Marmaduke nervously buttoned up his coat and started for the office.

Arriving there he found all comfortable within. A cheerful fire burned in the stove, and his desk was brilliantly lighted with a kerosene lamp at either end. Soon after he commenced work Mr. Burton dropped in to see how he was getting along, and somehow or other Marmaduke felt greatly relieved by his company. But everything went smoothly, and about ten o'clock the manager went home. It was something new for Marmaduke to be sitting up all alone late at night, and his hand may have trembled a little at times, and once or twice he caught himself peering around the room as if in search of some nocturnal intruder, but nothing of the kind was visible, and no noise heard excepting the wind without, and the ceaseless click of the sounders within.

Marmaduke worked on for another hour, when the light at his right hand suddenly began to fail. He turned the wick up again, but in a few minutes it again burned low. This was a bother, so he examined the lamp, but it appeared to be all right, and nearly full of oil. Turning it up he again resumed work; but soon the light at his left hand went nearly out.

"What in this world ails the lamps," said Marmaduke, half aloud. As he turned a gust of wind from some unknown quarter extinguished the right hand light—while at the same time a pile of blanks were strewn over the desk and upon his copy.

"Where does the wind come from?" he asked himself. Then he re-lit the lamp, and after picking up the blanks, settled down to work again; but his pen was nowhere to be found. After hunting the whole room over for the missing article, he found it on his desk just where he had left it.

"Guess I must be a little nervous to-night," said Marmaduke, trying to laugh.

Another special from Washington had just commenced, so he grasped his pen and attempted to copy, but the pen recorded no mark on the paper. The ink had given out. Marmaduke procured a fresh supply from the adjoining table, and once more attempted to copy; but in a few minutes this supply gave out also. Hastily examining the inkstand he found it empty and perfectly dry. Its appearance indicated that it had contained no moisture for a very long time. He now made a thorough inspection of the room, and looked carefully about the desk and underneath the tables, but failed to discover any solution to the mystery. As he gazed in consternation at the walls and ceiling, both lights were suddenly extinguished.

"This is unaccountable," thought Marmaduke. He groped his way to the matchsafe, and having procured a match lit one of the lamps.

"There must be a window up somewhere," he said to himself, and proceeded to examine the windows; but all were fast, nor could he feel a draught from any direction. Returning to the desk he set down the lamp that he held in his hand, and turned to re-light the other; but a new source of horror awaited him. The lamp was gone. Where? Marmaduke could not answer that question, but disappeared it had and left no trace behind save a small circle of oil which stained the polished wood of the desk.

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated our hero, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow: "there's more than human agency at work here. I wish that I hadn't come to-night. Heavens and earth!"

He had retreated into the middle of the room, and the latter expression was drawn from him as the remaining lamp, guided by some unseen hand, moved slowly across the room and disappeared at an angle of the wall, leaving him once more in darkness.

As the light vanished, a groan, long, deep, and agonizing, apparently proceeding from directly under his feet, nearly drove him out of his senses. He seized his hat and started to leave the office, but found the door securely locked and the key gone. In vain he tugged and pulled at the doorknob, in vain he sought in all his pockets for the missing key; the door remained fast and Marmaduke was a prisoner.

A feeling of abject terror seized him, while every hair on his head slowly assumed the perpendicular. The wind without still howled and roared, and the blinds kept up a monotonous clatter; but high above all the noise of the blast the frightened pressman now plainly heard voices—wild and awful they sounded, chanting a dismal song, the words of which ran as follows:

CHORUS OF VOICES.

"Mortal! cease thy useless grieving;
Answer to the powers of Air
Why thou comest abroad this evening,
Why our power ye scorn and dare.

Warning had ye of the danger:
Goblin rage and elfin spleen
Each pursue the luckless stranger
Caught abroad on Halloween."

FIRST VOICE.

"List to him who reigneth o'er you:
Goblins monarch, high and great,
Doom this mortal now before you—
What shall be the clodpoll's fate?"

SECOND VOICE.

"Bring the kettle, spit, and messpan:
Heat the caldron, spread the cloth—
We will stew this wretched pressman
To a sweet and savory broth."

CHORUS.

"In our dark and dismal cavern
Elfin vengeance he must feel;
Of his cronies at the tavern
None shall hear him howl and squeal.

Mortal!—of thy race the boldest—
Quake in terror at our sheen!
Mortal! we whom thou beholdest
Claim our own at Halloween."

As the music ceased, a noise like a clap of thunder shook the building, while simultaneously a green and ghastly light illuminated the apartment, disclosing to the terror-stricken operator a crowd of hideous and unearthly looking beings scattered about on all sides of the room.

The appearance of these intruders was enough to have startled a braver heart than Marmaduke's. Their garments were of the most fantastical make, and fitted tight to their bodies. Their long, peaked shoes turned up at the toes, and upon their heads they wore curious woolen nightcaps. Their hideous faces were deathly pale and distorted with frightful grimaces. A portion of them were standing; some were squat upon the floor with their hands clasped over their knees; others had perched themselves on top of the desks and tables; and all were leering horribly at our hero.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared one, the tallest of the pack, who was balancing himself on top of the duplex table, and who seemed to be the leader.

"Ha! ha! ha!" yelled the other goblins in concert, pointing at Marmaduke with their long, skinny fingers.

"Marmaduke Riggs, what do you here at this time of night?"

The demand was peremptory, but though Marmaduke tried to answer, the words died away on his tongue, and he only stared helplessly at his grim inquisitor.

"What do you here at this time of night?" said the goblin chief again, in tones louder and harsher than before.

"I came to take the report," said Marmaduke, wildly.

"You had much better have stayed at home and gone to bed," growled the spook; "but it is too late to think of that now—altogether too late."

"Altogether too late!" echoed the whole goblin troop, in chorus.

"Marmaduke Riggs!" said the Chief, suddenly, flourishing his legs about the table in a fierce and restless manner, "are you a disciple of the terpsichorean art—do you dance?"

"No, sir," answered Marmaduke, "I do not—I never danced in all my life."

"Then," said the weird being, solemnly, "it is high time that you began." "Ho! there," he continued, in a tone of command—"bring our magic tub. We will teach Mr. Riggs a famous jig."

Immediately some of the elves brought forward a large tub, in the bottom of which was a huge iron gridiron apparently resting upon a bed of live coals. There were also wires fastened to the gridiron and running back to the wall; but these Marmaduke did not see, as they were covered with black rubber, and not easily discernible in the faint light of the room.

"Now take off Mr. Riggs's shoes and stockings," commanded the goblin king—"and then assist him into the tub."

In vain did our hero protest that he could not dance—that he knew nothing at all about dancing. The chief's orders were instantly carried into effect, and the luckless pressman, despite his shrieks and struggles was forced into the tub.

The sternest Puritan would hardly have forborne to dance had he been in Marmaduke's place. As his feet touched the gridiron he bounded high in the air, and followed it up with a succession of jumps accompanied by frightful yells, like some huge jack-in-the-box with musical attachment. The motive power beneath his feet would not permit him to stand still an instant; and the higher he jumped the louder the goblins roared and laughed. One desperate bound at last sent him clean over the edge of the tub, and stretched him sprawling upon the floor. Gathering himself up he rushed frantically to the door; with the strength of despair burst it open and then bounded down the stairs and out into the street, the whole mad pack in close pursuit at his heels. By straining every nerve he managed to keep ahead until he arrived at the covered bridge, and there his pursuers stopped; for neither gnome or goblin may cross a running stream: but Marmaduke sped on in the direction of the tavern.

Mine host of the Golden Fleece had sat late that night, listening with open mouth and ears to the yarns of his neighbors and guests. Many a wild tale was told, and many an old tradition, where the agency of the surly gnome and the malignant elf in the affairs of mankind was proven beyond a doubt related.

As the night wore on, the circle about the fire narrowed up. One by one the guests took their lights and went off to bed, until at last only the landlord and his cronie, Captain York, remained.

The latter was just lighting his candle by the office lamp, and the former raking up the fire preparatory to closing up for the night, when the door suddenly burst open and Marmaduke sprang into the room, minus hat, boots, and stockings, and with his face of a ghastly pallor.

The presence of human beings seemed to re-assure him somewhat, and under the influence of a mug of hot toddy, hastily decocted and administered by the landlord, he so far recovered his senses as to relate in a wild and incoherent manner the substance of the above. He sent in his resignation the next morning which was promptly accepted by the wrathful manager, and before night Herbert Pinkham was appointed to the vacant post.

On the Saturday night following, when no report was on the docket, Herb gave a grand supper to his chums and brother operators, at which time many a joke was passed upon the sudden disappearance of their quondam friend from the province, and the reigning toast was ALL HALLOW EVE.

Mr. JOHN BRIGHT delivered a speech in Manchester, Eng., Oct. 2d. of which a very full account seems to have been sent to the different newspapers of the Kingdom. Although accommodation could only be provided for thirteen reporters, no less than 371,076 words were telegraphed of the speech to different parts of the country. Of this number 187,559 words were sent through the Press Association, 148,642 by the Central News, and 54,876 by various independent reports. The total number of words represents about 178 columns of matter. The speech was sent direct to thirty towns, including Aberdeen, Belfast, Dublin, and Plymouth. Mr. Bright rose to speak at half-past seven, and yet most of the London and provincial messages, though extending to over three columns in a piece, were completed before midnight.

The Operator.

THE ORGAN OF THE

United States and Canadian Telegraph Operators.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Editor.

November 15th, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

MESSRS. LANNERT & DECKER, of Cleveland, Ohio, advertise their "specialty" sounder in this issue. This is an excellent instrument at a low price, and deserves a large sale. We are glad to know that this firm is doing quite a large business. They expect to place more entirely new instruments on the market at an early day.

AN EXTRA EDITION OF THE OPERATOR.—We shall issue December 1st a sixteen page edition of THE OPERATOR, containing the opening chapter of a very interesting tale entitled "Was she Wrong? or Electrical Courtship; a Telegraphic Love Story Americanized," together with entertaining articles written especially for that number by Oney Gagen, Nuf Ced, Chops, Werner and others.

THE travel on most of the eastern railroads during the summer has been very much heavier than in former years. When we consider the number of trains run, especially on the Pennsylvania, between New York and Philadelphia, and that so many of them were behind time, and had to depend to a great extent upon the telegraph to prevent collisions, it is really gratifying to note how very few accidents have occurred. The report that the accident on the Pennsylvania near Linden, about two weeks ago, was caused by the operator at Scott Avenue Station, Rahway, Miss Clara Utter, allowing the passenger train to pass on the track, turns out incorrect. An investigation proves that the chief cause of the disaster was the heavy fog which prevailed at the time.

NEITHER the Western Union nor the Atlantic and Pacific Company have recently reduced telegraph rates, but they are just as cordial enemies as before. They have merely changed the scene of action to the law courts. The benefits accruing from reductions were reaped by an applauding public; now the warfare enriches sympathetic disciples of Blackstone. Injunctions and lawsuits of various kinds are the order of the day. The Atlantic and Pacific with commendable perseverance, persists in extending and improving its lines, which, we all know, is the wisest thing it can do. This company put up one hundred and twenty-seven miles of wire in seventeen hours Sunday before last, between Cincinnati and Louisville, to avoid interference by the Western Union, which claims to own the poles. The Atlantic and Pacific has just completed a contract with the Deseret Telegraph Company of Utah, for a connection. The Deseret formerly connected with the Western Union.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

As we go to press, the question of who has been elected to the Presidency is still in doubt. The election was held a week ago, and the telegraph has been particularly lively ever since, but the anxious inquiry, Who has been Elected? seems as far from solution as ever. If any two classes of the community have special cause to be thankful when the agony is over, they are telegraph operators and newspaper editors.

Few reports have yet come to hand from our regular correspondents regarding business in their offices during the election rush, the amount of extra force employed, and so on. No doubt all have been too busy to spare the time to write. But we shall probably hear in time for our next issue. In Boston, however, fifty-six extra operators from branch offices were on duty, and all were kept busy. In this city every available man was pressed into service. Fifty cents an hour was paid for "extra," and we presume many of our metropolitan lightning men will be rolling in wealth about pay day, for considerable extra service has been performed during the past week.

The election returns were so contradictory that the utmost excitement prevailed not only in this city, but all over the Union, to learn something definite as to the result. Printing House Square, Political Headquarters, and telegraph offices were thronged with an anxious crowd hungry for news, but withal as a general thing good natured and well behaved. It was quite amusing to read on one bulletin that Hayes had been elected by an overwhelming majority, and on a Democratic one opposite that Florida had undoubtedly gone for Tilden and Reform, securing Tilden's election without the shadow of a doubt.

The latest returns as they were received from the telegraph offices or by special wires were posted in different parts of the city, and in many cases an electric light thrown upon them, adding to the effect. Until a very late hour many thousands of people crowded eagerly around the newspaper and telegraph offices scrutinizing the bulletin boards and commenting upon the ultimate results. The interest manifested in the election in this city can be estimated by the fact that on one day a single morning newspaper sold 220,000 copies, and on the same afternoon an evening journal disposed of 117,500. And yet neither of the papers contained any very definite returns of the election—merely rumors and counter rumors.

So conflicting were the returns telegraphed to Saratoga that the Western Union operator got a large pasteboard card, and printing "Overwhelming majority for Hayes" on one side, and "Tilden's election now considered certain" on the other, hung it up in the window for public inspection, of course exposing whichever side the dispatches seemed to require. When no returns were received he changed it every half hour. At a Western Union office up town, with which the American Dispatch is also connected, the evening manager favors the Republicans. Every dispatch he got reporting a Democratic victory he destroyed, but posted up with religious care everything favorable to the other side. One of the American District men leans toward Tilden and Reform, and made a suggestion that the dispatches be bulletined without regard to political bias on the part of the Western Union gentlemen, but the latter paid no

heed, and the consequence was that a number of the boys, sympathizing with their leader, covered the record of Republican victories with mud. With this exception, however, we think the returns when bulletined at all were given to the public as impartially and in as muddled a condition as they were received.

THE Centennial Exhibition is over, although the Atlantic and Pacific, and American District Telegraph Companies do not move out until January. We have probably heard all we will of the new and wonderful electrical inventions and apparatus there exhibited. THE OPERATOR's special correspondent within the Grounds, Mr. E. O. Chase, "Nuf Ced," certainly deserves the thanks of ourselves and readers for his very interesting, entertaining and instructive letters from time to time, since the opening until the present time. His article on Theorell's Meteorograph Telegraph, with the accompanying cut on another page, and his description of the closing scenes of the great show, will be read with interest. The Centennial romance by the same talented contributor, although not strictly telegraphic, will be appreciated by our readers.

Dashes Here and There.

THE receipts of the Direct United States Cable for the week ending September 23d. were £3,400; 30th. £3,420; October 7th. £3,750.

A SWISS inventor envelopes the driving axle of locomotives in coils of insulated copper wire, and by the passage of an electric current converts the wheels into powerful magnets, with increased adhesion to the rails.

Mr. J. A. Russell in a paper recently read before the Scottish Society of Arts, said that in his opinion more telegraph alphabet should be taught in the public schools. The ability to signal at a distance by this means would, he thought, often prove of great benefit, particularly to seamen.

A FRENCH journal of science says the inhabitants of the Azore Islands could smell the burning of the great Chicago fire. This is wonderful (says the Cincinnati Times), but John Henry says that when his wife was in New York, last winter, he got a telegram from her reading:—"You have been drinking. I can smell your breath."—*Et.*

A SPECIAL meeting of the Eastern Telegraph Company was held in London October 9th. inst., at which a resolution was passed authorizing the directors to acquire and carry into effect, at a cost not exceeding £100,000, the concession from the French Government in reference to the new submarine cable from Marcelles to Algeria, and the land wire through France, with any modification which may be approved by the Board.

The Western Union Telegraph office, and about fifteen other buildings, at Perth Amboy, N. J., were totally destroyed last Saturday evening by a fire which, at one time, threatened the complete destruction of that venerable town, so intimately associated with Revolutionary times. There being no fire brigade in Perth Amboy, Elizabeth and Rahway were telegraphed to for assistance, which arriving, the fire was speedily got under control. Loss \$50,000.

ONE of the most remarkable feats in telegraphy ever performed—if, indeed, it was not the most surprising one—was executed in the Albany and New York offices a short time since. It was the transmission of a tabulated statement, embracing five columns of figures with the usual preceding column of reading, headings, dash lines, footings, etc., to the Associated Press of New York, from this city. We think this feat was never attempted before. We know it has been considered very risky, if not impossible, and on that account has not been attempted. The chief operator securing the co-operation of the chief in New York, and selecting their most experienced telegraphers, made the effort and accomplished it perfectly. On reaching the footings the operator in New York said he could give them as well as Albany, and running up the columns he had received, sent them up correctly. —*Albany Sunday Press.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH A SPANISH INVENTION.—*Las Novidades*, a Spanish daily paper, published in this city, publishes an extraordinary story, claiming that the electric telegraph is a Spanish invention. The discoverer in question is alleged to be Dr. Francisco Salva, born in Barcelona in 1757, and who was educated at Valencia, then became member of the Royal Society of Paris, and later on its secretary. Subsequently he became Professor of Surgery at Barcelona. He invented a fish-shaped vessel, a rapid mail plan, and lastly an electric machine. In his memorial of the 16th of December, 1795, to the Royal Academy of Barcelona, he presented an essay "on electricity applied to telegraphy," which the *Novidades* copies.

EVERYWHERE the telegraph seems to be making rapid progress. It appears, too, that a judicious reduction of rates is followed almost invariably by a gratifying increase of net profits. We have found it so in America; and Europe generally, with the exception, perhaps, of England, seems to have had the same experience. From statistics furnished we learn that in France the telegraph lines had at the end of 1875 an extent of 143,234 kilometres (of which 5,234 were underground). Since 1850 a sum of 38 million francs has been expended on the system. The number of stations has increased at a still more rapid rate than the extent of lines. In 1851 there was one station to 125.5km., in 1855 to 70.44, 1860 to 62.9, 1865 to 37.6, 1870 to 22.7, 1875 to 20km. of telegraph line. In 1861, with a mean cost per telegram of 4.21 francs, the income was 5,631,830 francs, and the working expenditure 6,594,407 francs. In 1875, with 1fr. 65c. as the mean price of telegrams, the income was 15,758,995 francs, and the expenditure 13,612,500 francs.

FOR some weeks 'past it has been rumored that in the event of his election to the Presidency, Mr. Tilden was to be married to Miss Lelia Morse, daughter of the late Prof. S. F. B. Morse. In the event of his defeat it was rumored that the couple would sail immediately for Europe. These reports assume more definite form, and the engagement has been positively asserted in social and political circles for the last few days. The friends of the lady do not credit the story, and no positive authority for the announcement can be obtained from any of Gov. Tilden's friends. Mr. Tilden has been for many years an intimate acquaintance of the family. Miss Morse is a young lady twenty-four years of age, of stately figure and much beauty of countenance. She is rarely accomplished as a musician and linguist. Miss Morse and her mother sail for Europe on Wednesday next, with the intention of remaining abroad for three years or more. This latter fact is accepted as a denial of the reputed engagement.—*New York News*.

PERSONALS.

Mr. L. Rowbottom is at Aurora, Ohio.

Mr. Joseph Fowles is with the Western Union at Ithaca, N. Y.

Mr. A. C. Thomas is with the Western Union at Fortville, Ind.

Mr. J. R. Wescott is the Western Union official at Sebago Lake, Me.

Mr. John P. McKinney, Jr., is the efficient operator at Cairo, W. Va.

Mr. C. C. Stanley is with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia.

W. A. Wall is express agent and operator at A. & C. Railroad, Epes, Ala.

Mr. Chas. Matthias has returned to the Western Union office at Pittsburg.

Mr. C. D. Utley looks out for the Western Union company's interests at St. Mary's, Pa.

Mr. S. McKay has charge of the B. & O. and C. C. Railway telegraph office at Sandpoint, Ont.

Mr. Victor Laboude, a rising young operator, has charge of the Montreal company's office at St. Eugene, Ont.

It is rumored that Mr. H. C. Lockwood, of the Auditor's office, is shortly to be married to one of the young ladies of 197.

Mr. J. H. Dunlop has resigned his position in the Sackville, W. U., office, and has accepted a position with the J. C. Railroad at Moncton, N. B.

Even "first-class men" occasionally stumble. One of the shining lights of 145 Broadway recently rendered Hon. J. Henry Stone "Hon. J. H. Fry Stone."

Mr. Eitemiller has been transferred from night to day force in the Philadelphia W. U. office, and W. T. Talcot has accepted a position on the night force, in place of the gallant captain.

Messrs Fred Catlin and John A. Wright from New York, manager Hubbell from Hartford, Conn., and Marion Ogden from Pittsburg, were in Philadelphia last week Centennializing.

Mr. C. C. King and Mr. Waterbury, of the Western Union Telegraph office, Albany, called upon us yesterday (Tuesday). They are off for a few days' recreation after the election rush.

Mr. Frank E. Kingsley, formerly of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, has been transferred to Trenton, N. J., as extra operator same company. He is the right man in the right place.

Mr. T. G. Wall, operator, Barnesville, Ga., wishes the present address of W. S. Bevins, formerly operator at Millets, S. C., and last heard from at Mexico, Mo. Can any of our readers accommodate him?

Mrs. Parker, the efficient and courteous telegraph operator of the Western Union line, has been on duty most of the time, night and day, since Tuesday, and proved quite equal to the emergency.—*Woonsocket Reporter*.

Messrs F. W. Farley and Allen C. Haight resigned their positions on the Philadelphia W. U. night force Nov. 1st. and left for the north. The genial Jessie R. Mills and Mr. Whitaker, from Raleigh, N. C. fill the vacancies on the night force.

Mr. Hank Cowan, so well known to the profession everywhere, is regularly employed by the A. & P. company in St. Louis. We are also happy to be able to state that he is a member in good standing of the Good Templars of that city.

ELECTION night, of course, caused business to be decidedly lively in Albany. In the W. U. office fifteen men were kept on duty until a very late hour. A special office in charge of C. E. Shelley was opened in the rooms of the Albany Club. Mr. Fred Lawrence, formerly night manager, who has been out of the business for a number of years, came in and lent a helping hand. Old-timers say it reminded them of by-gone days to see him at the desk again.

Mr. W. F. Fernald of Old Orchard, Me., called upon us last Wednesday accompanied by his "young and blushing" bride, nee Miss Fannie J. Perhan. The happy pair, like many others, had been to the Centennial on their wedding trip, and were then on their way home. We are sure our readers along the Boston and Maine Railroad will join us in wishing the newly married couple a long life and much happiness.

There is a party up in the oil regions of Pennsylvania who, from the huge stories he tells, is supposed to be old Dad Sullivan or Jim Lawless, resurrected from the pages of "Oakum Pickings." He worked for the old United States in 1870 (!), and used to take, to use his own language, "a copper-plate copy," but had the misfortune to fall on the ice while skating, and had to have the bones of his shoulder taken out. Since then he can't make a good copy, and all that sort of thing.

Bobby Meier, who is as wide awake in a commercial transaction, and quite as affable, as he is on a fast wire, has had a sub on at Third and Chestnut all summer. He built and successfully run a fine three story brick hotel, in front of the Main Exhibition Building, and of course was very successful. Those who are fond of moralizing on the degradation of our profession should make a note of this, and remember that Bobby owes his success to his wide popularity and kind disposition, just as much as to his perseverance and energy.

AMONG the most enthusiastic of our Republican citizens, we may count Mr. Rex Phillips, of the Western Union in this city, who on the night of the grand Republican parade (Thursday, 26th), refreshed the weary torch bearers with steaming hot coffee (with brown sugar and store milk), in front of his former residence on Columbus avenue. Mr. Phillips went to great trouble and expense to make this little affair a success—he even walked clear in from Somerville, and wore the heels all off his shoes in order to be on hand in time. *Boston Express*.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

He generally talks most who has least to say.

Benevolence is allied to few vices; selfishness to fewer virtues.

An envious man will sacrifice his own interest to ruin another.

To say little and perform much is the characteristic of a great mind.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Happiness is less valued when we possess it, than when we have lost it.

Who hath courage to revenge, will never find generosity to forgive.

There is no surer test of integrity than a well proportioned expenditure.

Men are more likely to be praised into virtue than to be railed out of vice.

None are more loath to take a jest than they who are the most forward to bestow it.

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong.—Whately.

In all affairs of this world so much reputation is in reality so much power.—Tillotson.

Deliberate before you promise, for a rash promise sets inclination at variance with justice.

Great wants proceed from great wealth; but they are undutiful children, for they sink wealth down to poverty.

Few accidents are so unhappy but may be mended by prudence; few so happy but may be ruined by imprudence.

Absence cools moderate love, but inflames what is violent; just as the wind blows out a candle, but kindles a fire.

Men makes themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation of those they have not.

You may sooner expect a favor from him who has already done you one, than from him to whom you have done it.

Indulge not desire at the expense of the slightest article of virtue; pass once its limits, and you fall headlong into vice.

Plato hearing it asserted that he was an infamous person, said: I shall take care to live so that nobody will believe the reporter.

The first step toward vice is to make a mystery of what is innocent; whoever loves to hide, will soon or late have reason to hide.

Whoever appears to have much cunning, has in reality very little, being deficient in the essential article, which is, to hide cunning.

The same littleness of soul which makes a man despise inferiors, and trample on them, makes him abjectly obsequious to superiors.

Do not try to pass for more than you are worth; if you do your duty, your good qualities of head and heart will be discovered and appreciated.

Ignorance is the mother of fear, as well as of admiration. A man intimately acquainted with the nature of things, has seldom occasion to be astonished.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer-sheba and cry, "Tis all barren!" And so it is, and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers.—Sterne.

Many persons when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners do, only to fish them up again after the storm is over.

No man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the happiest, but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking mental pleasure, and thus make himself independent of outward fortune.

Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage; all our prayers cannot entreat one of them to return or slacken his pace; the loss of every minute is a new record against us in heaven.

Theorell's Printing Meteorograph.—Closing Scenes of the Centennial Exhibition.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 11, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPERATOR:

It really seems as though the subject of "Telegraphy at the Centennial" were an exhaustless one—as, after we thought the ground had been thoroughly examined, there now turns up in the "Swedish Schoolhouse" what may well be termed a Centennial surprise in the shape of Theorell's Printing Meteorograph, an instrument which, in completeness of detail, and accuracy, and scope of work, speaks well for the researches and studies of our foreign competitors in the field of science.

In former articles the electric recorders of the Signal Service were fully explained, and we endeavored to give credit where credit was due; but our own country can certainly show nothing so complete and comprehensive, or ingenious in its workings, as the new importation mentioned above.

To Dr. Lindhelm, Superintendent of the Swedish Educational Department at the Centennial, we are indebted for the following explanation, which we know will be interesting to all.

It will be seen that while the American recorders each make note of only one or two classes of observations, this instrument records automatically, and on one sheet of paper, the time of observation, velocity, and direction of the wind, the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere and the height of the barometer, making a complete record of all the observations made and used in the Signal service in preparing the "probabilities."

Meteorological observations are shown by this instrument on tables printed on a slip of paper. Of the six tabular columns, the first gives the hours; the second, the velocity of the wind; the third, the direction of the same; the fourth, the temperature; the fifth, the degree of humidity, according to August's method; and the sixth, the atmospheric pressure, which is given in millimetres. The direction of the wind is indicated by figures from 1 to 32. The numbers expressing the velocity of the wind signify metres in a second, or may, by a simple modification, be made to express the velocity in miles per hour.

The registration takes place by means of electrical currents, which are closed in the barometer and both the thermometers by contact between the quicksilver and steel wires that descend into their tubes, and at the weather-cock and anemometer by contact between a metal knob, which is put into motion by the current, and a wheel which is in a direct mechanic combination with each of these instruments.

The steel wires in the barometer and in both the thermometers are connected, each by its respective system of brass wheels, with numerical type wheels in such a manner that the rotation of the wheels causes an upward or downward motion of the steel wires, so that the point of the scale on which the lower extremity of the wire is situated, is necessarily that indicated by the number appearing at the same moment uppermost on the corresponding wheel. The two other type wheels are likewise combined, by means of electric currents, with the above-named metal knobs in the weather-cock and the anemometer, in such a manner that the figure, which is uppermost on their periphery at the moment it is about to be registered, indicates the direction of the wind at the same moment and its mean force during the preceding quarter of an hour.

The type wheels are governed by an electro-magnetic motor, which for each observation sets the five systems successively in motion until the corresponding wires have reached the quicksilver in the barometer and the two thermometers, and caused a contact between the above-named metal knob in the weather-cock and the anemometer, and the wheels, which are in a mechanical combination with each of these instruments.

The numbers, therefore, that are uppermost on the numbered wheels, are just those which indicate the height of the barometer, and of the two thermometers, as well as the direction and velocity of the wind. And, now, the same electro-magnetic motor operates upon a printing apparatus, which, after having deposited color on the types, presses the above-mentioned slip of paper against them.

This being done, the steel wires are drawn up again by the motor, which stops as soon as a certain distance from the quicksilver is attained, and all is ready for the next observation.

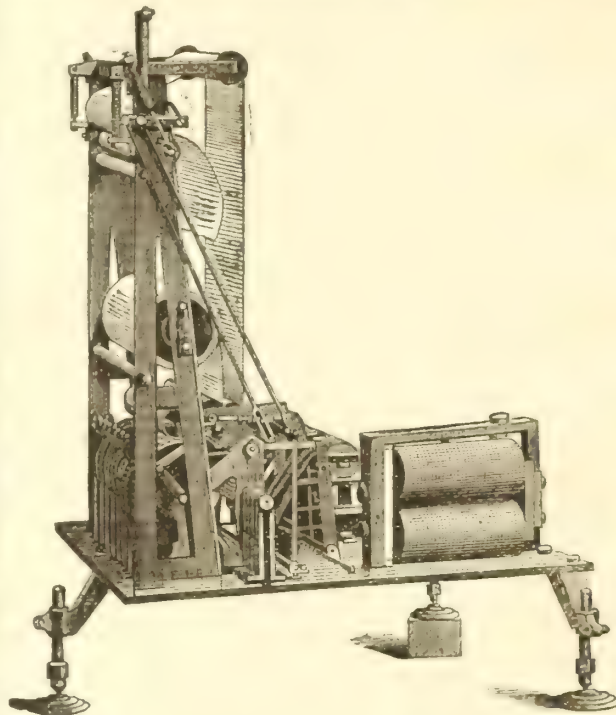
The interval between the observations is a quarter of an hour.

The instrument thus gives the observations in such a form that they may be immediately, and without further modification, used by the meteorologist in his work.

A large number of comparisons very carefully made have shown that the observations registered with the aid of the method here employed have an accuracy equal to that usually attainable by ocular observation.

The zinc vessel, in which the upper ends of the thermometers are enclosed, is so air tight that it has been found possible, by means of chloride of lime and caustic potash, to keep the enclosed air always free from damp and carbonic acid, a precaution which, it will be easily understood, is necessary in every climate where the temperature is liable to sink below the freezing point, but is still more so in order to protect both the quicksilver and the steel wires from oxydation, and thus preserve the galvanic contact.

As the clock, which determines the time of the observations does not require winding up, the instrument itself restoring the tension of the mainspring every quarter of an hour, it continues going as long as the impellent force, *i. e.* the electric current, is maintained; and as the slip of paper applied lasts for fully three months, it is clear that that is the period for which the instrument may be left to



itself. The work then requisite is little more than taking out, cutting, and sewing up, in order, the paper of observations, and replacing it by another slip. Thus, we see that this instrument requires but very little time and labor from the person who takes charge of it.

Finally, it may be remarked, that the principle on which this instrument has been constructed, may be adopted with the same advantage for observing the particulars of any other phenomenon, provided they can be indicated by an index which produces a galvanic contact.

Although the great Exhibition has been in full blast for six months, and many whose duties compelled their daily attendance were glad of a release at last from what had become tiresome and monotonous, yet, when the last day arrived, a mournful feeling prevailed, and "old Prob" himself so far sympathized with the masses as to send us about as dismal and cheerless a day as he had in stock; but all were determined to be "in at the death," and the crowd which flocked to the grounds and crowded the buildings and avenues, despite the cold, drizzling rain, was worthy of a gala day as well as the grand finale. Owing to the weather, the grand stand, which had been erected in front of the western end of the Main building was deserted, as well as the large field of lawns spread out in front, and as many of the favored paste board holders as could get in, packed Judges' Hall to suffocation. On the platform sat President Grant, surrounded by the governors of various States, foreign commissioners and dignitaries of all kinds, and the Centennial Commission and Board of Finance—while the

gallery held Thomas' orchestra and the Centennial chorus, as well as hosts of invited guests.

The ceremonies were opened by the orchestra with Wagner's Centennial March, after which Rev. Dr. Seiss offered the prayer, and addresses followed from Hon. D. J. Morrell, U. S. Commissioner, Prest. Welsh, of the Board of Finance, Director General Groshorn, and General Hawley, president of the commission. Following the speeches, the chorus, orchestra and audience joined in the performance of "America," during which the original Union Flag was displayed by Miss Stafford, to whom it descended from Paul Jones' famous ship, the "Bon Homme Richard." The flag was greeted with immense enthusiasm, and was the signal for a salute of forty-seven guns from George's Hill, which was echoed back from the U. S. steamer Plymouth in the harbor. After the applause had died away, the President rose and declared the International Exhibition of 1876 closed, and the telegraphic signal was given to stop the engine in Machinery Hall. The closing ceremony being the singing of the doxology by the entire audience.

In Machinery Hall the crowd had grown uncomfortably dense long before the hour for closing, and by half past three the space about the engine and the aisles leading thereto were packed with a mass of humanity which even exceeded that of the opening day. All waited patiently and watched the clocks, expecting to see the President stop the engine, but were doomed to disappointment, for, at 3.55, the telegraph gong struck "76" from Judges' Hall, the engineer closed the valves, and the monster engine gradually slowed down and came to its final stop and fourteen acres of noisy machinery calmed down to a Sabbath stillness which would never again be disturbed in the Centennial Hall of Machinery.

Presently locomotive bells were rung and whistles blown, the great steam gong shrieked out its triumphant blast, people cheered and shouted themselves hoarse, and a pandemonium reigned supreme until lungs and steam gave out, and all came back to their senses.

In order that the crowd might not be entirely cheated out of their expected show, Mr. Corliss and John Wanamaker threaded the tunnel from the boiler-house, came up through the hatch, and passed around the platform arm in arm—the greatest engineer and the most extensive tailor on the grounds!—bowing and smiling in response to cheers, and shaking hands with the few who desired the honor. Then came the crush and jam to get away—during which women fainted and were carried upon the platform, until it more nearly resembled a hospital floor than the stand of an engineer; but at last even this was over, belts were cut and taken down, and the bare aisles and avenues were soon convincing proofs that the great show was over!

The process of destruction in packing up and removing exhibits is remarkably rapid, every one is at work "hammer and tongs," as though his life depended upon haste in departing, and when it is said that even the pop-corn man has closed his stands, no further proof of the "abomination of desolation" need be required.

It already looks as though a hurricane had struck the interior of Machinery Hall, and in a very few weeks there will be nothing but bare buildings to mark the spot where the great Exhibition of 1876 once blazed in all its splendor! NUF CED.

THE Anglo-American Telegraph Company working in connection with the lines of the Western Union, has resolved (after placing £25,000 to the credit of the renewal fund) to declare the following dividends, all free of income-tax and payable in November next: An interim dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Ordinary Consolidated Stock for the quarter ending 30th. September; an interim dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Deferred Stock for that quarter; and a balance dividend for 1876 of 1 per cent. on the six per cent. Preferred Stock. No further dividend will be payable on this stock for the year 1876. The interruption in May and the competition of the Direct Company in the last three months probably account for the lessened return.

Confiscating a Bank by a Bogus Telegram.

BY KNIGHT MCKEY.

"Harry Clavis has absconded," said the message to the Chief of Police. My best friend was dishonored and a criminal, and a reward was offered for his arrest.

The truth, as it forced itself upon me, overcame me. The voice of the old gentleman demanding attention at the window, and the clicking of the instruments upon the table, sounded miles away.

Arousing myself at last, I folded up the telegram, and with a heavy sigh passed it to the message boy for delivery. The next day the details of the affair came out in the papers.

Harry Clavis was a young man, not quite twenty-four, an expert operator and manager of one of the largest telegraph offices in the State. Evil associates, fast living, and reckless gaming had been his ruin. He had squandered nearly five thousand dollars of the company's funds, and disappeared.

Mr. Peck, our Chief of Police, who sustained quite a reputation as a detective, went down to M—— himself to investigate the case, and on his return gave me some further particulars.

One companion of Harry Clavis—who had done the most of all to ruin him—was a notorious gambler and horse-jockey, Alf Arnold by name.

"That man," said Mr. Peck, "means mischief. And were it in your power, although you are one of Clavis' best friends, you could do the boy no greater kindness than to direct the police to his retreat at once."

"Why so?"

"This thing might be hushed up. Arnold has further use for him, and is keeping him concealed. I want to get hold of Clavis before he is tempted into deeper devilry. After Arnold is done with him it will be too late."

"What does Arnold intend to do?"

"I can't imagine."

"Why don't you have him watched?"

Mr. Peck laughed.

"He is watched," he replied, "day and night."

"And have you no clew whatever to Harry's hiding-place?"

"No, sir, not the slightest."

One afternoon, a few days later, the regular line-man being ill, I started from E——, intending to look up a break in the wire and repair it. Arriving at the next office east, I had discovered no break, yet every test proved the line still open west. Weary and discouraged I turned my steps homeward. Possibly I had overlooked the fault—this time I would be positive.

It was a sultry day in summer, and the heat was oppressive. Tired and thirsty I halted at a tumble-down hut in the woods to obtain a drink of water. The gray-haired hermit who opened the door in response to my vigorous rapping, peered at me sharply through his large green goggles, and then, without a word, when I had quenched my thirst, snatched the cup from my hand and coolly closed the door in my face.

I reached B—— completely puzzled. There was not a fault to be found in the line.

I entered the office more mystified than ever. The instruments were clicking away as though they had not sent me on a ten-mile trip for nothing. They were saying: "M——, July 15. Cashier First Nat'l Bank of C——: We will honor N. C. Barlow's draft on us for forty thousand dollars. He is all right. Signed, J. B. Nesmith, Cashier Marine Bank of M——."

"Honor my check, Mr. Nesmith, for half that amount," said I to myself, "and I'll quit the telegraph business at once and forever."

That night I slept poorly. The old man of the hut haunted me in my dreams until morning.

On the seventeenth of July our people had something to talk about. The First National Bank of C—— had been confiscated out of forty thousand dollars, and Mr. Nesmith's little telegram had done the business.

Mr. Nesmith swore he never wrote such a telegram—never knew a man named Barlow in his life—and what was more, he didn't want to know such a man, except to know he was in jail.

Every operator on the line, from one end of it to the other, protested his entire innocence of the fraud. No trace of the original dispatch or its starting point could be discovered.

"To explain this affair is easy enough," said Mr. Peck, pulling away at his cigar, as we walked down to the depot to meet the evening train. "Arnold is a slippery customer. He found that he was being watched, and dodged both my men. But for that

little mishap we would now have Mr. Barlow and his forty thousand dollars secure."

"Do you really think Arnold drew the money?" I inquired.

"Certainly he did. And Harry Clavis—"

Mr. Peck paused, and took a long whiff at his cigar.

"Yes," said I eagerly, "and Harry Clavis—"

"Sent the telegram!"

That Mr. Peck spoke the truth I did not doubt; and I could now clearly understand why he had been so anxious to arrest young Clavis at once. But the question was, how had Clavis contrived to transmit the dispatch without discovery?

Lost in thought, I little heeded what was passing on the depot platform. But at a sudden loud command, followed by a terrible wail of pain, I started forward. Somebody was under the train.

They picked him up and carried him into the waiting-room. His face was disfigured beyond recognition. One leg had been crushed off above the knee, and the blood pumped out of it in frightful jets. The sight made me sick. I turned to pass out.

"Don't go, Robert!" said the injured man, with an effort. "You're the only friend left me—you and sister Annie. Stay with me—awhile—for her sake."

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, in horror, "can this be Harry Clavis?"

"Ay," he said, huskily; "you would never imagine 'twas I. You failed to recognize me in the woods. I was the old man of the hut. I cut the wire there, forged the telegram, and transmitted it to C—— from my retreat in that old rookery. Go there some day; you will find everything in working order."

His voice failed him. The stimulants administered by a physician present were of no avail. He was hurt internally, and was sinking fast.

"Good-by, Robert!" he whispered. "Tell Annie to forgive me—and—tell her—I'm—so—sorry."

He never spoke again.

Mr. Peck met me at the door with a telegram. His face was pale and stern.

"Arnold has been captured," he said, gravely. "My men cornered him in M——, and, to escape them, he jumped through a window. His foot slipped, and they picked him up with his neck broken. They found forty thousand dollars sewed up in his garments."

We drove out to the hut in the woods next morning.

In one corner of the old rookery we found a set of telegraph instruments. These instruments were connected with the main line by underground wires running in from the nearest telegraph pole.

After putting the main wire in order, we gathered up the extra fixtures and carried them back with us.

Toronto Dominion Telegraph Notes.

Since you last heard from us there have been quite a number of changes in this office. Mr. L. B. McFarlane, formerly manager of the Receiving Department, has been appointed chief clerk to Mr. Swinyard, general manager. The position thus vacant has been accepted by Mr. J. Quelch, late manager at Montreal, while Mr. S. E. Garvey, formerly inspector, has been appointed in the latter's place. All of these promotions are well deserved, and give general satisfaction.

A. J. Pattison, formerly night chief here, has been appointed assistant day chief in place of Mr. W. H. Stratton, the latter going on night duty with Mr. J. Rogers as assistant. W. S. Manners, formerly operator here, and who sometime ago was appointed Superintendent Neilson's private secretary, has been transferred to Hamilton to fill a like position under Superintendent Laven. Miss J. J. Schofield has been appointed to the position rendered vacant in Mr. Neilson's department. Mr. F. M. Conway, chief operator at Hamilton, has been appointed manager of St. Catharines office, vice Mr. C. G. Craig, resigned to enter other business. R. A. Empey has been appointed chief operator at Hamilton. Among our new arrivals we notice Joe Barley, of Providence, R. I., H. M. Bennett, of Sacramento, Cal., A. J. Darch, of London, Ont., Geo. M. Merrifield, of Buffalo, and T. E. Clark, of Memphis, Tenn. Messrs. M. J. Burke and W. J. Duckworth, who have been visiting their friends in the east, returned last week looking well, and seemingly much pleased with their trip. Business has been very

lively here lately, necessitating the employment of two or three extra men. The duplex so long talked of is now successfully working between here and Buffalo with Messrs. Moore and Terry at Buffalo, and Smith and Carlisle here.

The wires being built by this company from Montreal to Boston and New York are almost in working order, it now only requires the cable to cross the St. Lawrence river at Montreal to complete the work. One wire is to be worked duplex to Boston, and the other single to New York. This will make business very lively in Montreal, as all the cable business will doubtless go by that route. The wires are a very important and much-needed addition to the company's lines, and will doubtless prove very beneficial to them. The building of the company's wires in Nova Scotia is also being rapidly pushed forward under the superintendence of Mr. D. B. McQuarrie. Some ten or fifteen new offices have been opened this summer between Halifax and Pictou. It is expected that the main line from Quebec to Halifax will be completed early next summer. The Canadian District Telegraph Company, a branch of the American District, is now, judging from the number of wires running across housetops and the number of boys met on the street, doing a rushing business here. The boys are all dressed in uniforms and look very neat. This same company has opened branches at Montreal and Quebec, and shortly intend introducing the system in Hamilton, London, Ottawa, and all the principal cities in Canada.

One of the operators in this office undertook to send a message to a neighboring office lately, and was rather amused to have him break out with, "Please *adjust heavier*, I can't get that." The same office is continually complaining to the superintendent of his division that Toronto won't keep off his ground wire, thereby delaying his business. Last week the chief tried to explain to him that as Toronto was the last office on the line, the ground at that office would not affect him. But the only reply he got was an indignant, "Oh, you needn't tell me that. I guess I know as much about *electrician* as the next one."

An operator in this office came up to me last week, and asked me if I knew whether Walter P. Phillips was ever in the Penitentiary. I said I didn't think so, and asked why. "Oh, nothing," he replied, "Only I thought that was where he got the title of his book. They're always *Oakum Picking* there, you know." I promptly knocked him down.

There are quite a number of "cows" to notice, and among them some pretty bad ones. A message left here lately addressed to "Louis Jerry, hotel keeper, Haverstraw, N. Y." The same evening the following office message was received: "G. B. A., yours to day, to 'Louis & Rey, hotel keepers, Havre street, no such firm or street here—New York." Another message left here addressed "Kerr Anderson, Pt., St. Charles, Montreal," and reached its destination as "Kerr & Erson, 60 St. Charles, Montreal." "Boxmill Uxbridge" for "Box 700 Uxbridge," and "Hartbam & Hart," for "Hart, Ball & Hart," are good. "Stram" for "steam," and "S. T. and a. G. E." for "S. Lesage" will pass. The latter happened on pay day, and can easily be accounted for. CANTUCK.

ACCORDING to a comparison lately made by the German Telegraph authorities, there is one telegram sent in Hungary for every eight inhabitants, in Italy and Austria for every six, in France for five, in Germany for four, in Belgium for two to three, in Switzerland for one to two.

MARRIAGES.

TRACY—McNAUGHTEN.—Oct. 24th, at Wheeling, W. Va., Mr. C. R. Tracy, manager B. and O. R. R. Telegraph office, to Miss Mollie E. McNaughten. No cards.

LAWRENCE—CURTIS.—At Glen Cove L. I. Oct. 25th, 1876, by the Rev. Mr. Middleton, Mr. Lawrence, of Watford N. Y. to Miss Josie Curtis, late manager of the W. U. office of Glen Cove.

BIRTHS.

The wife of Mr. S. B. Riggen, Western Union manager at San Buena Ventura, Cal., presented that gentleman with a fine boy October 11th. Being his first child, Mr. Riggen feels duly elated.

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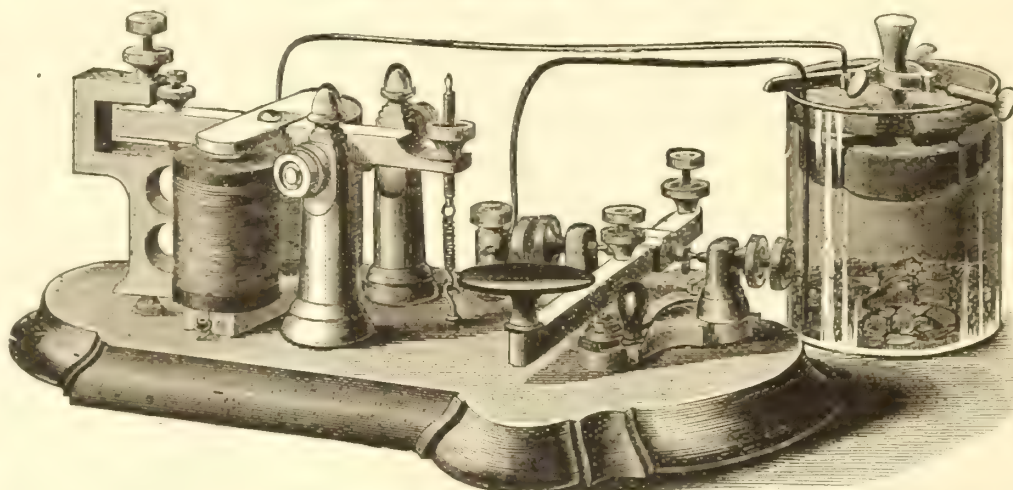
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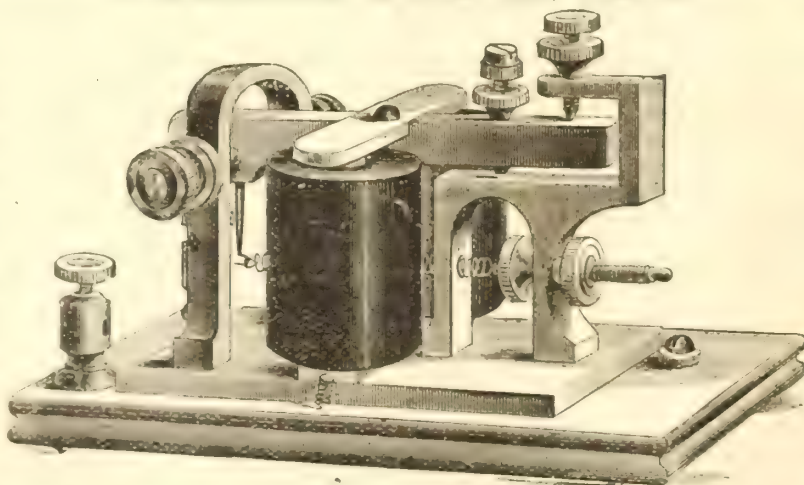
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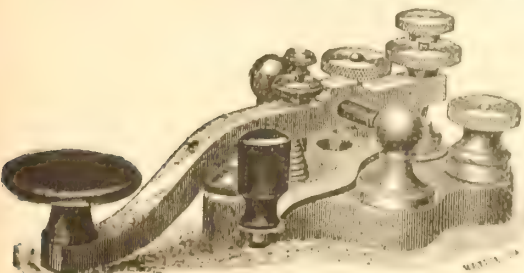
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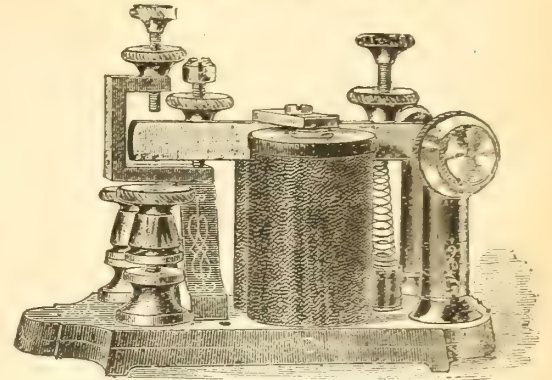
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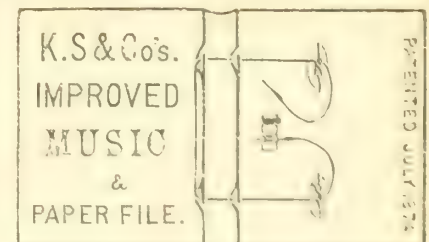
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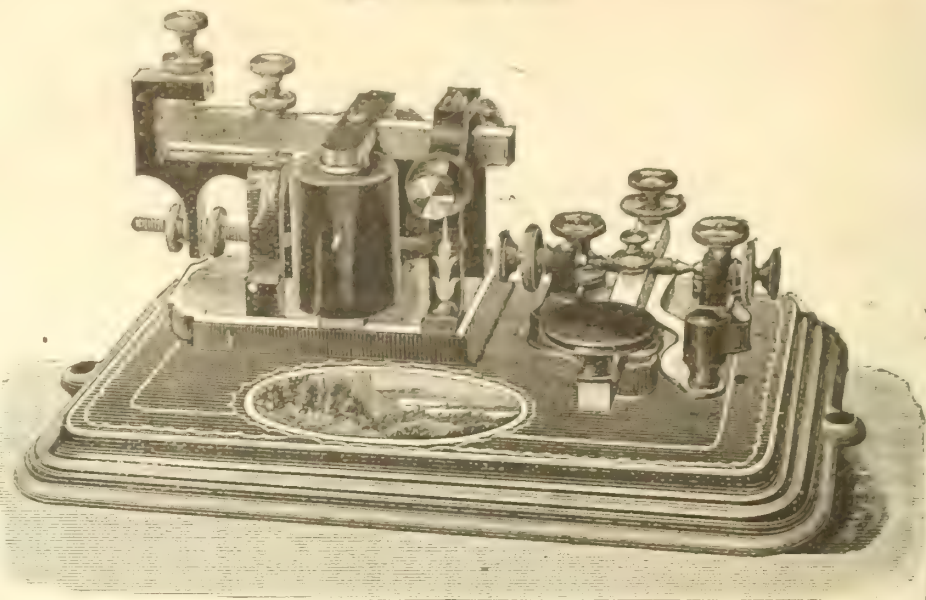
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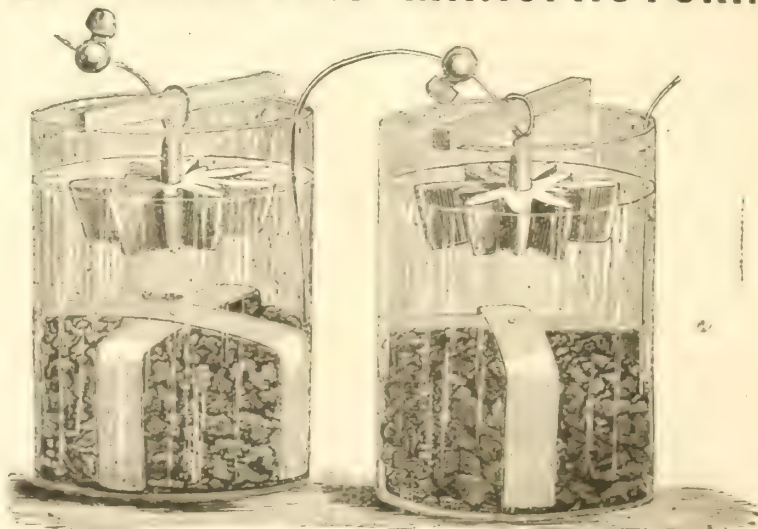
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A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1876.

No. 7

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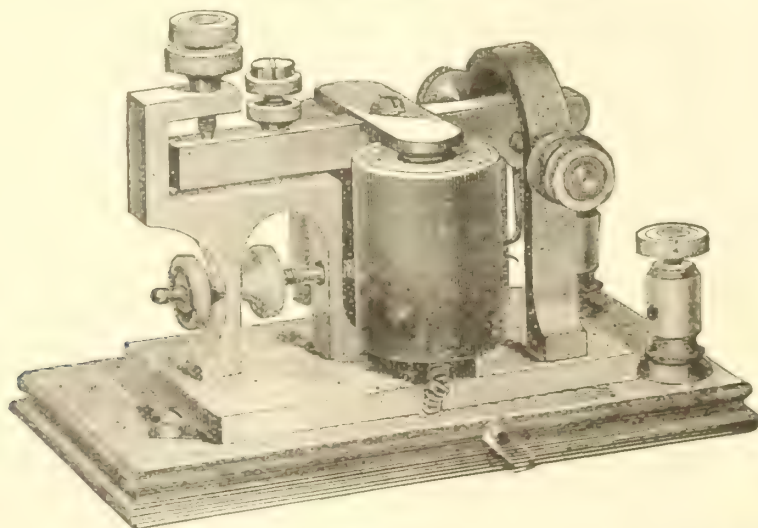
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OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY

December 1st, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 67.

Mince Pie vs. Sleep.

By X Y Z.

Spriggs and Shanks room together, and both hold positions in the telegraph office, the former on the operating force and the latter as receiving clerk. Late one night, as the twain were wending their way homeward, Spriggs proposed that they steal into the pantry and refresh the inner man before retiring. Shanks, who was never known to refuse eatables, of course assented. "Now be very quiet," suggested Spriggs as he opened and entered the front door. Shanks had hardly caught the words when he ran into the hat rack, which rattled furiously, causing Spriggs to mutter something which is not found in Webster's or taught in Sunday-school.

"What are you growling about?" retorted Shanks. "Take off those squaking shoes—they make too much noise. The old lady wakes easy, you know."

"Yes, and suppose she should be up and in the pantry for something," suggested Spriggs in a whisper, as he removed his shoes.

"Oh, nonsense; don't get scared so easily; tell her you sprained your ankle and wanted to borrow the alcohol bottle."

"Good enough, Shanks, you ought to be a lawyer or editor of a political paper."

Spriggs, after thinking of the rats and the condition of his feet, insisted that Shanks should take the lead, and so they walked slyly into the pantry.

"But what if the victuals are all locked up?" whispered Spriggs.

"Oh, never mind, you won't starve anyway; I have a pair of rubbers up stairs you may chew on till morning," replied Shanks, as he prowled around after the gas bracket.

The gas is lighted. Do their eyes deceive them? No, for right in plain sight is a whole mince pie.

"To the victors belong the spoils," remarked Shanks, taking half the pie, and leaving Spriggs to make away with the remainder, which he soon did. Then they stole away to their room and both were soon in the arms of Morpheus. All was calm and serene until about two hours later, when Shanks was awakened by some mysterious noise. He thought he would awaken Spriggs by punching him in the ribs, but not a rib there. Still more alarmed, he arose and, by the pale moonlight, discovered Spriggs sitting with one hand on the doorlatch energetically making dots and dashes with a rapidity that would astonish even Kettles.

"Johnnie," he muttered, "bring me that pile of reds. I'll make this fellow break if it takes an arm."

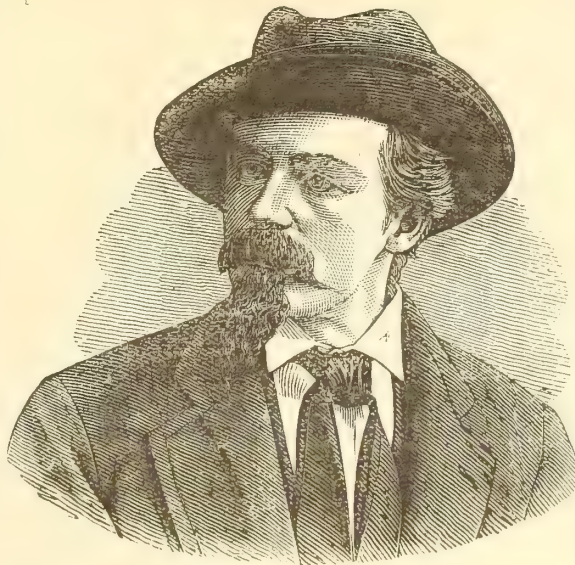
Shanks could hold in no longer, and broke out in such hearty laughter that it awakened Spriggs, who, becoming aware of the awkward situation, meekly sought his downy couch. All was again quiet until Spriggs was awakened by a blowing in his ear, which he thought nearly strong enough to come from a blacksmith's bellows. The first words he heard were: "If you don't answer this tube more promptly I will refer the matter to the manager." It was now Spriggs' turn to laugh. In fact they both, upon being fully awakened, enjoyed a hearty laugh, and resolved then and there to leave mince pie just before retiring, absolutely and severely alone.

There are two hotels in London much frequented by gentlemen of the bar. One is Thieves' Inn and the other Sergeant's Inn. In a telegram addressed to a disciple of Blackstone at the former house the name of the hotel was rendered Thieves' Inn, and curiously enough about the same time another telegram called the other house Serpent's Inn.

Portraits of Prominent Telegraphers—No. 1.

Under this head we propose to give, from time to time, first-class wood-cut portraits of prominent members of the telegraphic profession, with a brief sketch of their lives. The first of these we have the honor of herewith presenting to our readers, the subject being our genial and accomplished contributor, "Oney Gagin," a gentleman perhaps as well known among the fraternity, and especially to OPERATOR readers, as any in the country.

We feel certain that this picture will be received with much pleasure, as it gives the fraternity an opportunity of looking upon the face of one who for years has contributed so much to their entertainment. We almost imagine, however, that the portrait is not complete without that also of Mrs. G., who has become as familiar to our readers through Oney's sketches as has that quaint writer himself.



D. C. SHAW—"ONEY GAGIN."

Mr. Shaw was born in Bath, Me., and first commenced his telegraphic career in Brunswick, in that State, beneath the classic shades of old Bowdoin, in whose halls he had studied and "burned the midnight oil." But the new and wonderful art of telegraphy fascinated him, and thus the fraternity added one more cultured mind to their list. His ability soon secured his promotion to that "training school" of the Eastern division, South Berwick Junction, Me., an isolated spot, but an important junction of two great roads, and principal testing station between Boston and Portland. Among the graduates of this office may be mentioned Labonte, McKay, "Heme" Grant, Goodwin (afterward Supt. of the A. & P. at Buffalo), and Henderson, chief operator in the Boston office. Portland soon claimed Mr. Shaw's services, and here he worked long and faithfully, finally taking the position of chief operator, which he still holds. In the spring and summer of 1871 he accepted the managership of Rochester, N. Y., office on the A. & P. Company's lines. He filled this position ably, the receipts of the office being largely increased during his stay; but inefficient facilities and co-operation in the larger offices disheartened him, and he returned to Portland, resuming his old position, which he has held ever since, excepting a transfer which placed him at Duxbury, Mass., on the French cable wires during the Franco-Prussian war. Here the work was very heavy, Mr. Shaw alternating on the eight-hour trick with Messrs. Kettles and Bedwin.

Besides his accomplishments as a telegrapher, Mr. Shaw possesses rare natural abilities as an artist. His crayon portraits are wonderful for their truthfulness of expression. The finish of his work can not yet of course be compared with a Rouse or a Strain, but bids fair, with practice, to approach these masters in a wonderful degree. It would be useless to dwell upon his literary abilities; the many articles from the genial pen of "Oney Gagin" speak for themselves. His abilities telegraphically are in every respect first class, but possessing that

humility peculiar to able minds, which so well corresponds with the gentleness often shown in the powerful and valiant soldier, he does not disdain to lend a helping hand to mediocrity, and has thus, by his native goodness of heart and genial disposition, won hosts of warm friends, who feel that his thoughtful, obliging manners have done much toward lightening their tasks, and making faithful performance of duty a homage that he has justly earned, and which he fully receives.

Reducing the Philadelphia Centennial Force

The reductions in our force have been wholesale as well as cruelly sudden; and at one time it was supposed by the vulgar populace that the telegraphic carpet-bagging wayfarers were troops in disguise going south. However, beyond the bad management of, in some cases, a single day's notice, nobody seems to be dissatisfied. It was an artificial traffic which gathered them together: they were congregated for an understood period, and now that that period has expired the combination has been dissolved. Speaking for the entire society of Philadelphia telegraphers, we thank the able officers

for their kind consideration and skill in managing a mobilized army, objecting only to this one expressive "bounce" business, which takes a man short on twenty-four hours' notice; we feel gratified by our association with so many strange but excellent members of our profession, and we assure them that we did our best to make life pleasant to them while here, and are heartily sorry to see them leave. They carry away with them the same splendid reputations with which they came; but their yeoman service here should be their best recommendation to employers when other opportunities for utilizing their services occur. Messrs. Adams, Stone, Story, Eitemiller, Groff, Higbee, Young, Reed, Mowatt, Boyle, and Miss Emma McDonald were taken off the pay-roll November 15th, Messrs. Reed, Mowatt, and Boyle resigned voluntarily. The other men were "notified," though somewhat too abruptly, but compromised no whit of their manly pride by handing in the necessary papers with chivalric promptness and genteel indifference. Eitemiller remains for a time to sub for his more fortunate brethren. Mr. David A. Curl will remain at the Trans-Continental Hotel until all the goods have been removed from the Centennial Buildings. Mr. Manager Hartman and J. W. Sherer are removed from the Globe Hotel, and James Henneberry from the Trans-Continental Hotel, and ordered to the main office for fatigue duty.

Among the large number of telegraphers who are breaking camp and spreading out all over creation, none will be missed here more than our good and worthy night manager, Mr. John E. Zeublin. He goes south with his family for the benefit of his health, and will change places for the winter with Mr. Soule, of Lake City, Florida. The many and severe changes of northern winters which he has braved for several years, from early eve till broad daylight, are not calculated to produce a good effect upon the constitution of an average telegrapher, and our considerate officers show a kind reciprocation of his many services, both as an electrician and an executive, in consenting to his enjoyment of a season of rest and recuperation south of the twenty-fifth parallel. We are fully assured of his return, for the mind that revels in bustling scenes and stern duty is not long going to bury itself among the grovelling turtles and indiscreet alligators that are content to subsist in and about the foaming waters of the "Suwanee Ribber," and we may soon expect to hear his ringing, merry voice and see his improved physique in our midst once more. This coming winter, on our journeys home after "Good Night," and participating in the peculiarly northern necessity of lifting the nocturnal street car (with three fat market-women inside) from a four-foot snow-bank to the obliterated track, we may think of our hilarious chief fanning himself on a hay mow and wishing us well; but when he has lived for awhile in a twelve feet wide street, has had to fight his way to the office every morning through prickly thickets and everglades, to hunt all through the rate book for the trail to Ocklawaha and Tallahassee, with the only good wire in the State grounded at Apalachicola, and has forgotten the office call for Quitchahoonkee, and with three Cubans seeking him in Spanish, he may, perhaps, think of us, and sigh again for the feathery snow of old Pennsylvania.

Betsey Greene's Present.

By CHOPS.

I.

'Twas the night before Christmas—a cold, stormy night,
The wind blew a gale over meadow and lawn,
And the snow had been drifting and clouding the sight
Of the travelling public since early that morn.
The houses were dark, for the hour was late,
And the good village people all sleeping like logs,
With visions of Christmas cheer haunting each pate
In the shape of plum-puddings, roast beef, and egg-
nogs—

Hot jorjums of flaps, pies of apple and mince,
Cranberries, marmalades, jellies, and quince,
Duck, chickens, and turkeys, and old mother goose,
And the time-honored rutlet of sweet apple-juice—
With other home dainties which garnish the ration
Of yeomen at Christmas time throughout the nation.

II.

In the telegraph office down by the old church
A light was still burning, for Miss Betsey Greene,
The lady in charge had been left in the lurch
By her neighbors, for Betsey was stingy and mean
I am sorry to say; her delight was to hoard;
Her only ambition the gaining of pelf.
And to lay by a part of the price of her board
She was renting a garret and boarding herself.
She had counted on getting a ride to and fro
From the house as occasion might offer, but now
She was caught in the storm and blockaded by snow.
"I cannot attempt to walk home anyhow,"
She had said to herself after getting good-night;
"With the snow a foot deep and the wind in a roar,
I should certainly be in a horrible plight.
If I got there alive—what a terrible bore!
In this dreary old room I my vigils must keep."
So, not caring to venture abroad in the storm,
Nor yet in a telegraph office to sleep,
Betsey sat by the fire and tried to keep warm;
And here she remained, till the old village clock
In the church near at hand rung the hour of four,
When, what could have caused her so sudden a shock?
It could be nothing less than a knock at the door—
A knock at the door, sudden, loud, and emphatic,
Made Miss Betsey wish she had gone to her attic.

III.

As she tried from the window his features to scan,
The door quickly opened, and straightway appeared
From out of the darkness a little old man,
With a jolly round face and a long curling beard,
And bright twinkling eyes full of mischief and fun.
This was what Betsey saw as she sat down the lamp
She held in her hand while preparing to run.
But the elfin intruder was no common tramp;
Of the costliest furs were the garments he wore,
Of the silver-gray foxskin the cloak at his back,
And like some village pedler or postman of yore,
He bore on his shoulders a huge leather sack,
Quite as large as a mailbag—but here I may pause,
For who is not acquainted with old Santa Claus.

IV.

"Merry Christmas, to you, Betsey Greene!" said the
elf;
"The reindeers were taking a wee bite of hay,
So I thought I'd step in and be warming myself
By your fire—it yet lacks some hours of day.
What a blustering night it has been to be sure!
My work is all done and I've filled every stocking,
And now I'll go home and take something to cure
This bad cold in my head—pray excuse me for knock-
ing;
I hope that my coming has caused you no fright?"
Here Betsey made answer, "No, I am not afraid,
Though it's something unusual at this time of night
For gadders to trouble a lonely old maid.
But to tell you the truth, I was filled with surprise
When your outlandish caravan stopped at my door
And you knocked; I could hardly believe my own eyes,
For I'm sure that you never have called here before.
I thought that perhaps—yes, I candidly own
That at first I had hopes that your errand might be—
But there, Santa Claus! any fool might have known
That your gawky old pack contained nothing for me."
"Come, come, Betsey Greene!" said old Santa, his sides
Fairly shaking with laughter and ill-suppressed mirth;
"When in weather like this old Saint Nicholas rides,
Think how tempting the sight of a warm glowing
hearth.
'Tis a fearful cold night out—my ears are quite numb;
With the frost and the tempest my fingers are blue.
But come, Betsey, cheer up there, and don't look so
glum;
Pray how do you know I have nothing for you?
Come, tell me your wishes—what is it you lack?"
And, as Betsey, bewildered, was looking around her,
Old Santa went down in the depths of his sack
And drew from the bottom a gem of a sounder.
"Now it's really the truth, although some wouldn't
think it,"
Said Santa Claus, wiping the brass with his sleeve,
"But I make, my own self, every notion and trinket
That I carry around here on Christmas Eve.
But this telegraph instrument puzzled me sadly,
With all its machinery, coils, and quirks;
So I went to the city and bought one of Bradley—

Come, set it a-going and see how it works.
I never knew much about this telegraphing;"
Here he rattled away with the armature bright.
But hold on a minute and never mind laughing,
Just see if old Nicholas knows how to write."]
And then in the plainest of Morse he began:
"Merry Christmas, Miss Betsey! You'll find in the toe
Of your old overshoe there a handsome new fan,
And next year when I come I will bring you a bean."
As he turned with a bow, Betsey stood in his path,
Her features distorted with frenzy and ire,
The picture of both disappointment and wrath.
With her cheeks all aflame and her eyes flashing fire.
"You're a brute, and a mean stingy thing, Santa Claus!"
Cried the irate old maid in a passionate tone;
"Yes, a heartless old wretch! and you thought that
because
I was only a woman—poor, friendless, and lone,
You could play off your jokes in high feather and glee.
You were hoping to steal something here, I'll be
bound;
How dare you insult a lone woman like me—
You know very well that I can't read by sound.
Oh, you needn't come here with your gibes and your
sneers!"
Here Betsey subsided and burst into tears.

V.

Poor Santa! with this unexpected tirade
The benevolent elf was quite taken aback;
He stared first at the fire, and then at the maid,
Then he said to himself, as he shouldered his pack:
"What a poor thankless service is this I am on;
If a present don't suit they go off in high dudgeon;
And to pay for my trouble on good Christmas morn,
They call me a wretch and a mean old curmudgeon.
Well, I'm not wanted here, so I'd better get out;"
And for want of a chimney, he went up the spout.

Theophilus Gatch.

By WERNER.

I often ask myself, as I cast a stray glance through
the office window down into the crowded street, if
it is possible that a single soul in all that bustling
throng below has ever formed a correct notion of
our profession. I see them every day. The same
men pass our office week in and week out, always
at the same time, and always journeying to the
same destination. Sometimes they look up at me,
and probably murmur to themselves "that is one of
the operators." Sometimes they pass by without
even a thought of me. Sometimes they drop into
the receiving room and send a message; sometimes
they send their employer's telegram by mail, thus
swindling him possibly out of forty-two cents. It
may be that those who do look up to the fourth
floor have become quite familiar with my features,
for I loaf a good deal, and always at the same win-
dow. It is quite likely that the more observant of
that great mercantile crowd are much endeared to
Charlie Hall's coat—the one he won at the raffle
some years ago—for it always hangs in the same
window, on the same hook. It would not be an ex-
travagant inference to presume that the voice of
Doctor Joe Bradley crying "break" on the receiv-
ing side of a duplex has become as familiar to
them as the lusty "gee whoa" of a drayman, for it
is just as vigorously delivered. There is nothing
wild or unreasonable in supposing that that proces-
sion of busy wayfarers has noticed a number of
gorgeous swells on the steps—waiting patiently for
possible vacancies; and if its commercial mind has
indulged in any thoughts at all regarding them, it
has probably set them down for influential stock-
holders, rather than for aspirants for office. But if
the *habitudes* of these parts have fathomed the ele-
mentary mysteries of our profession to this depth, I
am safe to assert that right there their knowledge of
the marvelous telegraph ends, and the motley host
of calls, roasts, switches, keys, plugs, stiffs, and
rheostats, remain still as inexplicable to them as
"the dark unfathomed caves of ocean." Consider-
ing this deplorable state of ignorance among out-
siders, and the utter inability of telegraph college
professors and other sharpers to enlighten them,
coupled with the knowledge that snapper sounders
are actually now on sale in the streets in answer to
an insatiable hunger and thirst for telegraphic
knowledge on the part of the general public, it will
not be out of place to let the great *ignoble vulgus*
into some of our secrets. And while the cloak is
removed for the purpose of exhibition, we might
possibly be slightly benefited by looking in the
glass and seeing ourselves as others see us.

There is a widespread presumption among all
classes of mankind—a very violent one, to be sure—
that telegraphers obtain unlimited sums of money
in some wonderful and profoundly secret manner by
telegraph; although at the same time there is a
growing conviction among insinuating laundresses
and infuriated free-lunch house proprietors that
they never pay any of it out again. Among deep-
delving scientists we are in high repute, since the
intricate deductions in our representative journals,
which nobody reads or understands, are alleged by
our scientists, who vouch for each other, to be
drawn from nothing more tangible or substantial
than a few shattered Sanscrit letters and a shaky
ruck of exaggerated decimal signs. This school
forms our "higher circles," and as they never pay
any board (figuring out on the back door with chalk
every month's end to prove thereby that the land-
lord owes them a dollar and a half a-piece) they ac-
quire and even lend to us, their humbler brethren,
a reputation for depth of thought and untiring sci-
entific research. Then for the luxurious ease of our
lives! The brilliant flashes of wit, often as bright
and stinging as our familiar lightning flash, and the
deeply pathetic sketches drawn from time to time
by that little circle of our imaginative men of ge-
nius, led by Phillips, Shaw, Van Woerner, D. J.
Chase, and a half dozen others, with Johnston and
his talented editorial staff as chief marshals, con-
firms many outsiders in the belief that, after taking
our wine, we simply dream away the fleeting hours
'midst art and song, only diving occasionally and
merely for a change, into vague and perplexing dia-
grams and spiritualistic blandishments. Then we
have another and lower class who still further mis-
lead the public mind. The blatt old plug, who
really is to the world at large what a Californian
would call a "forty-niner," and the pompous, and,
as the companies well know, the far cheaper junior
plug, further lead to the popular delusion. The
reckless and extravagant manner in which these
poorly paid artists are gotten up, with flashing chain
and shining hat; the fragrant cigar, the auction-
room cologne, for which they have successfully
"stood off" the respective tradesmen; in fact the
general *distingue* air and apparent *nonchalance* of
these young sprigs lead the outside world to re-
verence them as millionaires; while bank cashiers
and railroad presidents especially regard them, from
a tailor's point of view at least, as cultured gentle-
men of infinite leisure and comprehensive conver-
sational abilities. Tradesmen who desire to adver-
tise their wares gratis, signing their names in full,
and others who make casual remarks regarding our
plethoric pocket-books (the same being hired by
expectant college proprietors at fabulous sums for
the very purpose), are most industrious in circu-
lating the rumors of our untold wealth, until the
general and credulous public, misled by those men's
mighty intellect, has at last adopted the theory that
we are banded together as a syndicate of talented
but profligate and bloated aristocrats.

Now, Theophilus Gatch, our valiant hero and as
good a plug as ever wrung the nose of a chief op-
erator, was a most enthusiastic and powerful example
of this latter class of telegraphers. Theophilus
was pretty well satisfied at first with his lot, and as
he did not do much work—indeed he was not capa-
ble of a great deal of exertion—he had very few
bulls to pay for. Being by common consent a
leader in our intellectual department, and being
always leniently dealt with, he used to remark that
the conduct of the company gave him a great deal
of satisfaction. This satisfaction would be greatly
intensified when, every one being stuck late on busy
nights, free lunch was announced by the company;
and, although the repast consists invariably of only
three courses—fried oysters, bread, and a mixture
which the chief goes around trying to persuade us
is coffee—he expressed his intention of staying with
the company as long as they continued to accord
that sort of cordiality to their employes.

But Theophilus Gatch, like other philosophical
people of vast importance, held some peculiar no-
tions, and among them was an absolute contempt
for manual labor. It was not *always* to be his lot,
he used to hope; fate had cruelly left him in the
vile telegraph business, but he had a fair amount of
cash in bank and still more due as an inheritance,
so that he naturally sighed for the day when he
could go into "other business." If there was any-
thing which Theophilus hated more than telegraph-
ing, it was a superior officer; and the bare sight of
one of those august individuals floating into the
office unchallenged two hours behind time was suf-
ficient to drive him to the utmost pitch of perversity.

Certain socialists and wild and impracticable men
have been known to assert that the man who knows

how to work, *works*; and that he who submits quietly to his superiors is a base slave, while he who attends to his own business, without keeping the time of any one else, is the man who succeeds best in our business; but these doctrines have long since been dissipated by the disciples of Theophilus Gatch. As a natural consequence Theophilus, and those tyrannical officials who desired men to work, held widely different views on these subjects, the former everlastingly bewailing the fate that kept him from other business, and offered gratuitous suggestions with regard to the management of the office, while the latter demonstrated that we all recline upon beds of ever-blooming roses, and that the company put up lines at enormous expense simply for the purpose of allowing fast senders to exhibit their abilities to admiring plugs. As the theories of Theophilus assumed a wider range, his inclination to get "out of the business" became more intense, his powers of criticism more microscopical, and his discontent infinitely greater. While that abominable chief had kept a black list showing the time lost by late comers in general, and Theophilus in particular, that talented individual had compiled a private directory, classifying a chief operator as an extravagant and luxurious personage endowed with an enormous annuity for the mere service of hopelessly mixing up thumbscrews and switches. A manager was one who fooled his time away hunting up errors, to "dock" the boys; he had no use for the most meek and domesticated manager, and he sighed for an hour's brief authority, that he might summarily dismiss him for general incompetency, and send him to New York with a good character. But the lofty superintendent, for whom he could not conceal his contempt—a man of illimitable and often fatal conversational powers—was especially useless and unornamental in these days. He frankly admitted, and even publicly avowed, that in days gone by, when the little-known telegraph office was a kind of museum, and when voluble and aged Welshwomen could not be readily found, superintendents might have been a necessity; but at the present day, if the company desired to have its confiding shareholders and opulent foreign guests quietly talked to death, it could be done in a more economical manner than by employing the eloquent superintendent.

Now, every one knows that common law has established the chief operator as a kind of target for plugs to shoot at, but custom draws the line at the most humble and liberty-loving superintendents; and as our hero was unable to confine his criticisms to the lower grade of officials, the pay-roll was suddenly readjusted, and a thorough search through its columns by the party most interested failed to reveal the name of Theophilus Gatch. Being assured of this fact, he wasted no time in resigning, but with a bursting heart approached the small boy who has exclusive charge of the coat room; and as that thoughtless imp recklessly handed him out the wrong hat, he hung it on his left ear, back end foremost without noticing the difference, and with sad solemnity glided down to the street, alone and penniless in a cold world, but still the proud keeper of his own honor, and a martyr to his principles. He had at last attained one great object of his existence—he was "out of the business."

When I mention the fact of a telegrapher being alone and penniless in the cold world, I do not wish to impose on those who know better by recording it as an extraordinary event, but merely to show that after Theophilus had decided in his own mind whether the company had discharged him, or if he had merely discharged the company, he felt it to be an imperative duty to himself to look for another situation. Even the most sensitive college professor will not deny that telegraphers are assiduous office-seekers, and that they have been known to walk from Omaha to the sea, east or west, in quest of a chance to suit somebody at a high salary. Indeed, it is well known that the lexicographers have changed the pronunciation of our designating title on this account—"telegrapher" having been appropriately reaccented, in view of our numerous pedestrian expeditions, and we are now called *telegraphers*, with the stress placed sarcastically on the "leg."

It is not necessary to picture the great traveler under the cold starlight, nor to accompany the sturdy opponent of our liberties as he gropes about the dismal world for—simply a job. Let it suffice to say that he found one.

The spectacular play of the "Baby Elephant" was then about to begin a disastrous campaign at the Grand Central Variety Theatre. Professional parrot deadheads understand that the body of the juvenile elephant aforesaid was composed exclusively of India-rubber, while two men—one at each

end—thrust their heads into the elastic interior, and, while nearly concealed by the gray trappings, they do yeoman service as legs for the huge animal. This process is in great favor among timid and feeble persons, as it is guaranteed by the stage manager as a perfectly reliable elephant, which will not shy and buck—a festive indulgence for which a living brute with an hysterical appreciation of high pictorial art might be excused—at the horrible scene "painting" on the modern drop scene; besides, it enables the automaton to do a great many intelligent actions, the like of which the most scientifically-wielded club, with a nail in it, could not extract from the best educated and accomplished living elephant.

It is now my duty to introduce the great moral spectacle of a telegraph operator in the noble character of the hind legs of an elephant; for Theophilus Gatch, being unable to open further negotiations with the telegraph companies, as well as the managers of "other business," had actually consented to be set down in the bills as "hind legs." He had originally agreed to be varnished with blue-black, and to appear as a Hindoo chief, but as the character of hind legs required less mental exertion, and as the process of polishing up and varnishing live men is not an agreeable one, he consented to attempt the more humble but less difficult rôle of pedal extremities to a young elephant.

It must be here understood that Theophilus Gatch, in all his pretensions, had never claimed to be a big man—indeed, he was extremely short, as the majority of operators are—and as Ned Ryan, who had been billed for the leading character of fore-legs, was six feet seven inches high, the elephant necessarily appeared on the stage more in the character of a giraffe than anything else. However, the class of deadheads who frequent the Grand Central are not of an inquiring turn of mind, nor are they professed naturalists, and as the monster seemed quite unabashed by this absurd discrepancy in the length of his legs, it excited no unfriendly comment from the critics.

There was one great error, however, which brought down the house, and eventually let Theophilus out of that business too. While the elephant seemed well aware of the indifferent measurements afforded by his limbs, and sagaciously defended such a state of affairs, he was evidently unconscious of the fact that all his agility was confined to his fore legs. Those two stalwart limbs strode the stage with a majestic stride, while the hind legs presented the curious phenomenon of resorting to a kind of jog trot, with the natural intention of maintaining the desired proximity to the remaining portion of their own body. Besides, these two pair of legs never seemed to harmonize. While the fore legs were walking one way, the hind legs, with their irresistible tendency to "break," used to branch off and attempt to trot at right angles; and when poor Theophilus would get mad and stop altogether to catch his breath, the inexorable fore legs used to stalk right on, regardless of the consternation and amazement of the audience at seeing the animal's India-rubber sides stretched four yards longer than usual; and utterly disregarding the precarious position of the beautiful three hundred pounds weight of Princess of Cashmere who occupied a seat on its back.

To make the performance more clear, I must now state that there was a portion of the play where the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, a most ferocious specimen of the Hindoo stern parient, with a very encouraging burnt cork mustache, had to come forward and exclaim in thunder tones: "Now will we bend our course to Kurrachee," at the same time striking the elephant with his cudgel as a means of starting the beast of burden toward the desired locality; and a hidden desire to intimidate the burly Princess on his back. When we understand that this haughty Hindoo and the gentle Theophilus had engendered a professional jealousy from the first night, and all on account of this Princess, we can better appreciate his Oriental reasons, as he swung his club on this particular occasion, for invariably coming down with terrific whacks on the hind legs of the poor beast (which hind legs, bear in mind, belonged to the imprisoned ex-operator Theophilus Gatch), until the poor fellow yelled out with pain. Now to hear a voice emanating from the interior of an elephant, making all due allowance for the trying circumstances, was too much for even a variety show audience. The most skeptical of theatre goers does not doubt but that an elephant is a very sagacious quadruped; that, although he lives two or three hundred years, and that his grandfather may have carried Abraham or Isaac, he meditates occasionally on the shortness of life, and even moralizes on the fallacy and fragility of elephantine hopes; but to ask an audience to consider him also as a fluent

conversationalist, with a particular failing for strong adjectives, is too much. And even admitting all this; supposing he did, like Balaam's donkey, find language to express his just indignation, instead of arguing the question from a philanthropic standpoint, what elephant would be so insane as to politely request his persecutor merely to step around and belabor his forelegs also? It was utter nonsense, and the audience rose in revolt.

After the enraged multitude had pelted them with all the empty porter bottles and whiskey flasks they could spare, the manager beckoned them all off the stage and let down the curtain. Then a pair of short hind legs emerged from the india-rubber elephant's body, and craved the indulgence of a mortal combat with the Maharajah Dhuleep Jung Singh.

Four of the weakest ballet girls carried poor Theophilus away to the coal hole; and finally, together with Cardinal Richelieu and the Dauphin of France, who had both been excommunicated by the stage manager for coming drunk on a benefit night, they were confined in an old Bastille which had previously been used as a scene in Henry V.; and they were ruthlessly compelled by armed warriors, drilled by the stage carpenter, and fresh from the dramatic field of Agincourt, to saw all the wood for the establishment for the ensuing three months; while four red gnomes from the Black Crook added tortures during the intermissions by reading aloud sundry scientific articles from the *Electrical Review*.

Although Theophilus Gatch has left the business, which he still maintains is "played out," he nevertheless puts in a little extra, from sheer force of habit, kalsomining his neighbors' fences, on a sliding scale of 15 to 5 per cent.

A Reporter Visits a Telegraph Office.

The Pittsburgh *Leader* man has been visiting the Western Union Telegraph office in that city. The first thing, he says, that strikes a stranger upon entering a large telegraph office is the tremendous racket the instruments keep up. The next thing is the order and regularity with which the business goes on in the midst of all the noise and apparent confusion, and then he goes on to say that to become a first-class operator is the work of from two to four years; and some do not become first-class after working at it for a much longer time. A mistaken notion prevails that telegraphing is a thing that can be picked up in a few months. It is not so. Telegraphing is a science, and has to be learned, as the many victims of so-called "telegraph colleges" have found out to their sorrow. It is true that a person may in a few months pick up knowledge enough of "reading by paper" to enable him to blunder through the management of a very small railroad office, but such a person is not, by any means, a telegraph operator. Such individuals are known among the fraternity as "plugs," and are looked upon by competent operators much as a full-fledged union printer would regard a "rat," and a shoe-making "rat" at that.

Telegraph operators, as a class, are, perhaps, younger men than the members of any other profession or trade. Probably their average age is not above twenty-five years. As a rule, they are gentlemanly and well informed, quick to help a comrade in distress, and have, as any one who understands the practical jokes possible in a telegraph office knows, a keen appreciation of "fun." Operators in first-class offices receive from \$70 to \$110, or higher; chief operators, of course, receive more. From ordinary operators down to "plugs" of the deepest dye, wages range from \$70 downward.

STEAM AND ELECTRICITY.—It would startle many people, who happened to see a locomotive blowing off steam at a railway station, if they were told that there is electricity enough generated in the discharge of steam to blow the whole train to atoms, if, instead of being dissipated, it were collected. The fact was first accidentally noticed by an English engineer, who perceived sparks, which proved to be electrical, among the escaping steam. The discovery was confirmed by the construction of a hydro-electrical machine in the shape of a boiler set on glass legs. The steam, as it rushes out of the escape valve, is received on a series of metallic points by which it is gathered and accumulated in the conductor, as in an ordinary electrical machine, in which the electricity is generated by the friction of a glass plate or cylinder. Will engineers ever come to appreciate the fact that every locomotive, or tug, or steamer carries the means of lighting itself far better and more cheaply than by any lamp?

THE OPERATOR A JOURNAL OF TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Publisher.

December 1st, 1876.

When requesting a change of address, subscribers will please give their former as well as their present address.

THE OPERATOR fourteen months and a copy of OAKUM PICKINGS, both prepaid, for \$2.50. That is certainly cheap reading.

Among other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House.

We always stop THE OPERATOR at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid; so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

WHENEVER an operator sees anything in his local paper which he thinks would interest the readers of THE OPERATOR, he will confer a great favor by marking the piece and mailing it to us, P. O. Box 3332, New York. Personals and items of telegraphic news are also solicited.

SEVERAL thousand extra copies of this paper are sent this issue as specimens to offices where we have not now subscribers, that they may see what the paper is like, and if possible become regular readers. Those desiring to subscribe will find instruction on page 11. It will oblige the publisher very much if, after reading the paper, you will re-forward the same to some person who may not have received a copy.

In this number we give the opening chapter of a very entertaining English telegraph love story, which cannot fail to interest our readers. The story will be continued next and subsequent issues until completed. We have also in type an amusing and well written story of telegraphic life in the Far West, which will probably be commenced in next issue. If you want to have these two entertaining stories complete, send in your subscription now, while you think of it.

As will be seen from our Philadelphia letter, Mr. J. E. Zeublin, night manager of the Western Union Telegraph office in that city, exchanges places for the winter with a gentleman in the Lake City, Fla., office, of the same company. Mr. Zeublin is a faithful, energetic, and intelligent chief, and possesses a faculty for working off business that is truly wonderful, while his genial disposition and gentlemanly bearing endear him to the hearts of his subordinates. Nowhere is there a man more popular with both employer and employees. We sincerely hope that his stay in the sunny South will be brief, and that he shall return to us re-invigorated and completely restored to health.

TELEGRAPHERS' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING.

The above Association held its adjourned annual meeting in the Western Union building in this city on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, November 15th and 16th. There was a very full attendance on Wednesday, but several seats were vacant on the following evening. The Hon. George Walker, Vice-President G. and S. Telegraph Company, presided, performing the duties of that position in a very satisfactory manner.

The delegates were Messrs. J. S. Whitacre and E. F. Leighton, of Boston, representing 44 members; J. W. Tillinghast and N. Hucker, Buffalo, N. Y., 41; H. C. Robinson, Philadelphia, Pa., 27; C. O. Rowe, Pittsburg, Pa., 29; W. H. Young, Washington, D. C., 25; C. C. King and H. L. Waterbury, Albany, N. Y., 23; C. C. Whitney, Indianapolis, Ind., 13; John Fuller, Easton, Pa., 9; G. L. Lang, Dennison, Ohio. Captain Macintosh, of New York, held 106 proxies of members; Wm. Holmes, 91; and J. D. Read, 12. Mr. Joseph Mitchell claimed to represent three New Jersey members; but the committee reported adversely, on the ground of Mr. Mitchell's being a member of the New York district.

From the treasurer's report it appears that the finances of the Association are in a very flourishing condition.

The balance remaining on hand at the last annual meeting was \$10,052.78
Receipts during the year, including interest on bonds and on current account..... 13,242.02

Total.....\$23,294.80

Amount paid to heirs of deceased members during the year.....\$10,000.00
Other expenses, printing, stationery, salaries, etc..... 1,080.82

Total..... 11,080.82
Leaving balance to the credit of the Association in bonds, \$6,868.75; deposits, \$4,911.15; and cash on hand \$434.08—total, \$12,213.98.

The deaths during the year were as follows: George Clemenson, New York, consumption, January 4th; Edward G. Reese, Philadelphia, consumption, March 20th; G. W. Richardson, Edwardsville, Kansas, typhoid fever, December 14th; J. R. Dowell, Richmond, Va., congestion, February 25th; E. L. Thorn, Bowdoinham, Me., paralysis, December 25th, 1875; J. Brady Lyndall, Chicago, pneumonia, May 14th; A. B. Griswold, Buffalo, consumption, August 21st; E. J. Saville, Montgomery, Ala., typhoid dysentery, June 30; Peter A. Smith, Carbondale, Ill., diarrhoea, August 18th.

From the Secretary's report we learn that the number of active members is fourteen hundred. The applications for membership during the year, including sixteen for re-admission, were 308, with initiation fees of \$292. Nine assessments were made, on which \$12,283.18 was received. As might be supposed, from the confining duties of an operator, almost one-half the deaths, so far, of members, have been from consumption. Out of 88 deaths, 35 were from that disease.

The debates at times during the meeting were extremely animated. No amendments to the by-laws were made, except one changing the date of the annual meeting from the second to the third Wednesday in November, and the other enlarging the basis of representation at annual meetings by proxy. A committee was appointed,

however, to consider the whole subject of constitution and by-laws, and report upon the same prior to next November, so that at the annual meeting in 1877 it is very probable that these matters will be thoroughly revised and corrected. The amount paid to heirs, and the manner of accumulation of a reserve fund, remain unchanged for the coming year. The salaries of Secretary and Treasurer were abolished, and the sum of \$600 appropriated as a salary for the Secretary's clerk. Mr. A. H. Watson was elected Secretary, and Mr. J. D. Reid re-elected Treasurer.

The Association is a very worthy one, and we are much pleased at its gratifying success. Telegraphers generally might avail themselves of its advantages more extensively than they do. The initiation fee is two dollars, and the assessment one dollar on the death of each member, the heirs of the latter receiving \$1,000. Any person who is or has been employed in telegraph service in any capacity may become a member upon giving proof of good health and habits, and paying the required fees. Application blanks and further information will be furnished on application to A. H. Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 3175, New York, or any agent of the Association.

Portraits of Prominent Telegraphers.

The handsome wood-cut portrait of the genial "Oney Gagin" on another page of this issue will be a pleasant surprise to our readers. We believe in the motto, "Do much, but promise little," and for that reason have not heretofore announced its appearance.

Telegraphing is a peculiar business. One may work on the same wire and "talk" with an operator every day for years without (if the offices are distant and the men contented) being favored with a glimpse of his face. There are telegraphers whose reputation among the craft has become national, and the curiosity of distant admirers to know what kind of looking men they are is not unnatural.

A friend suggested some months ago that we prepare good, *carte de visites* of prominent telegraphers, and sell them at a reasonable price. But we had then under consideration the advisability of publishing such portraits from time to time in THE OPERATOR, and to-day take pleasure in presenting the first of these to our thousands of readers.

Our next portrait will be that of a prominent New York telegrapher well and favorably known all over the country. It will appear in the issue of January 1st, and be followed by photographs, in turn of eminent men in the Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and other offices. As THE OPERATOR is published in the interest alone of the telegraphic fraternity, and not of any company or clique, Atlantic and Pacific operators will receive the same attention, where they are as well known, as will those of the Western Union. The wood-cuts will be strictly the very best of the kind that we can procure. Of course the expense attending the enterprise is considerable, and we hope our readers will appreciate the efforts put forth to give them an interesting, entertaining, and in every respect first-class paper, and that they will so far reciprocate as to secure us a very large increase of subscriptions, and thus not only reimburse us for the extra expense, but make it possible to add yet other important features to the paper so universally regarded as the representative

telegraphic paper of America. Every new subscription we receive enables us to give a so much better and more entertaining paper. The paper is so interesting and so cheap that positively no telegrapher can afford to be without it. You will experience no difficulty in getting up a club. Try it and see.

A Word for The Operator.

THE OPERATOR has now the largest circulation by several thousand—thanks to the many friends who have rallied around and done so much for us in that direction during the past year—among regular paying subscribers of any telegraphic paper published. It aims to carry sunshine and cheer into the offices it visits, and to provide its readers with wholesome, instructive, spicy, entertaining, and amusing reading. It at the same time labors faithfully for the best interests of the telegraphic fraternity, to elevate the profession morally and socially, and to band its members together as one great family.

Our regular contributors comprise the very foremost writers in the field of telegraphic literature, and the many new and important features which we are constantly adding make the paper one of the most welcome visitors that can enter a telegraph office. The subscription price, too, is so remarkably low—fourteen months for \$1.25, less than nine cents a month—that no telegrapher can afford to be without it.

That the paper is a very popular one with all classes of telegraphers from superintendents to operators the many encouraging letters we almost daily receive fully demonstrate. The manager of an important railroad office in Pennsylvania writes us that he learned more from THE OPERATOR since he subscribed than he did in nine years actual experience—and he has been to the Centennial, too! Another acknowledges that while its pages have amused him, he has received information from it which has been of great service to him on several occasions. The operators who consider it "the boss" probably number thousands, and men have been found who "would as soon miss a good meal as their OPERATOR." One gentleman sums up by saying, "I couldn't do without it. It's to me what hay must be to other animals."

The larger the number of readers the more influence will the paper exert, and the more interesting can we afford to make it. We hope those receiving specimen copies of this month will co-operate with and assist us by enrolling their names on our subscription list, and that as many as can possibly spare the time will get up clubs. You could not be engaged in a better work. The present issue offers a splendid opportunity for getting up clubs; don't let it slip by unimproved.

A Beautiful Holiday Present.

A copy of THE OPERATOR fourteen months for \$1.25, or a copy of the beautiful and interesting OAKUM PICKINGS—a work which is now having an extensive sale among outsiders as a holiday book. Both sent prepaid to different addresses if required, on receipt of \$2.50.

We regret that owing to the pressure of advertisements we are compelled to hold over much interesting matter until next issue, as well as some personals, etc., received too late for this number.

The Operator's New Head.

On the first of January of this year we had a new head engraved for THE OPERATOR, which, although very pretty, did not exactly please us. It is no easy matter to get an artist who understands enough of telegraphy to give the details of instruments, etc., as they should be. We have just had the head re-engraved, retaining the lettering, but making changes in the locomotive, cars, steamer, and operating table and poles. We think it a vast improvement on the old one. The steamship represents a regular cable steamer, like the Faraday, paying out cable; when a cable is broken, after being grappled for, it is taken in over the wheel on the bow and paid out again, until the break has been reached. It will be noticed that the locomotive carries our "73" to all the readers of THE OPERATOR.

Our Advertisers.

We are considerably crowded this issue in the advertising department. We have given perhaps more space for that purpose than we should, and have been compelled to hold over a great deal of matter intended for this issue in consequence, but the demand on account of the large edition was so great that we could not do otherwise.

The full-page advertisement of Partrick & Carter, Philadelphia, gives excellent cuts and descriptions, with prices, etc., of their two specialties, the Giant Sounder and the Champion Learners' Instrument. This firm, as its display at the Centennial Exhibition demonstrated, manufactures every description of telegraphic apparatus. Reasonable prices and good work have secured the large share of business which Partrick & Carter enjoy.

While on a visit to Philadelphia recently we examined some of the instruments of the Co-operative Manufacturing Company, 218 Pear Street, and must say that their Learners' sets and Western Union Pattern Relays and Sounders are really the handsomest we had seen in some time. Substantially made and beautifully finished, they are an ornament to an office, and at the same time possess the extra virtue of being sold at a very low price. See their full-page advertisement and try their instruments.

A full-page advertisement of Watts & Co., of Baltimore, will also be found in this issue of THE OPERATOR. This firm does considerable work for American District Telegraph companies, and always gives excellent satisfaction, while it claims that it can and does sell goods cheaper than its competitors in other cities. Watts & Co. issue a very neat catalogue and price list. If you want anything in their line send for the catalogue, and you can judge for yourself of the merits of the goods and their prices.

L. G. Tillotson & Co., New York, and the Western Electric Manufacturing Company, Chicago, are both well known and reliable houses. Both are enterprising and keep a full stock of goods, so that no matter what you want in the line of telegraphic apparatus, they can supply you.

Eugene F. Phillips, of Providence, does a very extensive business in the manufacture of insulated telegraph wire, cable, etc., of every description. His name is so well known in this connection that it is almost unnecessary to say a word. Mr. Phillips' rubber covered and other wires have been before the telegraph public for a great many years, and seem as popular as ever. Mr. Joseph E. Penn is electrician.

The Bishop Gutta Percha Works, of the city of which Mr. W. W. Marks is superintendent, still sustains its excellent reputation for first-class gutta percha covered and other insulated wires.

M. A. Buell & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio, advertise a complete set of first class instruments for \$6.50. They also advertise some handsome gold pins, which will certainly interest telegraphers.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.

Beauty lives with kindness.—Shakspeare.

Rare as is true love, true friendship is rarer.

The eagle of one house is the fool in another.

To be always complaining is not the way to be lamented.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

They who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites.

Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is as a flower without perfume.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

Experience is a safe guide; and a practical head is a great guide in business.

Many persons carry their characters in their hands, not a few under their feet.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing more than good qualities run wild.

To have your enemy in your power, and yet to do him good, is the greatest heroism.

Just and noble minds rejoice in other men's success, and help to augment their praise.

The velocity with which time flies is infinite, as is more apparent to those who look back.

Patience is a virtue everywhere; but it shines with greatest luster in the men of government.

Anything may become nature to man; the rare thing is to find a nature that is truly natural.

A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.

To let a man into the knowledge of our passions, is to furnish him with weapons that will subdue us.

There are persons who would be prostrate on the ground if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up.

They who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

How few are our real wants, and how easy it is to satisfy them! Our imaginary ones are boundless and insatiable.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. Nor can we attain to any kind of knowledge except by a like process.

True glory is not acquired by grasping at power and opulence, but by sacrificing our own interest to that of our country.

Where a man, naturally candid, has been tempted to do anything wrong, the most effectual method of reforming him is to conceal his fault.

Those who are restless under obligations are either very slow themselves to oblige, very proud, or they have accepted favors from necessity.

When you descant on the faults of others, consider whether you be not guilty of the same. To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

Life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.

I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still;
Nor stand so much on your gentility,

Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of
yours,
Except you make or hold it.

Was She Wrong; or, Electrical Courtship.

AN ENGLISH TELEGRAPHIC LOVE STORY AMERICANIZED.

The following entertaining romance of English telegraphic life is taken from the London *Telegraphist*. That it may be more readily understood and appreciated by American telegraphers, we have revised and made such changes as we thought necessary, and now present it to the readers of THE OPERATOR, hoping that they will enjoy its perusal as thoroughly as we have.

Ten or fifteen years ago the discipline in large telegraph offices was, to put it mildly, lax. Young lady telegraphists, in those halcyon days, looked upon a cosy and confidential chat "over the wire" with a distant (male) friend or admirer in the provincial *corps telegraphique* as a much-valued and not-to-be-interfered-with prerogative, if not an absolute right! This was especially so in the afternoon or evening, when business was slack—as it generally was in the "good old times"—and when, tea, marmalade, pastry, and tittle-tattle were the order of the day. Comical conversations, sentimental and sententious sentences, cheery chaff, and "spooney" speeches, were wont to be wired to and fro over the lines, until the very wires themselves quivered with excitement. And many young couples, separated by mountains, rivers, and even seas, at the time looked fondly forward to those post-prandial hours of 5 till 8 P.M. as the happiest of the day.

What a fortunate girl, to be sure, was she whose luck it was to preside over a "Chatting Circuit," whose far-off correspondent was known to be "nice" and *unmarried*! Fun and feeble flirtation, so dear to young ladies of all classes, were then at her command, and her diurnal labor was shortened and sweetened by pleasant, if peculiar companionship. A wire so blest was a prize which could not be over-estimated, and was struggled for by the elder efficient among the lady operators. Junior office girls and ambitious assistants would gaze with feelings of envious awe upon the fair proprietress of an instrument affording such precious facilities, and await impatiently the bright day when they too might have a "jolly fellow," perhaps hundreds of miles away, to talk with and interest themselves about.

Neither is it to be forgotten that these electrical flirtations, although, as a rule, perfectly innocent and harmless, were not always mere evanescent pastimes. Did not big Beatrice Beauchamp marry Mr. Morseroll, of Manchester, and go out with him to the sunny land of the Pharaohs, where he is now a sort of Bey or Dey, or something equally magnificent and mystic? This being the interesting result of a "wire" friendship which first ripened into love and subsequently subsided into matrimony! And then, is it not also known—although *sub voce* as yet—that pretty little Susie Smallplay and Fred Fastkey, chief operator at Coppertown-on-Cumber—such a duck of a fellow, and an awfully fast operator before he was promoted—were actually engaged months ago, he having been to London twice to see her?

Granting these premises can it be wondered at that Miss Diana Guileless, a blithe lady operator of eighteen summers, was considerably annoyed and vexed, one fine August morning in 186—, when she was coldly informed by the stately chief operator that henceforth "she should have to take the X. Q. circuit, and Miss Mary Mild would succeed her on the W. Z. wire?" Poor Diana had worked with W. Z. (a distant north station) for over a year, and liked the fellows there immensely. She was a great favorite on that important wire, so much so, in fact, that one of the best operators there, Jack Blueslip, positively refused to work with anybody else, and would send volleys of P.Q.'s and A.A.R.'s, until he could get his "Dear Di" back to the wire.*

However, there was no help for it, she thought; Miss Backboard must of course be obeyed, but she could not help wishing Polly Mild ill-will. This lackadaisical little lady found X. Q. wire too busy for her delicate nerves, forsooth, and hence she was to be ousted from one of the jolliest wires in the office.

We confess we don't know precisely what the expressions P. Q. and A. A. R. mean, and question if many English operators—or clerks, as they are pleased to call themselves—could enlighten us. But when two British telegraphers quarrel over the wire, which we regret to say is by no means infrequent, they never fail to abuse each other by repeating long strings of nonsensical and monotonous P.Q.'s and A.A.R.'s. P.Q. from an office you are calling, or have a message for, signifies "I won't work with you!" "Get away from the wire!"

Di must not be mistaken for Miss Guileless' signature. English operators do not sign over the wire.

But never mind! She could go and chat for just a minute or two in the evening, perhaps, and she would then show Miss Mild that the W. Z. operators did not forget old friends for new! As for the W. Q. stall, Diana knew none of them, and believed they were a very staid lot altogether, if not actually *old* and *married*!

So she went to her new wire rather depressed, and worked hard all day—it was a stillfish circuit, she found—just to drive away disagreeable thoughts. Not a word would she exchange with the X. Q. man, although she soon discovered he was a first-class operator, and it was all she could do to keep up with him. She snubbed him unmercifully when he attempted to speak, and altogether led him a very pretty life of it for the first week or so. The poor fellow seemed awfully patient, however, for he never complained of her harshness (so foreign to her nature, but it was dreadfully provoking, was it not?) and would always be so polite and considerate to her, that at last, from mere curiosity, she began to wonder who it was at the other end, and also commenced to feel tired of being cross with one who would not reciprocate the quarrel.

So, after struggling with the remnants of her just resentment, and successfully subduing them, one afternoon at tea time, during a lull in the business, she suddenly said on the wire—"Who u?"

The reply was quickly clicked back:

"One who knows and admires u, Miss G., u dnt knw poor me, and dnt want to—worse luck!"

She thought as she read this, "What a funny fellow! Knows and admires me! I wonder who it can be, and *what he is like*?" Telegraphically she replied:

Young ladies of the telegraph generally start their electrifying remarks with Oh!

"Oh, yes! I shd like to know u much. Wats ur name pls?"

"It's awfully kind of you to ask after keeping me on the rack for eight mortal days, when I've been dying to speak to you. Do u really wish to know my humble cognomen?"

"Oh, I really must beg your pardon for being so cross, and for so long a time, too. You must think me a horrid temper, but felt vexed at being removed from my old circuit, you know. You *will* tell me your name, tho', as you know *me*? unless you bear malice!"

"Not at all, I assure you. I sympathize with you sincerely, and I *know* you have an angelic temper. It's very good of you to inquire. I rejoice in the nondescript appellation of George Gordon Byrne!"

"Oh, yes, I know, Miss Mild has mentioned you."

After a pause Diana remarked, politely:

"I think your name is a very nice one; in fact, rather romantic."

"Am so pleased you like it. I felt awfully cut up when you wouldn't speak to me."

"Oh, it was very rude of me, I know. I wonder you didn't rattle up and be disagreeable too. But you were very forbearing indeed. By-the-bye, you haven't said you forgave me."

"Don't mention it, I pray. I am only too delighted that you have relented at last. You can't imagine how much I have been longing for a conversation with you. Oh, dear, here are those wretched cotton messages!"

"Oh, bother them! G.A."

While receiving the dispatches (which Mr. Byrne had kept on his instrument unsent as long as he dared!) Diana reflected rather unpleasantly on what had passed, and thought she would not regret her W. Z. friends so much, after all.

When "clear" again her correspondent eagerly recommenced—

"You receive so beautifully. It is quite a treat to have such a nice operator to work with after placid Polly Mild! Do you know that, although entirely unknown to you, I am one of your most fervent admirers at a distance?"

"Oh, you flatter me, sir; but I'm glad you know how to *keep your distance*!"

"It is the fault of fate and my unfortunate position, Miss Diana, if my manner should appear *distant*, even while declaring my admiration of your undoubted charms, both mental and physical!"

Oh! pun me no more puns, I pray. But how can you possibly admire what you are pleased to term the *charms* of one you never saw?"

Di felt a bit amused, and just a "leetle" interested at this moment, and sipped her tea quickly and complacently, thinking the gentleman was merely "doing the gallant" in a chaffing way. She didn't mind, therefore, giving him a small modicum of encouragement to while away the messageless moments.

What was her surprise, then—how could she help being moved and excited—was it to be wondered at

that, as she read the following glowing words, her tea-cup remained suspended midway between the desk and her half-opened lips, and she glanced nervously around to see if any one was listening—picture her surprise, almost stupor, when the instrument deliberately clicked forth, in reply to her perfectly natural remark:

"Of course, Miss G., you think I am joking, but I assure you I am now in the most earnest mood I ever experienced. I *have* seen you closely and for some time, and therefore you may believe me when I solemnly assert that I never beheld a more beautiful and fascinating young lady in my life! You have been before my dazzled eyes ever since I saw you, no longer ago than last month. Being in London on holidays then, I went to the Crystal Palace one Saturday afternoon, where you were pointed out to me by my companion, a London male operator. Don't laugh at me, please, Miss Diana, but I have thought of nothing but your lovely features and graceful form all through the past weeks. You have become part of my existence. I have even tried to write to you, and should ever feel miserable if you could not in time bring yourself to think of me kindly."

Di's face was in a flame when this impetuous apostrophe had concluded. She hardly knew even how to commence a reply.

It was with an unsteady hand and faltering manipulation that she at length tapped back:

"Oh, really, Mr. Byrne, you quite startle me. I didn't imagine—"

Here their "confab" was suddenly cut short.

A "Stock" message, hot from the fuming hand of a late broker, and big with the "closing" fate of "Turcos" or "Spanish," was sharply thrown on Diana's instrument by the dread and watchful chief in person, with an acid injunction to "get it off *at once*."

Di perked a little at her superior's waspish tones; colored as she wiped up the tell-tale slips, which she hastily thrust into her pocket, for after-perusal as well as safety—the message was received on a "Morse Printer"—and then rattled off the momentous telegram, rather resentfully, but somehow not altogether displeased at the interruption. The conversation, she felt, had arrived at a rather ticklish point—in fact, quite an alarming crisis! She would be rather glad than otherwise if she could manage to stave off any further declarations from the rash young man *for the present*; and she would have time to think it over when she got home. She sincerely hoped that business would prevent this evidently very inflammable correspondent from concocting another such embarrassing surprise as that with which he had just astonished her weak nerves. Not that she felt offended with the poor fellow—how could she? was it not a compliment?—but she had had quite enough for one day.

Fate, anyhow, was kind—or cruel!—enough to leave things almost as they were for that day; inasmuch, as—with the exception of an interpolated "You are not angry with me, I hope?" from the anxious George, between two messages, and a hasty "Oh, no!" from the agitated Diana, given with a slightly accelerated pulsation of the heart!—the wire was so busy thereafter that the only further unofficial remarks exchanged during the evening—despite her despairing admirer's efforts to get in a word edgewise now and then—between the new telegraphic friends were a lingering "Good night!" on the one instrument, and a runaway "Good-bye!" on the other, at 8 P.M.

Strolling meditatively homeward, *via* the city road, to "Merrie Islington" ten minutes afterward, Diana reflected and cogitated, not unpleasantly, on Mr. Byrne's encomiums upon her beauty. She certainly could not deny the "soft impeachment," and any male observer would have excused her involuntary vanity who saw her now as she picked her dainty steps along the crowded thoroughfare.

She was appropriately christened Diana, for the fair huntress herself was not a more graceful, lithe-limbed, yet commanding nymph than Miss Guileless.

She was rather above the ordinary height—say about five feet five—slender waisted, well developed, and upright as a dart. She walked with an easy, gliding carriage, rare among English women. Our American cousins would have termed her "a lovely blonde." Her luxuriant hair, falling in heavy ringlets on her sloping shoulders, was of a glorious golden hue, so shiningly yellow as to cast a sort of aureole or halo over her sweet face; and in the sun's rays this auriferous reflection glittered over the delicate pink bloom on her rounded cheek until the beholder—male, always understood!—was fairly dazzled. Her eyes, strange to say, when coupled with her hair, were of a deep pellucid brown—there

are no such things as black eyes, naturally, notwithstanding poet's rhapsodies—fringed with long ebon lashes; and this peculiarity lent her clean-cut features and snowy skin quite a *piquant* expression.

If you add to the foregoing catalogue of charms a small aquiline nose, ripe coral mouth, the upper lip arched precisely like Cupid's bow, the under lip full and pouting, and strong white teeth, displayed only when she smiled, you will not wonder at the enamoured X. Q. man's enthusiasm.

Perhaps you will not be astonished, either, at the fond and admiring glances of that smart young gentleman—evidently a friend, who has encountered the young lady quite accidentally, if not on purpose—who, after stopping her, raising his natty hat, and eagerly shaking hands with her, had just turned and accompanied Diana (so attentively, you observe) in the direction of her suburban abode in Arcadia villa, Sylvan grove, Forest Glen, Islington.

What would the absent and adoring George Byrne say if he beheld his charmer thus intimately saunter alongside the smiling and fashionably attired gallant? Would he have felt that his "Love's young dream" was already rudely disturbed? Or that his soul's idol was in danger of being savagely shattered?

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

The "Situation" in the Portland Office.

At noon, on the ninth of November, I called on John Williams. It was an official call. I had the latest bulletin with me. John, together with his family, cousins, and mother-in-law, was just sitting down to a fragrant, steaming roast turkey; the very one I had lost on a bet that Hayes would be elected! "John," said I, "read that!"

"Latest! Hayes has carried twenty-one States, receiving one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes, and is elected."

"John," I continued, majestically, "evidently that turkey belongs to me."

John saw the point, but felling that he could make a point on me, replied pathetically:

"You can't have the heart to take this turkey away from us, Oney? Look at these starving children! Give a cursory glance at my mother-in-law! Let your eye dwell upon ME! For sixteen years have I looked forward to this turkey—"

"Say no more, John, the turkey shall be yours."

John always has me when he tries the pathetic. Hard-hearted as I may be in some respects, I hadn't the heart to take home to my family a sixteen-year-old turkey. That has been one of the rocks on which I split, and I don't carry home that kind now.

Since that eventful day, however, my "social board" has been amply supplied with the fruits of election bets; and, thanks to the bulletins, none of the bets upon either side have been lost as yet. This is a comfortable feature of the present Presidential campaign. No margin is left for dissatisfaction or dispute, and every one confident, and willing to hazard any amount on the ultimate result.

Our enterprising, public-spirited Portland office is, of course, playing a prominent part in the great political drama.

Ned Rand, who represents the "Solid South," (as far as he can in number nine boots), and has men "working for" him in Louisiana and Florida, think Tilden will carry those States without a doubt, unless there is a hitch in the electoral votes. Ned stands firm in this opinion in spite of "dispatches from the most prominent business men in New Orleans, who are personal acquaintances of a gentleman here." In his view, Ned is sustained by Malone, Kilmartin (the Irish Duke), Wood, Williams, and others who do the "conceding" for the Democratic element, and do it handsomely and graciously, considering that the reports give them so much of it to do.

On the other hand, the Republican force of the office is never caught napping when advices come that "the New York Tribune strengthens the assurance of Hayes' election," or that "Republicans claim Florida by 1,200 majority."

The Republican element of the office—Livermore, Wentworth, Preble, both Cranes, Brickett, Booker, Shaw, and thousands of others—become inspired by such dispatches with a patriotic and loyal fidelity to

their Hayes bets, and want to double them. All is then sunshine and warmth and good nature on the Republican side of the office, while a corresponding cloud and chill begins to settle over the Democratic side.

Pat, the office boy, looks dejected and steps softly. He has made Tilden a specialty, and when Pat makes anything a specialty it has "got to come." Were it not that I should be ruined financially, and Mrs. G. lose a nice parlor carpet if Pat is successful, I would say, "Success to Pat," but as Shakspeare says, "A wife and family make cowards of us all."

Everything depends upon reports from the agents of the Associated Press, and politicians and gamblers, in New York and the Southern States.

We all realize this so fully that every report is watched for and hailed with the utmost enthusiasm by the particular political element of the office most favored by the report.

Kilmartin is, perhaps, receiving a message from some unfortunate eastern plug, when Malone whispers in his ear, "North Carolina's gone Democratic! Just got it! Tilden's the boss, sure!"

Kilmartin snatches the key, "holds up" on the eastern plug, who is left to adjust and wonder which side of him is open, while Kilmartin "hedges" his morning bets, and agrees to go two bottles of Bass' ale to one on Tilden. He bets on both sides utterly reckless.

The cloud has now melted away from the Democratic side of the office, while a sudden and dense fog sweeps down on the Republican side.

Ah! That prospective carpet may never echo to the tread of the flower of the Gagin family, unless I "hedge" by another bet! I never realized so deeply the value of a friend before—a friend toward whom one may feel that affectionate brotherly regard that gives confidence in borrowing fifty dollars or so in an emergency, and an emergency is now no uncommon thing; one is liable to arrive at any moment.

Shaw, who generally tends out on the emergency wire, electrifies us every few hours with "Correct returns from— counties give a Democratic majority of—"

The "cruel, crawling mist" hangs denser over the Republican side; the roosters are housed, and our oracle, Mr. Livermore, is consulted. He doubts the "authenticity" of the unfavorable reports.

Messrs. Wentworth, Shaw, Crane, Berry, Preble, and others forthwith "doubt the authenticity" of the reports unfavorable to their party.

This locates all the authenticity with the Republican element. A convenient thing for us. We have only to learn upon which side the gain is reported to be to decide instantly whether the report be "authentic" or not; this facilitates matters—thanks to the party who invented it.

But, of course, the excitement of such a contest is tremendous, and it is only those who have "laid up" against a rainy day, or can draw their salary in advance, that can even approximate to keeping up with the times.

When two bodies of such gigantic proportions and force as the National Democratic and Republican parties are running neck and neck in such an unprecedented and energetic race, it must be a hardy organization that would undertake to keep pace with them.

Portland office, however, is just the hairpin to undertake the thing, and with what success let its creditors reply.

Far be it from the undersigned to be charged with disloyalty, and not until my nearest and dearest friend refuses me an additional loan, shall I withdraw from the contest. Flattering advices coming in from abroad keep up our spirits. Our special friend in Louisiana is looking after our interests there, and will see that we don't lose on our heaviest bets.

The substance of his dispatch, to be sure, is brief, after the fashion of "All right De Santy."

Still it is comprehensive, authentic, and perfectly satisfactory; outweighing the most overwhelming evidence from the political party hostile to us.

Portland office stands firm in this our country's hour of peril!

I am proud to state that there is not a man among us who, as a member of the "returning board," would not make the quickest time on record in "returning," provided he could make his connection all right, and did not "stop over" anywhere to "meet a man."

While individually and collectively no man is more willing to have this great nation under a just and equitable government, still I dare not think what would be the result (considering Mrs. G.) in case that parlor carpet bet is lost! As the Danbury

man says, "Falling down stairs with a cook-stove would be nothing to it."

Sail on, oh Ship of State!
We know what bets compose thy keel:
What "hedged" form thy ribs of steel;
Our hearts, our hopes,
Our provisions, our overcoats;
Our next winter's wood,
And the carpet.
Are all with thee! Are all with thee!

ONEY GAGIN.

Washington Notes.

The Presidential election, as was expected, created an immense amount of business for the telegraph companies, and during election day and for some days subsequent the telegraph offices were central points of attraction. The Western Union posted frequent bulletins giving the latest news from all parts of the country, and opened a number of branch offices Tuesday night for the benefit of different political clubs and committees, and keeping them open until two or three o'clock in the morning. Some heavy work was done for several days after the election, but the excitement has died out, and things are now, telegraphically speaking, remarkably dull. The appearance of troops in the city gave another start to business, but once more "all is quiet on the Potomac," waiting for Congress, which meets on the 4th proximo.

There are no changes in the *personel* of the forces at the W. U. or A. & P. offices reported as likely to occur upon the assembling of Congress. Ed Stewart will probably resume his place at the Capitol, but no other changes are expected. The force is already large, and though quite a number of applications have been received, there is to be no increase of the force this winter.

The great American traveler, Charlie Laubach, is reported to be marching on Washington. He visited Baltimore a few days ago, and sent some of his characteristic notes up stairs. This is a sample: "PERSONAL—Can you give me a little lift for some dinner till can strike some of the boys, by loan of 15 or 25 cents. Been fasting since yesterday noon. Find I have quite a cavity.—L." He may as well continue his journey to new pastures; he is too well known in this vicinity to make it profitable for him to stop.

Johnnie Zeublin, of Philadelphia, glanced at us on Wednesday, *en route* for the sunny South. Zeub is as happy and jolly as ever, except when he is asked when the W. U. expect to occupy their new office at Philadelphia. That seems to touch him on a sensitive nerve, and he fails to see anything funny about it.

Fred Royce has been enjoying himself at Philadelphia for a few days, getting the boys started on the motors. He reports the Quaker City as the dearest place in America since the close of the Centennial.

The Coreoran building, cor. 15th St. and Pennsylvania Avenue, is nearly ready for occupancy, but no signs yet of the W. U. taking possession of the rooms which rumor assigned to them. There is every chance for as fine an office there as there is in the country, but the officials seem slow to take advantage of it. One thing is certain, the building the W. U. now occupies will soon be too small, and they will be compelled to seek more commodious quarters. Until then we shall probably have to "bear the ills we have."

Louis Klotz, late of the S. and A. Company, has accepted a position with the Western Union at Mobile, Ala., and left Monday evening for his new post. We all wish him success.

The Atlantic and Pacific Company have the front of their building decorated with large and new showy signs.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company have removed their dispatcher's office to Washington and placed it in charge of Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, who has charge of the trains over the Washington, Metropolitan, and Alexandria branches.

George Diven has returned from his extended vacation, had a fine time, and has settled down to business.

Will Young has been placed in charge of the branch office, nights, corner 6th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue under Metropolitan Hotel.

It is said that the A. and P. Company has not filled their manager's chair here. Rumor mentions some prominent W. U. man as likely to be appointed, but this lacks confirmation.

Samuel's Sister Susan.

SOME SIMPLETON'S SIMMERINGS.

Samuel Sylvester's sunny sister Susan sends so swiftly she salts sushers savagely. Susan sends so speedily she surprises some. Some seek salting Susan. Susan seeks salters. Salters sadly sigh soon's Susan signs S.

Samuel Sylvester sought similar situation. Sam soon succeeded, securing something south—same string. Samuel sends slowly, sluggishly, sleepily. Samuel's sending sounds sadly, so soberly sends Samuel. Sam says: "Send stof"—says so seriously. Sushers scare Samuel.

Samuel sent sister Susan something some six Sundays since. Susan said, "Send swifter."

Samuel said, "S. S."

Susan said, "Shocking! Sam sends such shamefully singular signals! Space! Space!"

Sam said, "Sour?" (Sam spell numerals.) Susan started Sam. Sam spluttered, sending so sadly, spacing so slightly, Susan scolded. She scolded sharply. She said Sam should sell shoe strings, saw stovewood, shovel sawdust—something, 'sides slinging such stuff.

She spoke sarcastically. She's somewhat spirited. She subsided.

Silence succeeded.

Susan scarcely smiled. She secretly said: "Shame! senior Sam, shame!"

Suddenly sound seconded stillness. Samuel said, "Say, Susie, S. S."

EDITOR OPERATOR: Sometime when you are not busy please explain to us, if you can, in THE OPERATOR why it is that some rules won't work both ways. Now, it is natural to err, you know, and it is just as natural to suppose that if we err one way we do another. If so, why is it that the auditor notifies us when we are over-checked, but never when we are under-checked? Or when he finds an error against us and one in our favor, why can't he settle it up in that way and say nothing about it?

ERROR SHEET.

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PERSONALS.

H. H. Mobley is W. U. operator, Hagerstown, Md.

The genial C. R. Briggs is operator at Bainbridge, N. Y.

Mr. T. R. Rusk is working for the W. U. at Macon, Ga.

Mr. Jas. J. Johnson is manager W. U. Tel. office Annapolis, Md.

Mr. Charles Hilliard is with the M. T. Co. at Oakville, Ont.

Mr. John Connor is agent and operator at Cecilian Junction, Ky.

Mr. W. R. Sloan is with the D. and H. C. Co. at Afton, N. Y.

Everything lovely at Millwood, Ky., with Mr. L. E. Moores at the key.

Ed. Chapman, an old timer, is with the A. & P. at Wheeling, W. Va.

M. M. Healey has charge of the D. and H. C. Co.'s telegraph office at Nineveh.

Mr. W. H. Elliott is night agent for the G. W. R. at Allanburg Junction, Ont.

Mr. J. F. Shorey, of the Western Union office, Boston, was in town last week.

W. W. Watson does the amiable at 14th and Kentucky Streets, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. G. W. Monroe efficiently fills the position of operator at Tunnel Station, N. Y.

Mr. E. S. Barber has been transferred from Media Depot to Junction Crossing, Pa.

Mr. R. E. White still retains his position with the D. and H. Canal Co. at Scranton, Pa.

Messrs. G. W. Morgan and A. D. Murray waft lightning at "Sd" on the A. and S. R. R.

The Atlanta, Ga., operating force has been increased by the addition of Mr. J. L. Laney.

Wal Collins, of Milwaukee, has returned from the Centennial looking as bright as a gold dollar.

Mr. J. W. Oliver is the genial and proficient operator at Cherry Valley Junction on the A. & S. R. R.

Tom Callahan paid the Milwaukee office a flying visit last week. He was returning from his wedding tour.

Mr. W. R. Henderson is the genial lightningmar at the N. Y., N. H., and H. Depot, New Haven Conn.

Mr. W. W. Wheatley has charge of the Beaver Dam, Ky., office. Walter is a fine fellow and a good operator.

Mr. B. F. Leland has been promoted to a position in the Montgomery, Ala., office of the L. and N. and Gt. S. R. R.

Mr. D. Van Dyke runs the Montreal office at Grimsby, Ont., when he is not out in the swamp shooting quail.

Mr. D. Hughes, an old timer, has now charge of the Welland Railway Company's elevator at Port Colborne, Ont.

Ed. Little is at Washington Depot B. & O. R. R. Depot. Ed. is a fine operator and could not be replaced at "H."

Mr. J. McClelland, a sterling gentleman and excellent operator, is with the Montreal Company at St. Catharines, Ont.

Under the able management of Mr. Thomas E. Dudley, the St. Catharines office of the M. T. Co. flourishes immensely.

Mr. E. R. Waelde, a rising operator, has charge of the D. and H. C. Co.'s office at Oncontia, N. Y., with J. Johnson as assistant.

Mr. Van Deusen has for many years acceptably filled the position of agent and operator for the D. and H. C. Co. at Colliers, N. Y.

"Jordan is a hard road to travel," but Johnnie Jordan, at Port Colborne, Ont., is a monument of popularity among the vessel men.

Mr. C. A. Corbin, an excellent operator is station agent for the D. and H. C. Co. at Otego, N. Y. Mr. Judson Smith is the efficient operator.

Mr. Perry Chamberlain, late of the A. and P., Englewood, N. J., turns up at Northampton, Mass., in the employ of the same company.

Mr. F. J. Kerr is agent for the American Express Company and operator for the M. T. and G. W. Railway Companies at Beamsville, Ont.

Mr. E. F. Dwyer, an old and reliable M. T. man, has, in connection with his office at Port Dalhousie, Ont., the post-office and storm signal agency.

Miss Emma Swattwood has been appointed operator at the A. and P. branch office in the Banner Printing Company's Building, Milwaukee.

Miss Marion Carpenter, who has been subbing at Lyons, Ia., for the past month, has returned to her home near Council Bluffs for a fortnight's rest.

Mr. F. L. Dille, Jr., Stevens Point, Wis., desires the present address of Mr. Ed. B. Lerner. Will some of our readers please accommodate him?

Mr. A. W. Barber has resigned his position of train dispatcher C. S. Railroad, St. Thomas, Ont. It is reported that Mr. Ed. Linden will be his successor.

Mr. W. B. Browne is agent and operator at Unadilla on the A. and S. R. R., and S. M. Baird occupies a like position at Port Crane on the same road.

The health of Mr. Robert Burnes, C. S. Railway, St. Thomas, Ont., is rapidly improving. He will soon occupy the position of assistant for Mr. L. C. Benton.

Fred Klotz is at Mobile, Ala. While his former conferees are sorry to lose Fred, they congratulate Mobile upon having secured the services of so fine an operator.

A C. S. Railway operator at Duart, Ont., recently had his foot amputated by a train of cars passing over it. His brother telegraphers hope he will speedily recover.

Jack Quigley resigned his position as night report man for the W. U. at Milwaukee, Wis., November 17th and started eastward. He leaves a host of friends behind him who deeply regret his sudden departure, but wish him unbounded success in new fields of labor. Frank H. Merrill fills the vacancy.

Milwaukee boasts of a young operator, Harry Haskens, who has only been in the business two months, and is now able to copy from the fastest wire in the office—No. 6.

Mr. Frank Conway has been promoted from the Hamilton force to the management of the Dominion office at St. Catharines, where he is ably assisted by Mr. M. J. Simons.

Mr. J. R. Skinner, foreman of the D. and H. C. Co.'s car shop at Oneonta, N. Y., has added the art of telegraphy to his other acquisitions. Mr. S. bids fair to excel in the art.

Miss Fannie Wheeler, one of the best known lady operators in the country, is now rustivating at her home at Vinton, Ia. Miss W. has been working at San Francisco for the past three years.

Miss M. F. Clark has lately been appointed assistant ticket agent and operator at Amsterdam, N. Y., and Miss Vina E. Barker, formerly ticket agent and operator at Herkimer, transferred to Fort Plain.

L. Monson and E. P. Howe are the courteous operators on a private line from Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y., to Otego. The line, owing to their efficient management, is doing a thriving business.

Messrs. P. Connors and Paul Wadsworth are train dispatchers for the D. and H. C. Co., with headquarters at Albany, N. Y. They are both very popular gentlemen, owing to their affability and courteousness.

Mr. C. H. Chatterton is the genial operator at the D. and H. C. Co.'s station, Binghamton, N. Y. He is assisted by Mr. P. Shen, who sometime ago lost both hands, but notwithstanding this has become quite proficient with the key.

Donnierville, Cal., is happy in the possession of a local telegraph company managed by prominent a citizen. It has twenty offices. Mr. J. W. Orear is manager and W. C. Allen assistant of the Western Union office at same point.

One of the main office men says that Mr. Bradt is noted for being one of the best receivers in New York. He never breaks. He would not break, our informant adds, if the building fell down, but would sit there on the Boston quad and copy right straight along.

The operators on the Iowa Division C. & N. W. Railway, are in charge of G. J. Garvin, Clinton, H. W. Alworth, Belle Plaine, and Henry Mohle, Boone, chief dispatchers of their respective divisions. It is unnecessary to say that this triumvirate is strictly first-class, and never pass two trains at once on a single track.

Tom Fish (T. M. F.), the veteran dispatcher of the west, is now practically superintendent of Galena Division C. and N. W. Railway. He still has charge of the boys, and is the idol of train men and the wonder to budding plumes. Otto Miller and J. B. Fraley are the assistant dispatchers, Charley Bennett doing the way business.

Oscar Goodrich, General office, Chicago; Tracy Barnes, Superintendent's office, Clinton, Ia.; J. L. Cary, dispatcher's office, Belle Plaine; "Little Jimmie," dispatcher's office, Boone; Miss Holtslander, repeating office, Mo. Valley, and Al. Briggs, terminal office, Council Bluffs do the heavy business on the 500 mile string, Chicago to Omaha, on the C. and N. W.

Kansas City, Mo., is one of the liveliest telegraph centers in the west. The Western Union staff consists of Messrs. John McNeivins, Ed. Fullum, H. L. Glover, C. G. Wright, W. L. Augle, W. G. Eccles, P. Brady, M. M. Bond, L. B. Stanley, C. M. Carr, J. R. Magill. The last four are on the night trick. Mr. Mark Crain is the "sachem." Mr. Eugene Davis is general operator at the Union Depot.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. H. A. Tuttle has resigned the managership of the Oswego, N. Y., Western Union office to go into other business. The only redeeming feature of the case is that he is to be succeeded by one of the finest operators and most energetic and gentlemanly men in the business—Mr. A. J. Stoddard, formerly chief operator. Mr. J. G. Watson succeeds Mr. Stoddard in the latter position.

Miss Etta Robinson has supreme command of the telegraph at Wallington, N. Y., on the Ontario Division Ren. and O. R. R. She is the only lady on the wire and is captain. Mr. A. H. Mudge wafts the mystic fluid at Sodas. So does Mrs. Mudge, by the way. Mr. H. Curtin, at Ontario, N. Y., on the same wire, is celebrated for his fine copy. Mr. W. H. Chauncey is train dispatcher with headquarters at Oswego—a fine fellow, and unmarried.

MIDLAND PERSONALS.—Mort Nevilles, of Oneida, has been subbing at Earlville for the past ten days. N. E. Bennett is station agent and operator at Morrisville; Hank Robinson does the commercial business at the village. Miss Lillie Crandall blooms and blushes at Munnsville. Miss Mamie White is operator and ticket agent at Oneida. G. H. Matthews is agent and operator at North Bay, A. C. Whitney at Cleveland, and D. L. Sweet at Constan-tia. Fred Jones is agent and operator at Central Square. "Q" is too good a man to be stationed in so out of the way a place.

NEW YORK STATE A. & P. PERSONALS.—Mr. Jas. Bartley is manager of the A. and P. office at Amsterdam, N. Y., with which is connected a western ticket agency. G. J. Davison is manager at Utica and a good man for the company. Ed. Hungerford is the boss at Rome. Ed. has a ticket agency in connection and reaps quite a harvest. Will Harrigan is manager at Oneida. He also has a ticket agency and does a good telegraph and ticket business. H. F. Payson is manager of the A. and P. at Syracuse. Mr. Payson assumed charge of the office when its business was in a very bad shape through neglect, and by carefulness and attention to business has increased the receipts 100 per cent. Charlie and George Lake are his assistants, and C. E. Bridgeman night manager.

They have a Swan in the Western Union main office, Philadelphia. His first name is James and he signs Sw. Mr. Swan, besides being a splendid operator, takes enough interest in the business to send a message or answer a call upon another wire when not busy on his own without waiting to be told, and is generally agreeable and not averse to work. For this reason he is much thought of by the chiefs, and we are glad to notice that in the recent reduction of force consequent upon the closing of the Centennial Exhibition his official head was not decapitated. It is gratifying to note that merit is still recognized by the company. Deserve promotion and you will be very certain in time to get it; make your services so valuable to the company that no matter whom they discharge they can not part with you, and our word for it you will have no cause to grumble that times are hard and telegraph companies unappreciative.

BIRTHS.

October 27th, at Nicasio, Cal., the wife of Mr. A. B. Robbins, agent and operator, a daughter.

To Thomas Farley, of Camden Station, Baltimore, a girl; first edition; ten pounder.

DEATHS.

November 24th, at Astoria, L. I., of consumption, the wife of Mr. Richard W. Lewis, Western Union repairman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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This is the only book of diagrams of the various systems of telegraphy in use in this country that has ever been published. The extensive field it covers will be seen from the contents:

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In addition to the diagrams, the book contains two handsome full-page engravings of the Cable-houses at Duxbury and Rye Beach, together with a large and finely executed **MAP OF THE CABLE SERVICE OF THE WORLD**, the whole making a work worthy of the great science of Telegraphy, and alike valuable to the Superintendent, Electrician, Chief Operator or Telegrapher, whatever the grade or position, and one which will prove a source of information and profit, especially valuable for reference.

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descriptions accompanying the plates are clear and good."—*London Telegraphic Journal.*

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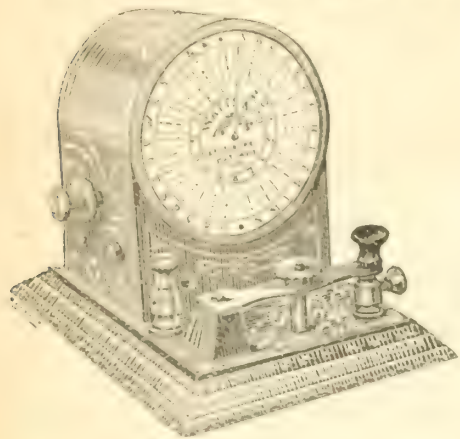
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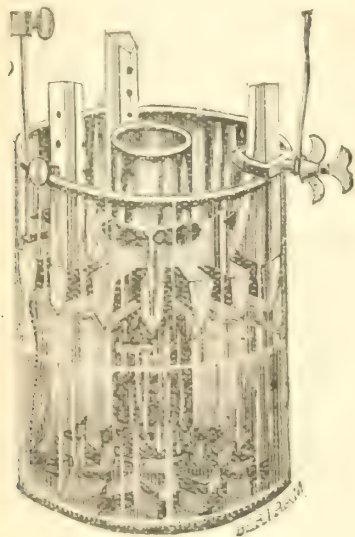
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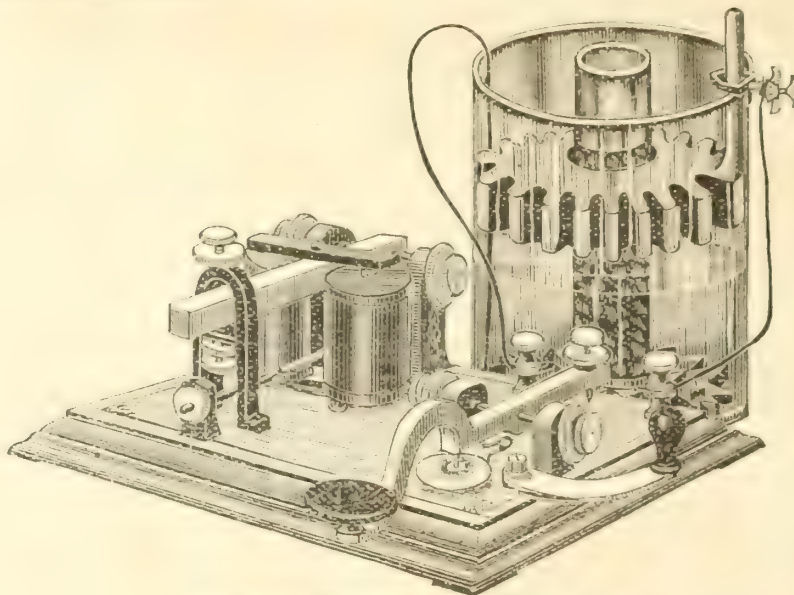
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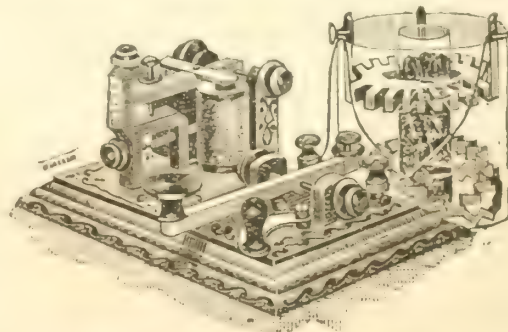
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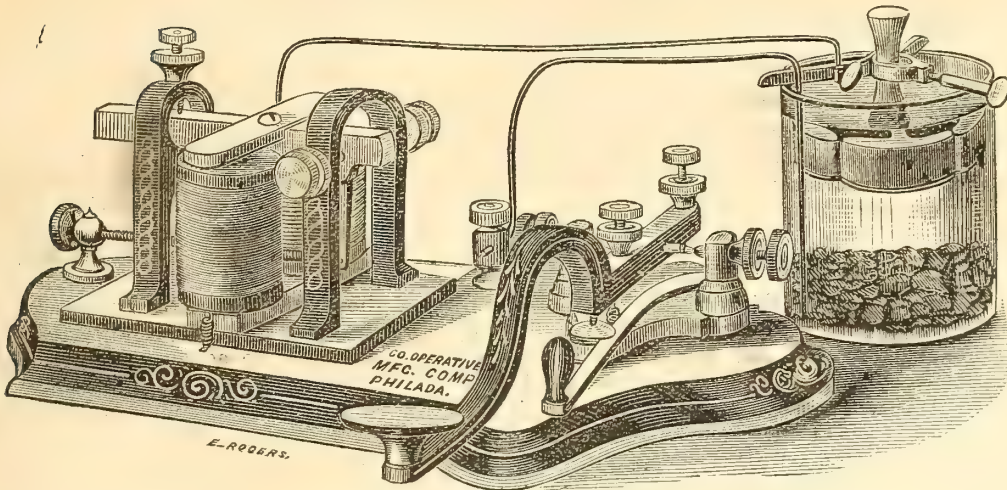
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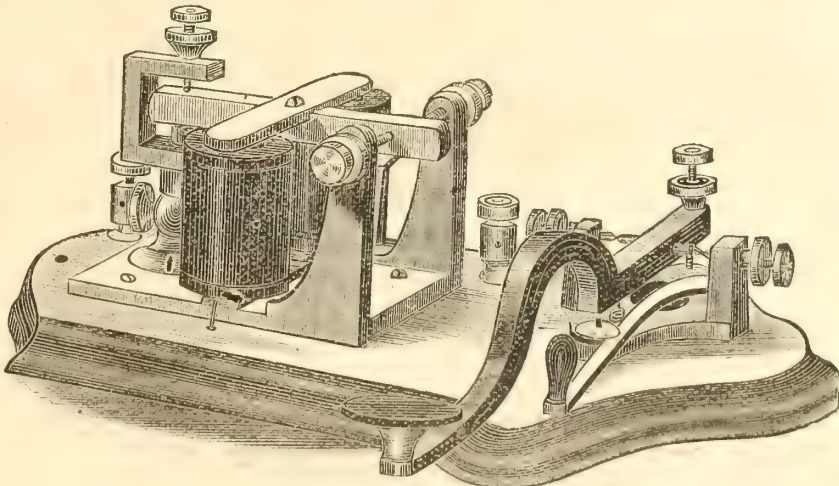
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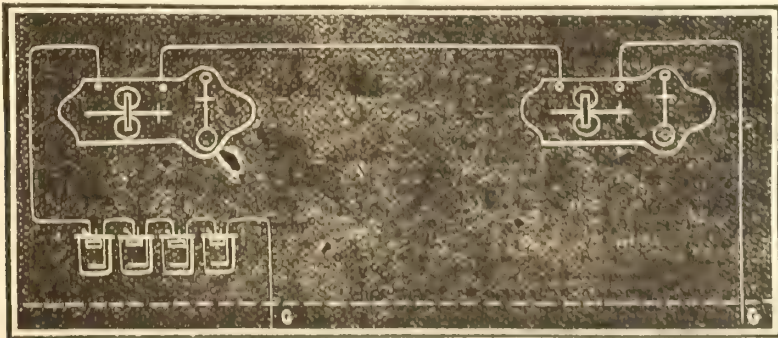


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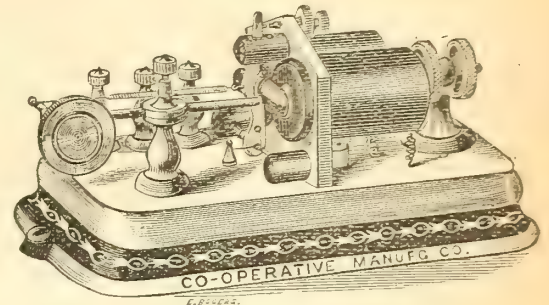
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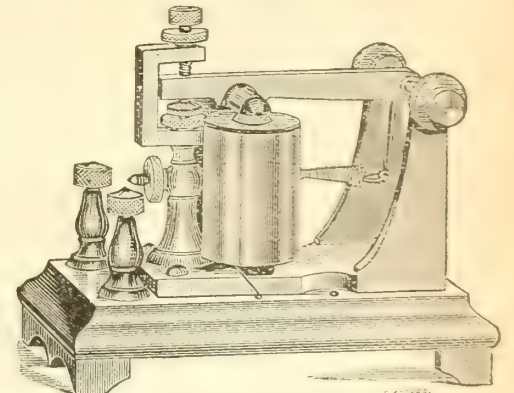
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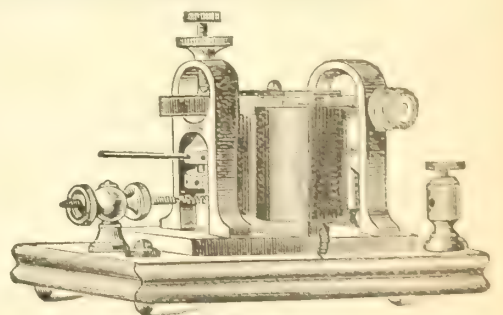
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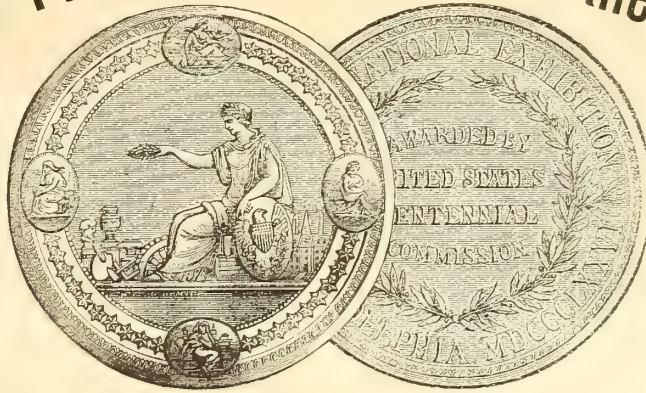
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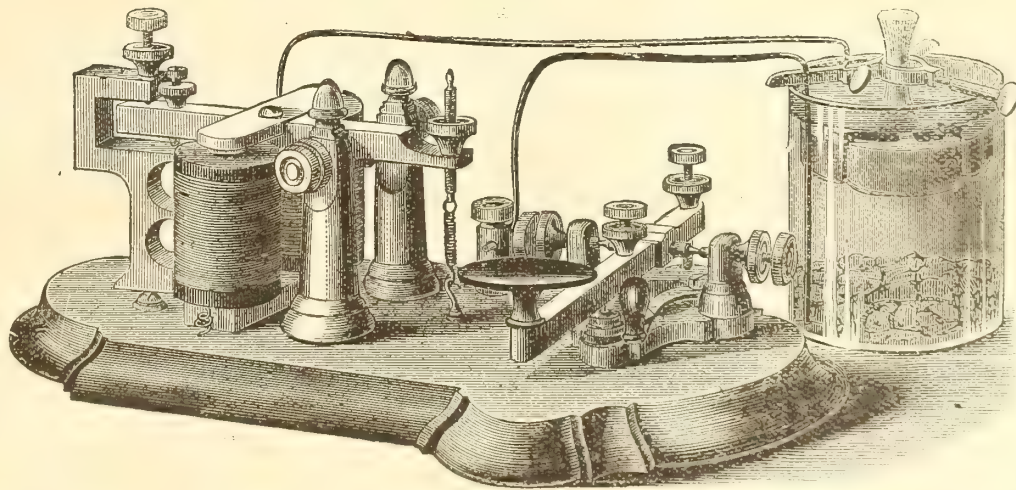
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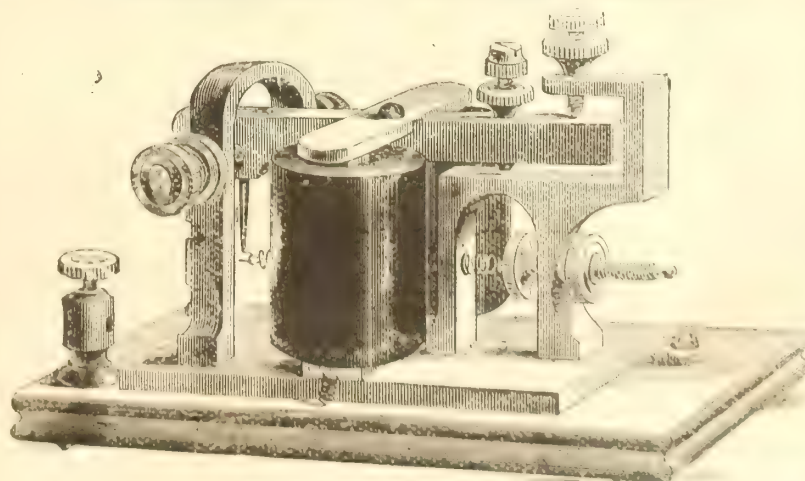
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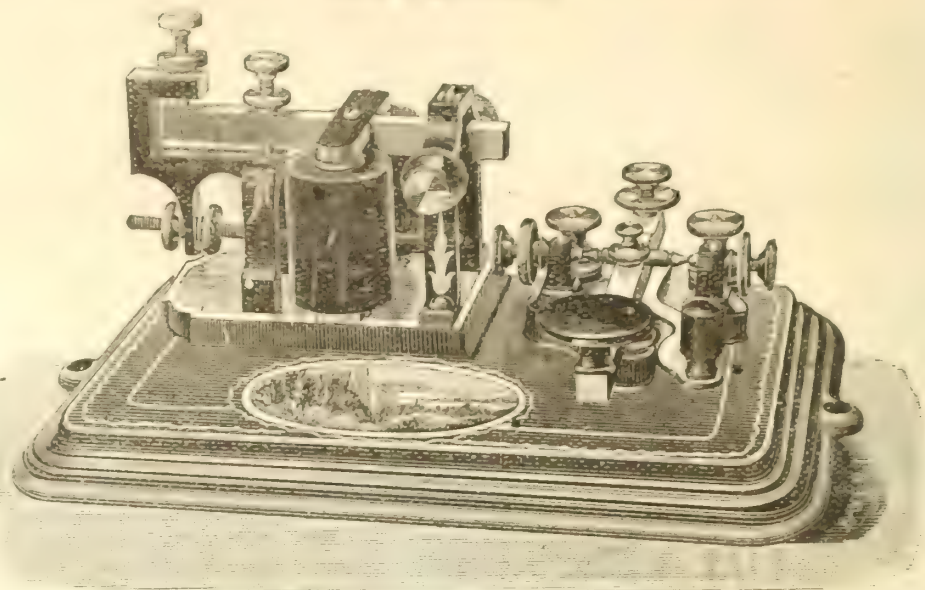
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A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

Vol. VI.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1876.

No. 8

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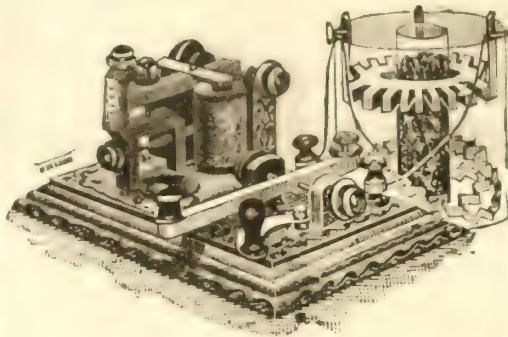
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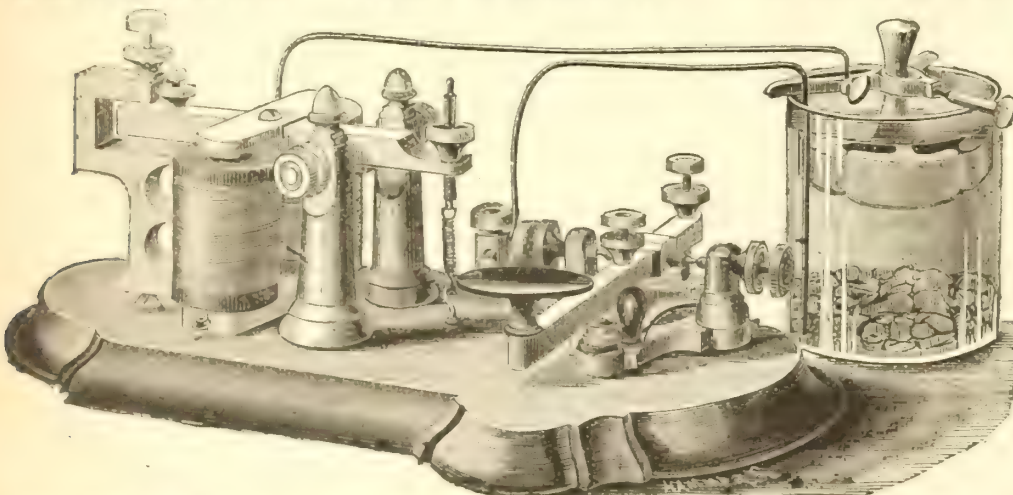
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THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
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December 15th, 1876.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 68.

By Telegraph.

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Seems alive as I listen and hear the signals pass;
Many a wonderful message goes flashing along the wire
With words of joyful greeting or a tale of calamity dire.

Travels the spark electric over mountain, and valley, and hill,
Under the deep-flowing river, over the rippling rill.
Hark to the message flashing through the crystal air of morn,
"Unto us a son is given, an immortal soul is born."

Click! click! click! and the mystical wires again
Are telling another story unto the children of men;
"Masseltof, greeting we send you, may your happiness lasting be,
Your wedded life be joyful, your path from care be free."

And yet another message is mournfully flashing by
As only the lightning travels or evil tidings fly;
Imagine the heart's emotion as the sorrowfulmissive is read,
"A soul has returned to its Maker, your darling mother is dead."

PEPPER-TON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., December, 1876.

A Reminiscence of Early Day Telegraphy in the West.

About seven P. M., New Year's Day, 1869, I alighted from the cars upon the platform at New Philadelphia, Illinois. I say New Philadelphia. It was new. So new that the town could not be seen. If ever there was a townless name it was New Philadelphia, Illinois. The nearest house was three-quarters of a mile distant from the depot. The train departed and left me to look out for myself. There was no one there to do it for me. Not a soul in sight. The depot was locked. The superintendent had told me before leaving Peoria that the operator had left very suddenly, but he did not enlighten me as to the cause of his hasty exit. I read, through the window, on a card tacked to the wall in the office, these words, in large letters: "Operators not on duty not allowed in the office." I said to myself, "How am I to get on duty without going into the office?" and became so absorbed endeavoring to solve the problem that I was not cognizant of any one approaching until a heavy hand fell upon my shoulders and these words greeted my ears: "Are you the new operator?" I turned around quickly, grabbed his hand, shook it heartily, and answered: "Call me what you like, and whom you like, but don't desert me—don't leave me here alone." I confess that his appearance was so sudden that I could not account for it, and I feared that he might disappear as mysteriously as he came. A broad smile overspread his rough features as he answered: "I am manager of the grain warehouse you see yonder. My name is Steele—Bill Steele, they call me," and he brought forth a key, unlocked the office door, and said: "There, you are; monarch of all you survey." Deliver me from such monarchies! I plied him with questions in regard to board and lodging. "Well," he said, very soberly, "I don't believe you will find it in this neighborhood. The people are very plain and common and old-fashioned. The operator before you was so important, independent, and particular that he offended every one and had to leave or starve."

I learned that the said operator was a young man not yet out of his teens, that it was the first office he had been placed in charge of, and, quite naturally, he felt the importance of the greatness thus thrust upon him, and conducted himself accordingly.

ly. He was only acting out human nature. Age and experience was what he needed, and what he should not be blamed for not having, seeing that he could not have been older without having been born earlier, which was a circumstance over which he had no control. I obtained this information in much less time than it has taken me to pen it.

Mr. Steele informed me that the family with whom he boarded consisted of eleven children and a grandmother, besides the parents. He said he was obliged to permit two, and when there was a visitor, three children to sleep with him. Sleep with three children! Sacrificed Israel! I thought, must I come to this? Surely man born of woman is of few days and his nights full of trouble in New Philadelphia. As we approached the house a stout, buxom girl of about seventeen summers and as many winters came galloping toward us, bare back, and hollowed: "I'm going for the doctor. The team ran away with father. Mother thinks something's 'busted' inside," and away she flew. Mr. Steele turned and looked me full in the face for a moment with an expression of gloom and despair on his countenance that told, unmistakably, that he anticipated a most fearful night. We entered the house. There were children here, there, and everywhere. When they saw me they scattered and hid like young partridges at the approach of a hawk. The old gent was up-stairs moaning and groaning in a manner that was shocking to hear.

I was informed by the lady of the house that I could not be accommodated over night, but I might take supper with them if I wished. As many gathered around the table as could get to it; some sitting, some standing, and some moving about. A large baking-pan occupied the center of the table filled heaping full of the spare ribs of a lately killed porker. Corn bread, butter, and sliced turnips were the side dishes.

Supper over, Mr. Steele volunteered to accompany me to the nearest house, almost a mile distant. It was now almost nine o'clock, quite dark, and the weather very cold. We entered the house without knocking (the custom there), and were confronted by a red-hot stove in the center of the room, and a middle-aged lady and an old gray-haired gent as near the stove as the heat would permit. The old gent had a Roman nose with a curve in the center like a cat with its back up, which dumped the end of the aforesaid nasal appendage very nearly into his mouth. His teeth were all out which allowed his chin to come into so close proximity to the end of his nose that I verily believed he could have held a pipe stem securely between them. Mr. Steele, after announcing who I was, departed and left me to my fate. I made known, without delay, that I wished lodging for the night. "No sir! no sir!" ejaculated the old gent, and his gums came together with a smack that recalled pleasanter incidents.

It is a political saying that "Every man has his price," and a military one that "Every fortification has its vulnerable point;" to which I will add that there is a way into every man's good graces, at least I found it so with my belligerent host. I had noticed, as I came in, a church just across the road opposite the house. As an introduction to conversation, I inquired to which denomination it belonged. I saw that he answered with pride and warmth, as if he coveted a challenge to the defence of its doctrine. Though I was not versed in Scripture lore, or "read up" in doctrinal principles, my desperate situation seemed to move me to do and dare, and I led the old gent such a ramble over his favorite field, and worked him up to such enthusiastic fervor and good feeling, that when I took my hat to depart I could see plainly in his flushed features that his better nature was striving to overcome his prejudice. When I opened the door and the cold wind whistled in, he shuddered, retreated to the stove, and said, as an excuse for changing his mind from its firm purpose, that as he had detained me until so late talking, and the weather was so much colder than when I came, if I could put up with poor accommodations I could remain over night. I was only too happy to accept, was shown to a warm, clean bed, slept soundly, and awoke just in time to hear the old gent say to his better half in the adjoining room, that if the "new operator wanted to stay he might do so." I did, and better or kinder people, according to their circumstances, I never wish to meet with.

SAMSON.

A cable of fourteen wires laid in 1871 in England, between Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of thirty-six miles, has worked ever since without interruption.

Telegraphers as Biblical Scholars.

Whether handling dots and dashes has a tendency to eradicate ones early Sunday school education we are unable to say. But judging from a conversation we overheard last Sunday in the Western Union building, we are inclined to think that it has. The genial mail agent, Holmes, sat at one of the windows on the ground floor near the gold and stock indicator. Several denizens of the operating room returning from lunch stood around him, and a general conversation was in progress. Charlie was expatiating as we joined the group on an encounter he once had with an irascible horse in his quiet country home.

"He was one of the most treacherous quadrupeds to a stranger," the mail agent went on, "that you would care to become acquainted with. Putting his ears back abruptly, he would attempt to lift you off your feet with his teeth without a particle of justification—just from what Artemus Ward used to call 'pure cussedness.'"

"I had been away from home for some time, battling with the cares and vicissitudes of a heartless world, and had just run up for a few days to see the folks. They told me of the sweet amiability of temper which characterized the animal, and I was on my guard. One day I took him to haul a load of fence-rails a short distance, but I kept my eye on him very carefully, and we got along admirably. In an unfortunate moment, however, my vigilance relaxed, and in about three quarters of a second afterward I felt, I should think, thirty-seven teeth wending their way in a familiar manner through the flesh of my left shoulder"—and, Charlie shrugged that particular shoulder as if the recollection of the affair recalled the pain.

"But I didn't say much," he continued. "Perhaps I was like the old fellow the end-board of whose wagon came off going up hill, scattering his load of potatoes over the adjoining county, who, although an habitual swearer, did not then utter a single oath, because he 'didn't think he could do the occasion justice.' Or perhaps I felt that the time had come for action, and that I could convince that fiery steed of the error of his ways more effectually with a fence-rail than by railing at him with my tongue. I used the rail as a kind of knock-down argument, as it were."

"Huxley says that we have all descended from horses—but I never once stopped to consider that perhaps I was expending my youthful vigor and manly strength chastising my great grandfather. I gave all my attention to striking that horse on the nose. Every time the rail came down Old January's heels went flying up wildly in the air, and he seemed to say, 'Oh, let me at him!' But I only struck the longer and stronger. Finally I conquered, and we were the best of friends ever afterward. The fence-rail did the business."

"The encounter and your triumph," remarked one of the operators, "reminds me of that case in the Bible where Pharaoh slew Gath the giant."

"Oh, yes," added operator number two, "with the jaw-bone of an ass!"

"You're a little mixed, gentlemen," suggested number three, smilingly, "You evidently must be thinking of Jonah in the lion's den."

A burst of laughter so hearty and general greeted this effort to straighten matters that number three just then discovered that his half-hour had expired, and turning his face up-stairs-ward, he glided softly and majestically away.

The new wire of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, fifty miles in length, between Wells River, Vt., and Bristol, N. H., was completed yesterday. The work of construction has been under the supervision of Mr. O. F. Swift, who, with a gang of nine men, commenced work about a month ago. At Wells River this line connects with the International Telegraph Co., of Vermont, whose lines connect with the Dominion Co., at the Canadian line, and direct communication is now established between Montreal and Boston. Another wire is being run from Bristol, N. H., to Boston, which, when completed, will be attached to the Montreal wire, at Bristol, and the entire circuit will be worked duplex. This wire has been long needed by the opposition Company, and greatly increases their facilities for transmitting business.

A Spicy Letter Written under Difficulties.

DEAR OPERATOR:

When persons of meager abilities find it necessary to write a letter, they recognize the magnitude of the work, and prepare for it accordingly.

The abilities of others are enlisted to aid them in the effort. If their orthographical acquirements are limited, one does the spelling; if their deficiency is of a chirographical nature, another writes for them; and in this way the object is at length attained.

Our difficulties are not of the above order. We can write legibly, and, if salted, can do so rapidly; owing to long practice with pens such as are furnished by the Company; and an ability to write with which always effectually dissipates any doubt held by others as to your power to write with a pen-knife. We can spell correctly, with the aid of a pocket dictionary, left us as an heirloom. But we realize our crowning difficulty in the effort at composition—a gift neither presented us by Nature or free schools, and, in lieu of it, we are forced to assemble ourselves together when contemplating a treatise.

It was in obedience to this necessity that we, Knights of the Key, New London, Conn.—“Nutmeg State,” and one of the original thirteen—met to consider the proposition “that we write a letter to THE OPERATOR.”

The immensity of such an act was quickly realized. We looked at the speaker. It was Howard. Could he be in his right mind? We shook him. He acted naturally. Turned him over. He showed no signs of insanity. Each applied his boot. Perfectly sound. These preliminaries being finished, and order restored, Mead, who was looked up to for ideas, asked: “But, if I help compose a letter, what shall I treat on?” The writer readily and cheerfully acknowledged that he preferred beer, but if there was danger of giving offence, he could be urged upon to imbibe a trifle of gin, his cold being rather worse.

The others promptly indicated their favorite beverage, before Mead was able to explain that he had been misunderstood. He simply wished to know “What he should embrace in the letter?” Raymond suggested that if the force was fortunate enough to comprise any female artists, he could embrace them, but as no angels hovered among us, he might, for the present, embrace the opportunity to express himself in words, clear enough to convey his idea to our unlightened minds. This misinterpretation of his thoughts annoyed Mead. He is a youth of extremely bashful disposition, and the suggestion of Raymond nearly overcame him. His confusion could only be paralleled by the joy that arises in the breast of a messenger as he looks over the shoulder of an operator receiving a message, the check of which is: 10 paid, 25 and 75 delivery. Calling for a chair, he resumed the topic: “Well, what shall we write about?”

Now we understood him, the idea being so expressed as not to harass the mind by its vagueness.

“Anything,” we replied, “so long as it relates to telegraph persons or things.”

“Then start as follows,” said Mead, and I wrote: “DEAR OPERATOR:

“Located, as we are, on the spot where, in the early days of our country’s history, the dusky red men roamed in quest of game”—

“What has that to do with telegraph things?” asked the battery man, gruffly.

“Think, young man, think!” replied Mead. “That relates to the coppers.”

—“and where now a thriving city rears its vigorous head, as if proud of the change that time has effected”—

Here Howard interposed an objection:

“Young man, you stray. What do you mean by saying proud of the change? That is not telegraphic.”

“True,” sadly murmured Mead; “not now—not now! My mind reverted to the days prior to the adoption of the ‘sliding scale,’ when operators had change to be proud of. Since then, alas! it has ceased to be—has ceased to be!”

His voice became husky and thick, and we watched him attentively as three sad tears bedewed his eyelashes. He proceeded:

—“We feel the impulse”—

“That is more like it,” said Dow, approvingly. “Impulse is telegraphic.”

—“of a grateful heart, and desire to offer our

thanks through THE OPERATOR, a paper having a circulation of 425,000 copies”—

“Ah, I see your telegraphic application there,” said Russell; “that is supposed to represent the telegraph *lyin*—the part that is stretched.”

“Exactly,” replied Mead, “but though THE OPERATOR has not quite that circulation, yet it at least deserves to have it.”

This remark contained so much unvarnished truth that the entire party shouted, “You are right—you are right,” and acting upon an irresistible impulse, they plunged their hands into their pockets, to draw forth the amount of a subscription. Futile effort. The “sliding scale” had done its work too well, and they, not to be defeated in so worthy an intention, were constrained to adhere to the time-honored custom of drawing on account.

“But,” continued Mead, “to the subject, lads.”

—“425,000 copies, for the blessings of civilization, and progress, and improvement, and momentum, and go aheadativeness”—

“What is that?” asks O’Brien, who never breaks unless the sending appears muddled. “You would do well to let down your adjustment a trifle, so that we can get a clear current, Mead.”

“That,” said Mead, “is mysterious, like the telegraph itself.”

“Or like hash,” suggested O’Brien.

“Young man,” rejoined Mead, indignantly, “it is not meet or proper to speak with such levity on a subject so little understood.”

“Then we will *eschew* it,” retorted O’Brien. “Go ahead, go aheadativeness.”

Mead proceeded. —“go aheadativeness and other things too numerous to mention. We have a finely-located office, neat and orderly kept, well managed and work faithfully performed”—

“That sounds good,” interrupted Howard.

“Yes,” responded Mead, “a good sounder, indeed, and such a thing is always acceptable to THE OPERATOR.” And then continuing:

—“The employees of the office are sober, industrious, united, and, working harmoniously together, dwell in peace and love”—

“All very well in print,” remarked Howard, sarcastically, “but the statement is incorrect from beginning to end; or, to be more lucid, you lie, sir! You say sober. Then what ailed you last night, when friends supported you on either side? You say united! Then why your refusal to stay for me last Wednesday night, when Tony Pastor played here? You say”—

“Hush! hush!” said Mead, imploringly, “our domestic troubles should not be known. Don’t speak of them, I pray you.”

Resuming the letter:

“Our manager is one of the pioneers of the profession. He has watched our glorious trade struggling in its infancy, and now shares the pride of its admirable success. He has filed away many messages in his long service of 25 years, which, if laid one by one upon the wilds of Colorado, would cover its entire area to a height of 10 feet 4 inches. Their weight is represented by figures that would stagger a temperance speaker—40,000 tons—which, at two cents per pound, would come to”—

“Ashes,” suggested Russell, with matchless wit.

“Would they have affected the result in the recent election had by that State?” queried Mayer.

“No,” replied Mead, “not permanently. Many messages were sent to and from that State at the time, and, indeed, are sent to and from other States at the present time, which, for a time, changed the result, but the truth must come out at last.”

“Do you vote the straight Tilden ticket?” asked Mayer.

Mead disdained to reply, but returned to the letter.

—“The operators are young; ‘a pent-up Utica contracts their powers;’ they sigh for wider fields in which to develop their expanding abilities.”

“Then go back to the plow, young man,” advised Howard; “the farm needs you.”

Mead, repelling the insinuation with a sidelong frown, went on:

—“Would you advise them to proceed to the dazing and dangerous walks of the metropolis, and there make their quarters?”

“If the salary ain’t raised, of course not. A quarter here is just as much as a quarter there, and you can’t halve it unless you earn it,” argued O’Brien.

“That’s enough from you,” replied Mead.

“And now, dear OPERATOR, we await your re-

ply. You have ever represented us with satisfaction and sincerity, and we trust you again.

“Very truly yours, No VICE.”

“There!” said Mead. “Read the letter!”

I looked over the sheets and poured the sweet strains into his capacious ear. I noticed him smile grimly twice, his features became contorted, his eyes dilated, and he swooned. The realization of his great success had overcome him. RUDDY.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Dec. 5th.

Philadelphia Notes.

John J. C. Daughters has resigned and gone to New York in the employ of the American Steamship Company.

Mr. David A. Carl has been appointed manager of “Cd” office, and John E. Cardwell, of “Ca,” both of which offices have hitherto been under the supervision of Mr. John Wintrup, resigned.

The post-Centennial reductions still continue, Messrs. John C. Alexander, John S. Young, Joseph F. Hibberd, W. T. Talcott, and George B. Pennock being among the latest to resign. These lists include only operators, as the clerks “let out” are so numerous that it would be difficult to keep track of them.

The money lenders—a set of leeches not peculiar to Philadelphia—have had a severe and well-merited rebuke here. The clique peddle auction-room watches and second-hand garments in addition to their financial operations. They outdid themselves on this occasion by attempting to collect a bill of \$19 “on account of interest, etc., etc.” from a miserable debtor after the unfortunate creature had already paid them installments amounting to \$33, while the money originally loaned to him was only \$15.

Mr. William D. Black, one of the pillars of our night force, was married to Miss Laura Palmer, of Pottsville, Pa., on November 15th. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride’s mother at Pottsville, and the nuptial party immediately left for New York. After spending a few days in the metropolis they started on an extended wedding tour. It is an omen for their future good luck that the New York hotels reduced the price of board to the extent of a dollar per diem on the very day that Mr. and Mrs. Black arrive there.

Charlie Zeublin, proof in his tender years against the title of “Don Carlos” which awaits him in our semi-Spanish peninsula, accompanied his father, Mr. Je Zeublin, to Salt Lake City.

Charlie left a record as a bright boy in our schools, but I have an idea that he won’t skip through the big southern names as glibly as he did those in our local geographies. For Mrs. Zeublin we are as regretful as for her worthy husband; but the gentle nature which has so fittingly graced the north will not be out of place in a gorgeous tropical landscape, when for comparison are merely sunny skies and violet seas where “tiny vessels creep from isle to isle.”

General Grant holds peculiar ideas about telegraphing, and when he sends his customary red messages he patronizes the A. & P. in this city. He did some official telegraphing from that office last week, and subsequently an enterprising newspaper man, whom General Collis is after with a gutta-percha club, forged the noble U. S. G.’s name to an order to deliver up the correspondence to him. Much credit is due to Mr. Maxwell, the efficient manager of the A. & P. in this city, for refusing to do so, and detected the fraud. On one hand he had an order from his employers, and on the other a *ukase* from the President; but the faithful servant still believes that General Eckert is a “bigger man than ole Grant.”

There is at last a gleam of sunshine and a fair prospect of our soon being enabled to occupy the magnificent new Western Union building at Tenth and Chestnut streets. It will be remembered that we have been kept out of that building for over a year by the perversity of city councils.

On Wednesday, December 7th, the joint committee of councils on law met to hear the report of a sub-committee on the question of telegraph poles in the streets erected by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Their report, which permits the W. U. to use the poles so erected, was accepted by the committee on law, and ordered to be reported affirmatively to councils.

As the company have been for nearly a year past ready to move in, it is to be presumed that New Year’s is likely to see us shanking hands with each other in the finest telegraph office on the continent.

More "Centennial!" In addition to experiencing some apprehension with regard to our positions in the service, and the temporary loss of our beloved chief, we feel quite forlorn in other respects. The great "Centennial," as all our ungrammatical penny-a-liners have persisted in calling it, is, as all the world is aware, at an end; and in view of the demolition of many of the frame structures our kindling wood speculator has again gone into that athletic business. Now, reflect on our loneliness. To speak of the twenty-three thousand trains which in six months came groaning under their millions of passengers into a single railway station would afford no adequate idea of the vast number of visitors whom we now miss. Many of these trains were of great length, a specimen one, which may be mentioned, rolling in triumphantly with three engines, thirty cars, and eighteen hundred jovial passengers, and flagged for a "second section" at that! When this host of holiday makers were spending their extra round million of dollars per day in our gay town; when day after day, month in and month out, from dawn to midnight, the air was ringing with martial music, our streets swathed in bunting and radiant with grand equipages and an ever surging multitude; when we were encountering on every hand warriors and bishops, an emperor or a president, a Bradlaugh or a Rochambeau, plumed and belted knights and "ladies faire" from all creation, is it to be wondered at that we now grumble about being a little lonesome? True, we have still left to us the exquisite landscapes in our parks, the quaint and ornamental buildings presented by Merrie England, the lawns and knolls, the copses, deep ravines and woods where sighing swains, on forty dollars a month, defend their whispering maids from the hostile chipmunk or squirrel. But there are to us dearer mementoes than the historical old park and the dismantled Exhibition. The great assemblage here of telegraphers incident to the Exhibition, the photographs that we exchanged, the autograph books we filled, the cash we spent, and the insignificant bills we owe each other can never be effaced from our memories.

WERNER.

The Other Side of the Plug.

"Werner" has given us one, yes, a dozen, sides of the plug, but has overlooked—accidentally, I have no doubt—his *other* side. Without wishing to sanction the existence of the plug as a plug, yet, if it be shown that he is a plug by nature, had his plugship thrust upon him, I am willing to allow this fact to be introduced as mitigating evidence that may atone, somewhat, for his faults.

"Werner" describes the plug as "one who has been weighed and found wanting"—a situation, probably. I never found one that was wanting in plug-weight. In a purely creative sense, the distinction between a plug and a first-class operator is this: One is the creature of Omnipotence, the other the handiwork of his own ambition and perseverance. The plug is a plug at birth and will be through life no matter what his calling. I would not be understood as charging such a blundering creature to the conception of Him who created all things perfect in the beginning. He is, doubtless, one of those unfortunate individuals doomed to suffer for the sins of his forefathers. So much for his origin. Now for his uses.

If there was no evil there could be no good. If there were no plugs there could be no first-class operators; no "Werners;" no distinction between one and the other; no incentive to urge us onward to perfection; no striving to pass each other on the way to the topmost round in the ladder of fame. On the contrary we would become dull and listless, mere automatic machines, running in the same groove until the groove began to wear, and we wobble and stumble and degenerate into plugs—genuine plugs in their sorriest aspect.

The plug is one of the happiest of mortals in existence. He is entirely oblivious to his own failings. He revels in his own conceived greatness, the most self-satisfied being alive. I remember an incident that occurred while working nights on a railroad line that exhibits the plug in one stage of his transcendent glory. He walked into the office with as much assurance and authority as though he were "boss," handed me a letter from the superintendent (who manipulated a plug hatchery) which read as follows: Allow the bearer to practice on the line nights when business will permit. Give him what instructions you can."

"Are you a sound operator?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; oh, yes!" he answered with enthusiastic pride.

"How long have you been learning?"

"Ten weeks."

As might have been expected he couldn't even tell the call; but it was no fault of his, oh, no! It was those miserable plugs (?) and the horrid instrument. He still had implicit faith in himself.

I concede the plug to be an irrepressible institution—a kind of necessary evil; and as it is not considered wise to rebel against fate, I hope "Werner" will make a virtue of necessity, be consoled, and "let up" slightly—to use a classic phrase—on the plug.

SAMSON.

Magnetic Attraction.

Under the sun there is no study embracing a wider field of imagination than what is known as magnetic attraction. All nature seems to be more or less governed by it. The schoolboy, plodding along with laggard footsteps to the much-abhorred old school-house, is mechanically attracted to the entrancing window of some toy and candy shop, where he stands with glistening eye and watering mouth regardless of the rapid flight of time, and the prospective birch rod, until he reaches school an hour late; but alas! not too late for a whipping, and as he takes his accustomed place, with a gingerly movement, betokening a due regard for the sensitive feelings of the chair, in his heart he cherishes anything but a kindly feeling toward the venerable old schoolmaster, thereby illustrating in a "striking" and beautiful manner the laws of attraction and repulsion.

The pleasures and pursuits in life are governed, to a great extent, by this simple law. Some men are attracted toward one kind of pleasure some to another. Ladies are generally attracted by dress and men by ladies. There is, perhaps, no place where this subject can be studied to better advantage than in one of our large telegraph offices. When I state this fact I do not refer to the magnetic attraction exercised by the hundreds of spool-like little magnets, wound around with copper wire, that keep up their incessant clicking every hour of the twenty-four. I refer to a natural attraction far superior to any yet devised, and depending only upon mechanical action. For example: Just place a good-looking lady operator—of course, young—in the middle of an operating room, and she at once becomes the "center of attraction"—the cynosure, as it were, of all eyes.

There is not an operator in the entire room who, as soon as he is "clear," will not turn involuntarily to such a center as unerringly as will the needle to the North Pole. With his back upon such an object, there is a something tugging at his spinal column silently entreating him to "right about face" and glance surreptitiously toward the locality where the city lines are generally manipulated.

There is a man, working *vis-a-vis* to the writer, who always succumbs to such pleasant admonitions. He has a very light mustache—very light, indeed—and both ends of it have been all worn away from twirling it thoughtfully between his finger and thumb as he gazes in speechless spoonification toward the center of the room.

Another man, the possessor of what was once a fine Greek nose, has contracted the habit of transmitting telegraphic signals by gently tapping with his finger on one side of his nasal organ, while the fair object occupying the center of the room, to whom this nasal language is addressed, smilingly and graciously reads it off by sight. Probably no outsider nose the pleasure this proceeding gives the young people, and I confess it is a very ingenious device, but in the meantime the nose is being badly handled. It has actually become a kind of lobsided, as if admonishing the wearer to pay more attention to the other side also. If he does not desist from the practice I expect to see, some fine morning, this nasal protuberance occupying the lower tenement flat of his left ear. That is another illustration of magnetic attraction.

I could go on with this subject *ad infinitum*. But I won't. Suffice it to say that when I take a cursory glance down the room I behold noses awfully turned up, mouths woefully widened, and eyes terribly goggled from laughing and smirking at such central attractions. Why, even my old friend Ben

has one side of his head all bald from running his fingers through it to captivate such attractiveness.

I know a fellow who was magnetically attracted ten miles every night to the magnet of his heart. He walked so much that one of his legs was half worn off, and finally he had to give up in despair, because he was afraid the other would eventually wear out also. I know another fellow that—that—well, as this is "to be continued," I won't go into further details at present.

CERISE.

Western Division Erie Notes and Personals.

I have just returned, sadder and I hope wiser, from the Centennial and the polls, both of which are over, things of the past, but still painfully fresh in my memory. I am convinced that "a thing of beauty is not a joy forever," and the road to the White House not strewn with roses. It is the old story of the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown—a crown which will make uneasy the head that wears it. But I am not a politician—oh, no! At present I am a mathematician, figuring out how I am going to pay my bets, and buy my mother-in-law the backcomb I promised her for splitting the kindling wood the morning after election. She suggests that I could make more money as a book agent than a telegrapher, and insinuates that I am more adapted to that business. If she were like most mothers-in-law, I should take her advice, but I couldn't think of leaving her, so I shall stick to my old business.

Telegraphing, as one of the fine arts, loses its "Chic" up this way; you would think so had you heard the receiving of the returns, the other night. The boys, however, from all I can hear are well and as lively as ever. Mr. Ford, at "V," "an honest gentleman, courteous and kind," is withal one of the best of telegraphers. The way the stylish "Ch"—same office—rushes the boys is a caution; his hair curls too tight, and makes him snappish. Mr. Rockwell, of Hornellsville, young and handsome, is unexcelled as an operator; his many virtues, aside from his profession, making him a worthy example for some older ones.

There is a new office at Hornellsville, "Hu," and a new man to run it, "Saint" somebody—the rest of us are "poor, miserable sinners." Miss Northrup, at Olean Village, is as changeable as the weather. I never could understand the women.

"And yet believe me, good as well as ill, Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Young Fox, at Salamanca, is a "natty" little fellow, wily and sharp as Reynard, and one of our solid men. It is said that our friend Quin, at Olean depot, gets an extra salary for serving as telegraph pole as well as operator. Charlie Miller, at Forrestville, is the most polite man on the Division; Frank Chase, at Dunkirk, the slowest. But who is the ugly one? I would like to slander the rest of the boys, but my relief says, "Tommy, make room for your uncle," and, what's more, "Life's problems are always unfinished."

PIROU.

Electro-Music.

Miss Mae Dannie Hachenberg, daughter of Dr. G. P. Hachenberg, the original inventor of musical telegraphy, is in this city prosecuting her studies in music. This talented young lady is to be qualified for the practice and introduction of electro-music—a mission she will be called to fill that will in all probability institute a new era in music. We understand that the first attempt of Hachenberg's electro-music will be a performance on ten pianos, electrically connected, so that two or more or all the instruments may be played upon simultaneously by one performer, as the volume and expression of the music may be indicated. By this combination of instruments, the utmost artistic skill is rendered. This order of music is to be conducted in particular with extraordinary effect as accompaniment music with the human voice. To use the rather poetic expression of the doctor's, in a lecture on the subject he delivered in nearly every principal city of the United States, "the voice is mollified in an atmosphere of electro music." Miss Hachenberg has been under special training in vocalization in the Boston Conservatory of Music, and at present her studies are on the piano in the New England Conservatory of Music. At the end of this term she will enter the Grand Conservatory of Music of the city of New York, and finish in the Conservatoire de Musique of Brussels about the time the electro instruments are completed and ready for introduction.—*Boston Globe*.

THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Publisher.

December 15th, 1876.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, and in front of the Astor House

WE always stop THE OPERATOR at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid; so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

WHENEVER an operator sees anything in his local paper which he thinks would interest the readers of THE OPERATOR, he will confer a great favor by marking the piece and mailing it to us, P. O. Box 3332 New York. Personals and items of telegraphic news solicited.

THE manner in which the President's message was handled at the W. U. main office in this city reflects credit alike upon Manager Downer and the employees.

THE neatest and cheapest holiday present you can make is either a copy of "Oakum Pickings," beautifully bound in cloth and gold, at \$1.50, or THE OPERATOR, one year, \$1.25. Both, at \$2.50, would be still better. There is nothing for the money that will give half the pleasure or be remembered so long.

Things are remarkably dull at the Western Union main office at present. There is little stirring, and few new men being engaged. Our regular correspondent having returned, we shall in future be able to keep our readers informed on all matters happening in that office.

IF you want a really handsome New Year's card, at about half the regular price, those advertised on another page are precisely the thing. The regular price of the plain cards is exactly what we charge, with your name beautifully printed, in new and handsome type. Order early, to avoid disappointment, and get as many as you can from your town or city to send their order at the same time. We guarantee every satisfaction.

JAY GOULD has a delightful little scheme in his mind now. According to an interview with a Washington reporter, he proposes to make a uniform rate of twenty-five cents between all points in the United States, and, by having Atlantic and Pacific operators act as newspaper correspondents, to supply the press throughout the country with all the important news free of charge. This proposition is so preposterous and so silly that we hardly think so sensible a man as Jay Gould could have seriously meant it. But if he did, he will find, if we may so express it, that it won't work worth a cent.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS FOR TELE-GRAPHERS.

This is the last issue of THE OPERATOR for the year of grace 1876. Our next issue will bring us into the new year of 1877. As we take up our pen to say an appropriate word to our thousands of readers scattered over so many miles of territory, and to congratulate them upon whatever blessings they may have enjoyed and evils they may have escaped during the year now drawing to a close, and to very heartily wish them a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we cannot repress a feeling akin to sadness. How swiftly time flies! It seems but yesterday that we welcomed in the glad Centennial year, and in a little more than two weeks it will, like the many years that have preceded it, be numbered with the past.

At this season it is well even for telegraphers to stop in the journey of life and consider what progress they are making. We are all travelers journeying toward the same destination. How do we find ourselves to-day compared with the position we occupied one year ago? As time hurries on with a resistless, unrelenting stream, adding strength and experience or stealing fire from the mind and vigor from the limb, what change has it wrought in us? Are we better to-day than we were at the close of 1875? Have we done anything during the year upon which we can look back with pride and satisfaction, or must we regard the record as a year misspent? These thoughts are sad, but profitable. Do not, dear reader, pass them lightly over, but stop and think. We have tried during the year to furnish you entertaining and spicy reading, and have always endeavored to present the bright side of life's picture, but standing now, as it were, amid the ruins of the dying year, solemn thoughts suggest themselves.

One year ago we cast adrift from the old ship, and concentrated all our energies toward giving the telegraphers of America a newspaper which we hoped would do much to elevate the moral tone of the profession, and one of which they might feel justly proud. Thanks more to the fraternity itself, whose members have so loyally clung to and nobly co-operated with us, our efforts have been crowned with unbounded success, and those who have done so much for us have now the satisfaction of seeing the paper—their paper—established upon a firmer basis than ever before. We have labored conscientiously during the year to encourage an improved moral tone among the fraternity, and to eliminate all slang from telegraphic literature. Our readers have become so numerous and attentive; they have generously exhibited so much confidence in us, and reliance upon our judgment in various ways, and we have had so much pleasant intercourse and agreeable business and personal relations with so many telegraphers during the year, that we shall ever look back upon the record of 1876 as one of the brightest pages in the history of our life. Our great aim, as heretofore, shall ever be to deserve that confidence and support, and to do everything within our power for the best interests of the men who have done so much for us.

The majority of our readers are young men—many just starting out in life. We sometimes think that THE OPERATOR might make its influence even more felt among the fraternity were it to occasionally speak seriously to its congregation of, say twenty thousand readers, and endeavor, in kindness and good nature, to warn those for whom we

entertain so much regard, and for whom we would consider no labor too much, against a few of the pitfalls into which so many of our young men annually fall, and shoals and reefs upon which in the voyage of life so many have become stranded. We are pained to be compelled to say that intemperance is one of the banes of the telegraph profession. While it is gratifying to note that the present generation of telegraphers are less addicted to this vice than were their predecessors, we could yet wish that still fewer looked upon the wine when it is red. A telegrapher is generally genial, warm-hearted, lively, and fond of company, and the latter—and not any inherent bad qualities in his nature—is precisely the rock upon which he splits. Did he mix with less company, or company of a different kind, he should find himself the possessor of more small change and less sick-headaches.

Reader, if you have never touched the intoxicating cup, or have only indulged slightly, take the advice of one who studies your best interest. Stop while you can. Make up your mind that, no matter what others may do, you will never fill a drunkard's grave. And stop now. Don't wait until you have acquired a taste for liquor. Shakespeare truly says that a little fire is quickly trodden out, which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. Let your total abstinence commence to-day—the end of the year offers an opportunity for good resolutions which we hope you will not neglect—and we pledge you our word that you will ever after look back upon the date as one of the most important in your life. If you have given way to temptation, and been in the habit of squandering your money "to put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains," it may not yet be too late to reform. Try it. Determine, in the strength of One whom if you ask will give you the power to resist, that henceforth you will not be a slave to the debasing wine-cup. Many, after years of dissipation, have been reclaimed by kindness, and if this article shall be the means of causing one person to pause and consider, it shall not have been written in vain. A poor, besotted wreck of humanity once stood tottering beside a lamp-post, so dirty and inebriated that people shuddered to look upon him. A gentleman stepped up to him, took his arm in his and said, "John, you have that within you which will one day make a man of you." The words touched a chord long dormant, and when we see what a useful life that of John B. Gough's has been, we must thank that gentleman for coming in to save him at the moment he did. An estimable operator in this city, who had at one time sunk so low that his friends would scarcely recognize him, manfully picked himself up, and now occupies an important position of trust with the Western Union Company. These and similar instances should encourage any who desire to reform. You cannot overcome the depraved appetite without a struggle, but when you have overcome it, see what a victory you have gained.

We hope these remarks, by one whose only object is to benefit the fraternity, will be received in the same generous and cordial spirit in which they are offered. We would not willingly wound the feelings of a single reader, and may say here that it is painful to us to refer to this matter, but we think it our duty, especially at this season, to say what we have to those upon whom we hope it will not be thrown away. Especially would we

appeal to the young man entering the business who has not yet given way to drink. When we first left home to go out into the world a kind mother in bidding us good-bye said: "Never touch intoxicating liquors. If you do not drink the first glass you will never become a drunkard." The words came home to us, and we never did, do not now even know the taste of lager beer. We beg to present this same thought to our readers, with the earnest hope that it will have as good an effect upon many of them as it has had upon us.

Another Sixteen Page Paper Next Issue.

Many have said that our last number was the finest paper we have yet issued. Perhaps it was, but, owing to the great number of advertisements and consequent crowding out of reading matter, it was not as interesting an issue as we could have wished. Advertisements again compel us to encroach a little upon the last reading page in this issue. We think our readers deserve eight pages of reading matter, and we try to give it to them. We shall make up for this, however, by issuing January 1st, a sixteen page paper, with a portrait of another prominent telegrapher, and articles, we hope, from all our old favorites.

Of the large edition next issue we shall send extra copies free, and postage paid, to all who want them for the purpose of getting up clubs. Let us know by postal card, or otherwise, before December 25th, if you can, how many copies you will be able to use to advantage, and they will be sent as soon as issued. Send us the names, also, of any to whom you wish specimen copies sent, or any who may not have received copies of the issue of December 1st, and do all you can to send us as a New Year present a large club of yearly subscribers. No one can resist the liberal offer of the THE OPERATOR for November 1st, 1876, until January 1st, 1878, for \$1.25, and you will have positively no difficulty in obtaining the subscriptions of almost all you ask. One agent tells us that out of seven men he asked he got six yearly subscriptions, and others give equally encouraging reports. Personals and items for next issue will be very acceptable.

It surprised us to hear last week from one of our most extensive manufacturers, that of one Learners' Outfit alone he had already supplied enough instruments to equip the entire lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company. This shows how numerous are those interested in telegraphy throughout the country. Can we not get a very large number of these to become readers of THE OPERATOR? We think we can if our readers will assist us. Every telegrapher knows, or can easily find out, the names of persons interested in telegraphy in his town or city. Will each of our present readers please either send us the names of such at their earliest convenience, when we will send each a specimen copy, or will they send for and distribute copies of January first issue among this class, soliciting their subscription. Please do not neglect this. You can very materially enlarge your club in this way, and at the same time do us a kindness which we will be glad at any time to reciprocate. We hope you will also work hard among operators as well, and be able to send us a very large list of subscriptions.

Part second of "Was She Wrong?" is unavoidably held over until next issue, for want of space.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We heartily wish every reader of THE OPERATOR a very merry Christmas and happy New Year, with many returns of the day. We wish them health and strength and happiness during the coming year, and no more sliding scales! We have received so many kindnesses during the year, not only from telegraphers themselves, but from many officers of both companies, and from advertisers and others, that we cannot but feel under deep obligation to all for the many and willing services they have rendered, and the pains they have always taken to lighten our labors and make our intercourse with them pleasant. In a letter received to-day an advertiser says, "Glad to have the chance to help build you up in any way. Want to see you do well, and if I can't do any more I'll at least give you an 'ad' and sell you goods all discounts off." Such encouraging words as these—of which it gives us pleasure to recall a very large number during the year—repay the efforts we have put forth to merit support, and make the publication of THE OPERATOR a pleasure.

THOSE PICTURES.—Oney Gagin's photograph in last issue of THE OPERATOR was remarkably well received by the fraternity. The wood cut was a splendid one, but printed heavier than it might have been. However, for a newspaper cut, it was very much above the average. One correspondent suggests that we publish the portraits of prominent plugs as well as prominent telegraphers, and even incloses his own photograph to begin with; another that we must not omit to include ladies among the prominent individuals. Apropos to this we have the following from an esteemed lady subscriber and correspondent. It is in a private letter, and of course was not intended for publication: "The picture of our 'Oney' reminds me of a handsome brigand, and the style of his necktie is quite distressing. I shall be mad now if you do not ask me for my photo—I am one of your 'regulars.'" Our next portrait will be that of a well-known New York telegrapher, and will appear in next issue.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AT THE MAIN OFFICE.—President Grant's eighth and last annual message to Congress was received from Washington on Tuesday, December 5th, commencing at 1:19 P. M. It contains 7,100 words. Ten wires were used, and the time occupied in transmission was thirty-one minutes. It was received by Messrs. Catlin, Morehead, Merrill, Baldwin, Sprague, Tierney, Sink, Lown, Leslie, and Cushing. The message was sent to Buffalo on four wires in seventy-eight minutes, and to Boston and Providence on eight wires in fifty-one minutes. The entire message was divided at Washington into parts containing about one hundred words each with consecutive numbers, and in this way was transmitted in better shape, and in as good, if not better, time than ever before.

We would draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the beautiful engraving of Professor Morse, in another part of this paper. It is a handsome picture, at a remarkably low price, and would make a neat little holiday present. One of the engravings should adorn the office or parlor of every telegrapher in the land.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

What is life? What we make it.

Virtue is loved as vice is hated—when unseen.

In choosing a wife do not think only of yourself.

Nothing can live in such close quarters as self-love.

Words of Wisdom—golden fruit that yield angel food.

A great name gives worth to very insignificant things.

What is vice?—The outcroppings of undeveloped mind.

A wise man in a crowded street wins his way with gentleness.

Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility by darkly diving into self.

Contentment is the temperate repast flowing with milk and honey.

Speech is the golden harvest that follows the flowering of thought.

Possession is a good claim, but not always a rational one, or a proof of right.

Men often go from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.

Few have the courage to correct their friends, because few have the courage to suffer correction.

Hope grows stronger the nearer we approach the winning post.—Desire is extravagant, if it excludes hope.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.

What a difference exists between mere civilities and acts of real friendships! How easy to obtain the former, and at times how hard to get the latter.

Every one must see and feel, that bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions; and that if the latter only are forbidden, and the former left free, all morality will soon be at an end.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. A coarse, rough nature at home begets a habit of roughness which cannot be laid aside among strangers.

Search carefully into the unisons and discords of a man's person, fate and merit, and you may analyze his character so clearly, that you may almost certainly foretell what he will be.

It was well replied of a French peasant to a young nobleman, who wished her to leave her rustic state, and accompany him to Paris: "Ah! my lord, the farther we remove from ourselves, the greater is the distance from happiness."

The time is near, when the great and the rich must leave his land and his well-built house; and of all the trees of his orchards and woods, nothing shall attend him to his grave but oak for his coffin and cypress for his funeral.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.

You may have hot enemies without having a warm friend; but not a fervid friend without a bitter enemy. The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends.

When prospects are clouded by the dark shadows of anguish, and the world seems, in a moment of wretched forgetfulness, like a barren desert, what bliss is the thought that there is one being who will sympathize with our sorrow, and cheer us with the tenderest affection! When those we set in the temple of friendship and esteem, should desert the post of honor and integrity, is it not happiness to have one who looks fondly as ever on our fortune, and loves with a purity and warmth unknown to the most sacred friendships?

Washington Notes.

Congress met on Monday, December 4th, and plunging at once into a hot political discussion, gave telegraphers a good send off for the winter. The President's message went in on Tuesday, and was telegraphed that afternoon. The message consisted of 7,100 words, and was sent North on ten wires. The time occupied in its transmission was twenty-eight minutes. Instead of being distributed in large sheets, as usual, the sheets were divided so as to contain about 100 words each, the sheets being numbered consecutively. This plan worked very nicely, and the whole message was transmitted in good shape, with no errors or delay. Mr. Merrihew, superintendent of this district, was here, and left for Philadelphia satisfied. The operators sending were Hotchkiss, Sawyer, Wynne, Austin, Thweatt, Kanode, Burlans, Sinnott, Nutt, and McKeldin. Positive orders were given that no one should exceed twenty words per minute, but the speed averaged about twenty-five words per minute. Mr. A. K. Sinnott, who went to Savannah to work during the prevalence of the yellow fever, has returned to Washington, and accepted a position with the W. U. here. He has been assigned to the Chattanooga wire, taking Del Mareau's place, who has gone on the night force for the winter. Dick Falchner, an old-timer of this office, has returned to his first love, and has been assigned to the "extra" force. Ed Stewart has taken charge of the "Cs" office at the Capitol, Diven at "Sa," and Young at "Cw." Sands has taken his old place at the post-office department, relieving Offutt, who takes Sand's place at the main office. H. P. Dwight, Esq., general superintendent Montreal Telegraph Company of Canada, was in the city last week on a pleasure trip. General Superintendent Van Horne is also in the city. Southern business is so heavy now as to keep a duplex in constant use between Washington and Augusta, Ga. This is probably the longest straight circuit duplex in this country, working to Augusta through all kinds of weather, and it works beautifully. The distance is over 600 miles, with no repeaters. Have not heard of any changes in the force at the A. and P. office. Laubach has finally vamoosed. He loafed about the city for ten days or two weeks, begging, borrowing, and swindling, and concluding this claim would not pan out any more, has "stolen away." He had no tent to fold, so it was a short process. He rivalled Hank Cowan and Bogardus in their palmist days, as far as personal appearance was concerned. The severe storm of Friday night prostrated all the Southern wires, and though the weather was terribly severe, Connor and his men got them in good shape during Saturday. The last number of THE OPERATOR elicited great praise from all who saw it. "Do so some more."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1876.

BOSTON AND VICINITY NOTES.—Mr. J. W. Duxbury, assistant chief operator of this office, has been appointed inspector of the Boston City lines. It is not yet known who his successor will be, although various rumors are afloat. Mr. Joseph Walton has been on the sick list and confined to his home for several weeks. Mr. Thomas W. Greene, night operator at the post office, Devonshire Street, has resigned and accepted a position with the Atlantic and Pacific Company as manager of their Lawrence, Mass., office. Mr. E. J. Perkins, for several years past ticket seller and telegraph operator for the Eastern Railroad at East Somerville, Mass., fills the vacancy caused by Mr. Greene's resignation. Mr. Henry C. Sherman, Superintendent Gates' secretary, was in this city last week on a visit. Mr. A. L. Darling, of Keene, N. H., is subbing for Mr. F. A. Bradford, who is off on a short vacation. Fred H. Gove has returned to Fitchburg, Mass., and taken his old position with the Western Union in that city. Fred A. Corey is working for the Vermont and Massachusetts R. R. Co. in Fitchburg, Mass. George T. Cheney is the Western Union operator at Littleton, N. H. He doesn't take THE OPERATOR—that's where he's dull. E. A. Silsby, Esq., "T. G. A. T." has settled himself with the Western Union in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Mr. E. E. Morrison, of the W. U. force, Providence, passed through this city last week on his way home on a short vacation.

Less than Nine Cents a Month.

THE OPERATOR, postage prepaid, fourteen months, for \$1.25, and see what a paper you get, too. The question is not, can you afford to take it—but can you afford to be without it?

An Electrician's Strange Confession.

In the Kings County Court of Sessions on Friday, Francis Weeks sued the Automatic Signal Telegraph Company of this city for \$324 balance due him on a contract made with Joseph E. Fenn, then superintendent of the telegraph company. The defense set up that there was collusion and fraud, and that Fenn had no right to make the contract. In his cross-examination Fenn freely testified that he had a grudge against the company while in their employ, and that he cheated them for about seventy weeks by obtaining vouchers for the salaries of the twelve or fifteen men under him, and then paying the men from two to five dollars apiece less. Weeks, although a carpenter, was, by trade, a lineman. When General Shaler was elected President of the company, the books and affairs were overhauled. Weeks was asked for a diagram of the company's lines, but could not give it, and revealed his ignorance of the business. He was discharged. Then he produced a contract showing that Fenn had engaged him at \$18 a week for a year. The company's books had Weeks down at \$20 pay. An investigation was begun, and in the meantime Fenn failed to go to the office. Julius Ives, Jr., the Vice-President of the company, on going to Fenn's house received from him what Fenn called his death-bed confession, as he was very sick at the time. He told the story of his speculations. The company compromised with him, taking a house and lot in New Jersey, and six shares of stock in the company, and nothing more was said about it until Fenn, with surprising coolness, on Friday gave the detailed history of the fraud. He is now electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The jury in the suit of Weeks disagreed.

Toronto Dominion Notes.

Mr. A. J. Pattison, for some years assistant day chief and night manager of the Dominion Telegraph Office, Toronto, Ont., has resigned and accepted a position with the W. U. Co., in New York. On the eve of his departure he was presented with a handsome onyx ring, with the inscription: "A. J. P., from the operators D. T. Co., Toronto," engraved inside. The following address was read by Mr. R. C. Rattray, on behalf of the staff:

DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned, operators of this office, on the occasion of your leaving us, beg to express our sincere regrets at the necessity which takes you from us, and offer you this ring as a slight testimonial of our regard and esteem. We assure you that you will long be remembered by us, and we trust that in the new field of labor to which you are going you will achieve that success which has characterized your stay among us."

Mr. Pattison, in a neat speech, thanked his friends for the kindness done him, and sincerely regretted that circumstances had arisen which compelled him to leave them. He spoke feelingly of the kindly manner which the operators had always exhibited toward him, and finished by saying that the Toronto fraternity should always have the foremost place in his regard. Mr. Pattison left on the evening train for New York.

Mr. W. H. Stratton has been promoted to assistant day chief, and Mr. S. H. Smith to night chief. Business is very dull here just now. I understand that the force in this office is to be reduced considerably on the 30th of December, if things do not improve.

The usual mania of the "saltists" to rush us poor plumes culminated on the 5th, when the President's message was sent from Buffalo here. For the result see the following, clipped from the Toronto Leader of the 6th:

"The message was furnished to us by the Dominion Telegraph Company in a remarkably short space of time after its delivery, and we take much pleasure in stating that the operators who transmitted it, and those who received it in Toronto, performed their work in the most admirable manner. The Company is to be congratulated upon its capacity for work, as clearly proved by the satisfactory manner in which the message was furnished us last evening.

The message was sent from Buffalo on two wires by Messrs. More and Terry, and received here by Messrs. Duckworth and Carlisle. CANUCK.

A PLUG factory in Burlington, Iowa, says: "If you go from college a well-drilled student, you can enter an office as an old operator." This will be news to most of our readers.

Banquet at the Bracket House, Rochester, N. Y.—Presentation to E. H. Graves.

Last Friday evening, November 24, all the telegraphers that could possibly be spared from along the line of the New York Central Railroad from Syracuse to Buffalo and Suspension Bridge assembled at the Bracket House, Rochester, to take farewell leave of their division operator, Mr. E. H. Graves, who goes to St. Louis December 1st to accept the superintendency of the O. and M. Railway. About ninety lady and gentlemen operators were present. Before supper was served the Rochester Glee Club sang three or four beautiful selections, which were highly appreciated. At 9 p. m. supper was announced by James Erwin, steward. It was a meal worthy of the gods, and as many present had not an opportunity of obtaining supplies on the road, ample justice was done to the good things provided, which would be hard to beat at any house.

At its conclusion Mr. and Mrs. Graves, escorted by Mr. W. A. Sornberger, of Rochester, and Miss Mattie Slater, of Newark, N. Y., were invited into the front parlor, where they were received by Manager B. E. Runyan, of the Syracuse telegraph offices, who in a very neat and appropriate address presented them with a costly water-cooler, very beautiful in design. The cooler, goblets, and bowl bore the initial "G.," and on the cover the inscription "E. H. Graves, from his operators, November 24th, 1876, Rochester, N. Y." Although taken by surprise, Mr. Graves appropriately expressed his thanks for the honor done him, and spoke of his regret at parting with those he had been associated with during the eight years he held the position as division operator and train dispatcher. The presentation being concluded, the Glee Club again favored the company with a few selections, and the balance of the evening was spent in social enjoyment, dancing, etc. The occasion was a very enjoyable and successful one. Mr. Joseph Drexilus, of Buffalo, is expected to succeed Mr. Graves.

The G. M. Phelps Motor Printing Instrument will be put upon the remaining circuits worked by the combination printer (Boston and Philadelphia) this week. All the printing circuits will be worked duplex, upon the quad plan, using the extra sides to break on.

Answers to Correspondents.

PITTSBURG.—Rufus Hatch, of this city, was the only person who opposed the A. and P. loan.

G. A. NEWTON.—No, sir; we have not the slightest idea. But we think that Peter Cooper's chances are, at present, not particularly brilliant.

SUBSCRIBER.—Please inform me through your columns which is the best work on practicable telegraphy and electricity for a learner, where it can be obtained, and probable cost.

We consider Pope's Modern Practice of the Electric Telegraph, or Davis and Rae's Electrical Diagrams and Connections the most suitable low-priced works on the subject. They can be obtained at this office, price respectively \$2 and \$1.50. Any other book on electricity or telegraphy can also be obtained of us, as well as any telegraphical or electrical instrument or instruments manufactured.—ED. OPERATOR.

M. S. S. writes: Having seen your advertisement of Mr. Phillips' "Oakum Pickings" in THE OPERATOR, I should like to inquire if this volume would be a pretty and appropriate present to a lady operator. I have not seen the book, therefore don't know what the binding or the type may be. I want to make a pretty present, and she being interested in all works concerning telegraphy, this advertisement attracted my attention. Please reply and oblige.

There could certainly be no more appropriate holiday present to a lady than a copy of "Oakum Pickings." As we published the book, and would therefore be naturally interested, it is not within our province to praise it. But if you have read the many flattering notices it has called forth from the press everywhere—even in England—both as to its great interest, especially to telegraphers, and its very handsome printing and binding, praise from us will not be necessary.

Dashes Here and There.

A FRUITFUL SUGGESTION.—The London *Telegraphist* says that currents may be obtained by raisin' the key.

"How to learn the Morse alphabet in half an hour," is the name of a book recently published in London. It seems to us that is rushing things a little.

OAKUM PICKINGS.—A beautiful little volume of very spicy and entertaining stories and sketches. There is not a dry page in it.—*N. Y. Illustrated Weekly*.

In the electro-pneumatic system of house-bells air is compressed by means of a press button through a metallic tube, and thus made to produce contact and to ring an electric bell actuated by a single pair of elements, contained in the bell case itself. An indicator falls at the same time. The arrangement is simple and convenient, and it offers certain advantages as regards cost, strength of battery required, easy fixation by any workman, small liability to derangement, etc.

By an oversight the instruments were not cut out at St. Catharines office M. T. Co. one night last week. The messenger boy, who was sweeping out in the morning, not being conversant with the mysteries of the art, opened every key in the office, in which state they were found by the operators, who came in "a little late." On being questioned the boy said "he wanted to stop the messages from coming in till the men got there." The testers in Hamilton and Buffalo offered high premiums for that messenger's scalp.

The employees of the A. D. T. Co., of Philadelphia, have organized a social "B. F." club. They held their first meeting at the 2d District, Seventh and Chestnut streets, last Tuesday, with about fifteen members present. Mr. J. Reilly was elected President; G. Jewell, Secretary and Treasurer; W. C. Stewart, H. C. Rogers, J. E. McManus and F. Janowitz, Committee of Arrangements. After several resolutions being adopted, they adjourned till next Tuesday evening. They expect to give a masquerade party before long.

Among the telegraphic news in the *Buffalo Republic*, recently, occurred a neat little error worthy of Jim Lawless himself. "A man found wounded and insensible near here this morning. Reviving little. Stated attacked and robbed by two men." So the item of news originally read, but in the *Republic* it was changed to "Rev. Irving Little stated," etc. When questioned about it the operator remembered perfectly well that that was the way it came. "And, after all" he added, "it's only a Little bull."

STILL FIGHTING.—The railroad telegraph war has at last reached even the quiet mountain city of Frederick, Md. On Saturday last the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company caused the Western Union wires to be cut and transferred to the depot building. Of course, by this abrupt action (which was taken without giving a moment's notice) the city office was for a while deprived of all communication with Baltimore and other points. Soon, however, negotiations were entered into with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the use of their wires, and after a few hours the clicking armatures were again heard as merrily as ever. On Monday morning a large gang of Western Union workmen arrived from Philadelphia and Baltimore and immediately began the extension of the wires (which pass over the Western Maryland) into Frederick.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Mr. J. I. Conklin, station agent of the New York and Harlem R. R., and manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at Harlem, N. Y., has successfully introduced a very ingenious electric railroad signal which is highly spoken of. Small circuit closers are placed underneath the track about a mile apart, and when the train passes over one the fact is registered electrically on a bell in the office of the station agent at the station ahead. After the train passes his station, and reaches the next signal, one mile further on, it registers "all right" by passing over a circuit closer there. Thus the station agent is certain that the track is clear, and any train following can proceed on that section without fear of danger. Railroad officials predict for the signals a brilliant success. Electricity thus takes the place of the old fashioned flagman, and is certainly more reliable, never going to sleep or making mistakes, and always ready at a moment's notice. We wish Mr. Conklin, who is personally a very fine fellow, every success.

PERSONALS.

Mr. F. P. Hunt is the operator at Smithboro, N. Y. Mr. Sinnott has accepted a position with the W. U. Co., at Washington.

Mr. Lewis Funk, a well known telegrapher, wafts lightning at Champaign, Ill.

Mr. John Flack, an old timer, is now with the C. S. R., at Ridgetown, Ont.

D. E. Langworthy has been transferred from Parker to Oil City, Pa., for the W. U.

Bob Gallay, formerly of G. W. R., is now station-master C. S. R., at Fort Erie, Ont.

J. V. W. Hermance is still at Athens, N. Y.—that office not yet being closed for the season.

Miles E. Dunn dreams the happy hours away as all-night man for the A. and P. at Pittsburg.

Mr. George Noble has been appointed chief dispatcher C. S. R., vice A. W. Baerber, resigned.

Messrs. Levin and Griffith received the President's message at Atchison, Kansas, without a break.

Miss Clara Barton, who was at the American Institute Fair this city, is now at Station C, Hudson Street.

E. Howell, of Newfoundland, and P. Collins, of Quebec, have been added to the Dom. force at Montreal.

The operators of the Dom. Tel. and Montreal Tel. Co., at Montreal, intend holding a grand ball December 29th.

Mr. O. K. Newton, a sterling gentleman and excellent operator, is assistant manager of the Cincinnati W. U. main office.

George Hutton Patterson, a young aspirant for telegraphic celebrity, is assistant operator in the Mont. Tel. office, at Galt, Ont.

Bob Callum and H. E. Hutchens are still at Tal-lahassee, helping out during the political excitement. Hatch acts as manager.

B. F. Johnston, C. A. Thomas, and E. P. Glenn have been transferred from the Centennial grounds to Third and Chestnut streets.

The office at Groton, N. Y., is graced by the presence of Miss Minnie Hurlbut, who gives promise of becoming a first class operator.

Dana J. Eastman, of the Whitehall, N. Y., W. U. office, is spending a few days at Manchester, N. H. His friends are glad to see the old timer.

George W. Lloyd wafts lightning for the Dom. Tel. Co. at Ingersoll, Ont., and when the cheese fairs come around does quite a business.

Mr. J. Williams is agent and operator for the Dominion Tel. Co. at Lindsay, Ont., and claims to have one of the prettiest offices on the line.

One of the main office men is about to receive an omnibus from St. John, N. P., in payment of a bad debt; the boys anticipate an occasional free ride.

Mr. G. H. Wadsworth, assistant chief operator of the W. U. Telegraph office, Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss M. H. Kidney, formerly an operator in the same office, were married in that city last week.

Ed. Linden has returned once more to the dispatcher's office C. S. Railway, St. Thomas, Ont. The boys all join in wishing Ed and his new-made bride much happiness.

The Southern Central R. R. offices at Owego and Newark Valley, N. Y., are in charge of Mr. O. R. Enos and Fred. L. Todd, respectively, both good operators and genial fellows.

C. Ed. Ferguson has been recently appointed manager of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co.'s office at West Albany yards. Tommy Dormady is night operator. Leland Wadsworth remains in charge of the Schenectady Depot office.

Miss Ida W. Stowell, formerly manager of the Goffstown, N. H., office of the N. H. Telegraph Co., has accepted a position with the A. & P. Co., Eagle Hotel Branch, Concord, N. H. Mr. Jos. White, of Lowell, fills the vacancy at Goffstown.

The force of compositors in the *Gate City News* room feel that they owe a vote of thanks to Mr. McPherson, the night operator in the Western Union office, for the splendid copy he is furnishing. All through the election excitement he has taken off the lengthy reports in excellent shape, and has thus very materially aided us in placing them before the public in a readable manner. The verdict in this office is that Mr. McPherson is the best night operator the Western Union has had here for many a day.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Miss Mary R. Sanborne, for the past three years manager of the A. & P. Concord, N. H., office, resigned her position Dec. 1, and has accepted one with the same company at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Mr. Nathaniel McIntire, "Mc," formerly of the Brighton, N. Y., office, fills the vacancy.

Mr. M. J. Walsh is with the M. T. Co., at Hamilton, Ont. His beautiful copy is envied by many of his colleagues. The popular manager of the M. T. Company's office at Queenstown, Ont., Mr. C. A. Fisher, has been taking unto himself a wife. We wish them both a long and happy life.

Sammy Hessberg is the unbane and gentlemanly receiving clerk of the W. U. Co. in the Albany Union Depot. H. Van Antwerp (Venerable Van) after an extended tour in the "Solid South," is again transmitting Morse in "Da," Albany. Van is the patentee of a new collar and Ulster combined.

The yellow fever at Savannah, as our readers are aware, is now happily over. The Western Union force at that point has been arranged as follows: Manager Griffith, assisted by Mr. W. H. Turner and young Howard, runs the front office. Chief Dillon, assisted by Messrs. Frazer, Phillips and Fleming, are the day force. Alex. Harkness and Monck are the owls.

THE express agent at St. Catharines, Ont., was "short" a small bale when the wagon arrived at the office from the station one day last week. A telegram was sent around by the Bridge asking the operators at the station to "look on the platform for a small bale." The genial Moses was considerably astonished to receive in reply the following: "No 'swill-pail' here—have found bundle."

The A. and P. messengers at Pittsburg have received their new uniforms, and it is said that the operating department is also to be uniformed. Among other things, it is stated that Sayre is to wear a drum major's cap, emblematic of his dignity as chief operator, and that Miles E. Dunn, who dreams the happy hours away as all-night man, is to carry a musket, and go through the manual of arms every half hour during the entire night.

P. J. McKenna, the "Ironclad," is subbing in Pittsburg W. U. office where E. W. Firmin is also working extra. R. R. Wise, late manager Western Union at Petrolia, is on the night force. A. L. Owens has been appointed night manager. The following distinguished gentlemen, members of the night force in same office, have organized a reform club: Jacquo de Ryano, Hankus Burrellus, Juan y Byrni, Thomas Eganus, and Lucifer Smythe. A gigantic dramatic combination is also hinted at.

HERE is an advertisement taken from one of the London telegraphic papers, which shows how versatile some of the telegraphers in that burg are:

"ORIGINAL POETICAL EFFUSIONS.—Amatory, Natal, and Christmas Greetings, etc., written especially by Fred. Lockyear, Central Tel. Office, Lockyear's new Christmas song (with dance music), post free, 5c. This composer's last work (post free, 3c.) received the gracious thanks and acceptance of the Queen and Princess of Wales."

Parker is one of the liveliest towns in Oil Country. The W. U. force comprises the following: M. R. Wolf, manager, P. M. Brigham, J. K. Simpson, Ed. A. Keene, Jr., and J. P. Keene, operators, with Wm. J. Hunter, cashier and book-keeper. James E. Rowe and William Gales are receivers. The W. U. do a large business working duplex to Oil City forty-five miles north. The numbers run 3:0 each way daily. The A. and P. is in charge of G. W. N. Gilds, with Messrs. Marshall, Powers, and Adams operators. The several railroads and pipe lines also employ a number of efficient operators.

A BRONZE statue to Oersted, the discoverer of electro-magnetism (who died twenty-five years ago), was unveiled at Copenhagen on the 25th of September.

BIRTHS.

November 15th, at Waterbury, Conn., to George W. Conner, manager A. and P., a son—second edition.

MARRIAGES.

McKENDRICK—ALYINA.—At the residence of Daniel Fraser, Esq., Metapedia, on Wednesday, the 22d of November, by the Rev. William Murray, A. M., John McKendrick, M. T. Co., of Cambellton, N. B., to Eliza Alyina, third daughter of Albert J. Smith, Esq., of Bryson, Ont.

Resignation of an Old Telegrapher.

Among the numerous late changes in Philadelphia we notice the resignation of Mr. John Wintrup, the able manager of a number of Western Union offices in that city. Mr. Wintrup leaves the company's service to superintend the telegraph system of a large Philadelphia mercantile corporation, which, with its present intricate system of city wires, and several "through" wires recently leased from the W. U., feels the need of an experienced electrician and thorough business man. In leaving the Western Union service he has resigned a position of great profit and trust, and one which is rarely reached by operators of the present day. While we congratulate Mr. Wintrup on his well-earned success, we cannot but express a regret at the steady demand from outside sources which is gradually tempting from our ranks the worthiest and most respected of our brethren.

An A. and P. manager sends us a number of office rules, which want of space prevents our publishing. There is nothing, however, particularly new or striking about them. He wants operators to hold themselves in readiness to answer calls or send on any wire. Extra he would pay for at the rate of thirty cents an hour, and he would not permit paper to be thrown upon the floor. The suggestion of "a fine of one cent on each offender in this latter, the proceeds to be applied to the purchase of taffy," if not dignified, is at least novel. But there is one rule which completely puzzles us. We give it verbatim. "Silence secures accuracy no loud and boisterous talking and lounging on operating tables." Silence may secure accuracy, and possibly prevent loud and boisterous talking, but how silence secures lounging on operating tables, we confess we are at a loss to understand.

"It is rumored in the Western Union main office," says a correspondent, "that a new paper devoted to the interests of the telegraph profession is soon to make its appearance. The leading spirit of the enterprise is an operator who proved a failure as a reporter on one of our city dailies. Impecuniosity seems to be a barrier to its birth, as the stock is offered for anything it will bring, with no takers." We have heard of this before. Poor simpleton! If he only knew the vast labor and expense attending such an enterprise, and the absolute certainty of failure, he would as soon attempt to lift the Western Union building on his back as to start a telegraphic paper. It requires an amount of money, brains, and special business tact to place a newspaper on a paying basis that would quite astonish the uninitiated. An idea of the expense may be formed from the fact that our last issue, December 1st, cost us \$400. Only one paper in a thousand started in this country is successful, and then only after years of hard work, and after thousands of dollars have been expended upon it. We don't think the brilliant projector of this enterprise will be foolish enough to squander his money upon so evidently silly a project.

A Very Liberal Offer.

Back numbers from November 1st will be sent free to all subscribers remitting \$1.25 to us or to any of our agents. The subscriptions will not expire until January 1st, 1878.

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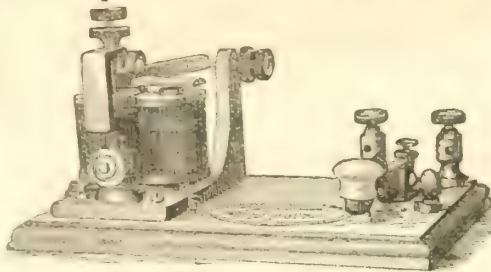
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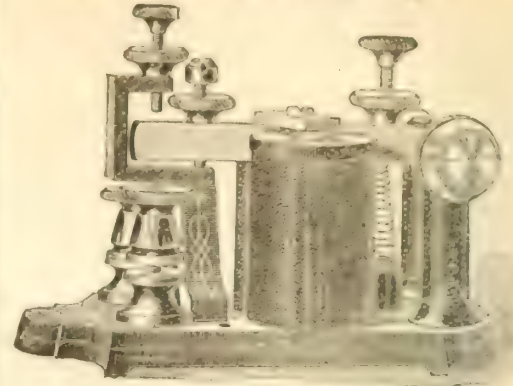
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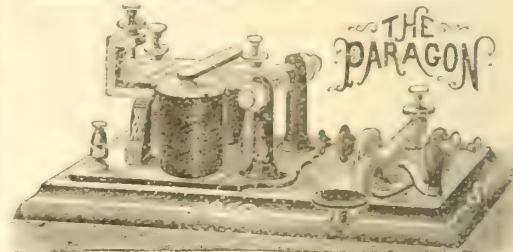
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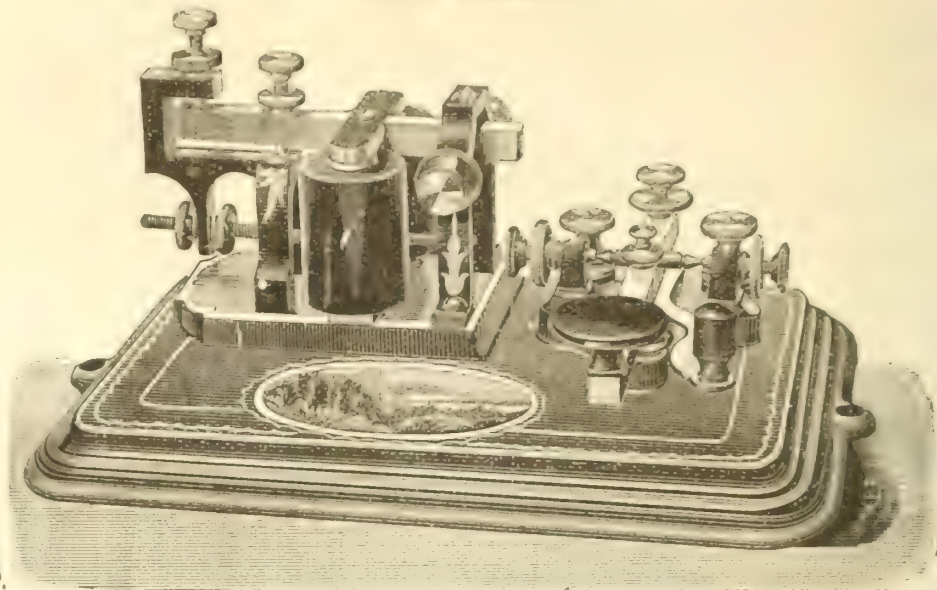
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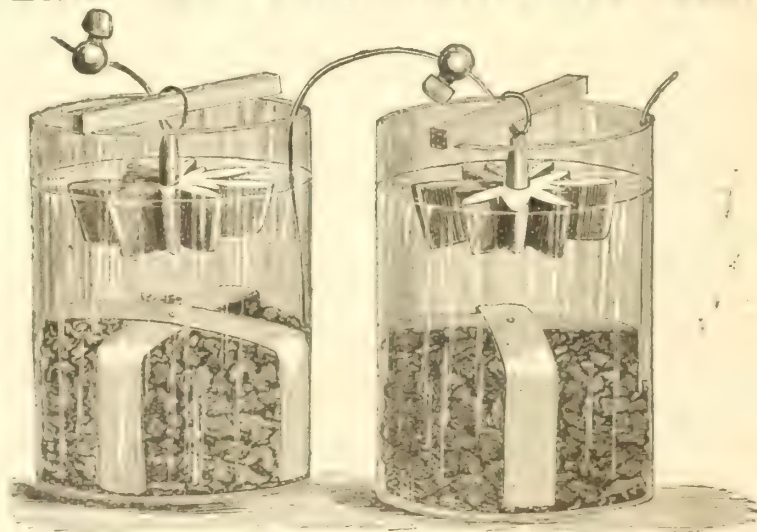
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VOL. VI.

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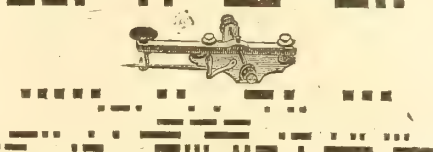
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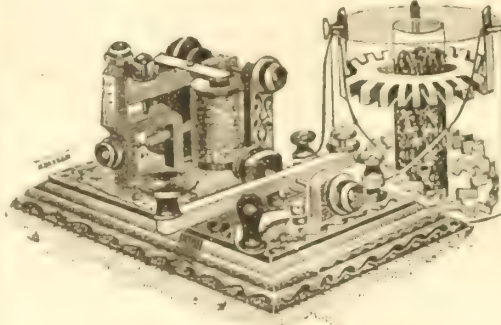
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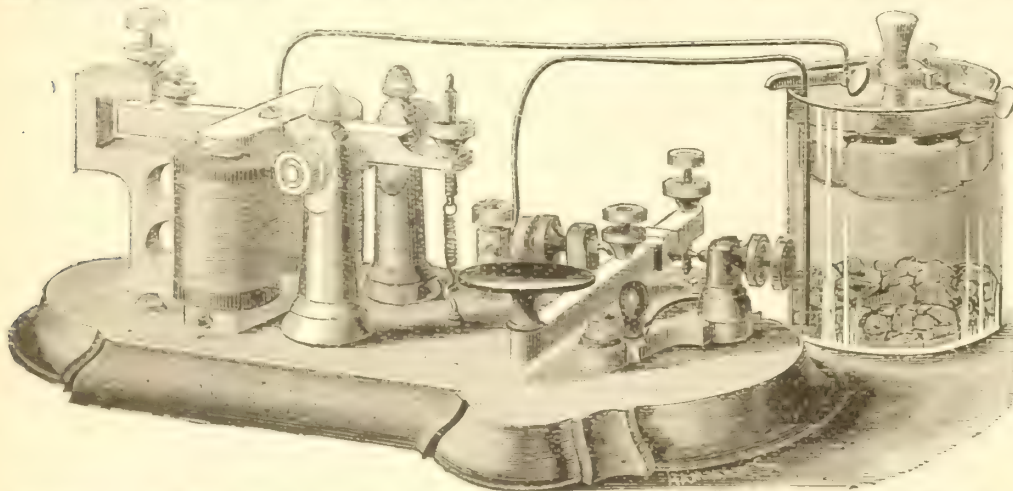
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THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY

January 1st, 1877.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 69.

Still Waiting!

A POE—M.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I waited sore and weary,
For the "good night," which was never,
Never quite so late before;
While I waited, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping
From the most unheard of quarter,
From the sounder near the door.

Now, the fact is I was thinking,
While I nodded, often blinking,
With tired eyelids which had never,
Never been so tired before,
Of the old year that was dying,
Of the long hours ever flying,
Of the hard knocks I had suffered,
Which had left me weak and sore.

And was gazing toward the new year,
Which would now so soon be due here,
And add still another figure
To the card above my door;
Change the date on every message,
Cause the old to lose its pressage,
And make me, alas! I knew it—
Spoil and waste blanks by the score.

Deep into the future peering,
Longing much to know, yet fearing
The grim record of new trials
It might have for me in store;
Looking sadly toward the morrow,
Dreading still the coming sorrow,
Which, perchance, if fate so willed it,
Might upon my head outpour.

At this sudden sound I started,
And at once sprang up light hearted,
Hoping for relief in labor
From this thinking—such a bore!
Dropping my dhudeen beside me,
With my pen and blanks I hid me
To that dark and dismal corner,
To the sounder near the door.

As my thoughts came fast and faster,
"Surely," said I, "some disaster
Must have happened at Skowhegan,"
For that tag the table bore.
"What on earth can be the matter?"
Is he madder than the latter
Whom we read of in a volume
Often found in children's lore?

"For I cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever was so sound a sleeper,
Such a man to sleep and snore!
As that chap up at Skowhegan,
May I be cooked for a pigeon
If a call upon his wire
E're was heard so late before."

Taking then my seat, and turning
Up the light so dimly burning,
Quick I answered to his calling,
More impatient than before;
Anxious soon to cease my guessing,
Thinking up a fervent blessing
On the one who solved this riddle,
All my thanks to them outpour.

But my pen and blanks were bootless,
All my plans to "take" proved fruitless,
Fearful pile of "reds" or "speid,"
Tragic tale of death and gore;
For, in accents wild and broken,
Came the words I then heard spoken,
As he on my head proceeded
All his troubles to outpour.

Not the least excuse then made he,
Not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But into my ears he shouted

With a telegraphic roar:
"I've been longing in my sorrow
For the coming of the morrow;
Praying for reports to heal and
Ease my heart so sad and sore."

"But I cannot sleep for thinking,
And am restless, never winking,
Till, unless relief comes speedily,
In truth I soon shall be no more;
Ere I die I pray you shrieve me,
From my agony relieve me;
If you know now *who's elected*,
Tell, oh tell me, I implore!"

"Ah! my friend," I answered sadly,
"I would tell you—tell you gladly—
If I *only could*, and will yet,
If you do not die before!
When we both with age are hoary
You shall hear the truthful story,
And I'll tell you in the distant
Bye and bye, or—nevermore!"

NUF CED.



Fred Catlin

Was born in Susquehanna County, Pa., and entered the telegraph service at the age of seventeen. In six months he was a fair "sound" operator, and after one year's practice ranked as a first-class railroad operator. He held positions in several of the principal offices on the Erie Railway, and came to New York about 1865, entering the main office of the United States Telegraph Company, in which position he remained until the consolidation of the various companies with the Western Union.

Before the era of the duplex and quad, Catlin worked the W. U. Albany wire with Rice at Albany, the numbers averaging at 5:30 p. m. about 400 per day, not including test and office messages, which, at that time, were not numbered. For several sessions of Congress he worked the Senate wire in New York, receiving from the famous Billy Kettles, at Washington. Fred has always received letter A of the President's message, and feels quite proud over the fact that he has never been omitted as one of the receivers of the message since his advent in New York. Having in nowise deteriorated, he is a strictly first-class man, and is probably the fastest sender at present in New York, and as fast as any in the country. His copy is tip-top, and personally he is a genial and estimable gentleman.

A new arrangement is about to be tried in the German telegraph system. Telegrams may be sent to places within the empire, for further dispatch (beyond the receiving office) by the post as ordinary unclosed letters. The sender has merely to intimate his wish by a mark placed before the address, or by the letters P U (Post ungeschlossen), charged as one word; and to pay 10pf. as postage. The authorities do not hold themselves responsible for delays with these messages. In England messages are forwarded to their destination by mail in this manner, without any charge for postage.

Bogus Bulletins.

BY CHOPS.

In the depot at B., a small station on one of the short railway lines leading out of New York City, and situated some twenty odd miles from the great metropolis, a number of passengers were gathered, waiting for the arrival of the six o'clock in-train, which had been due nearly thirty minutes. Some of the travelers were impatiently comparing watches, stamping their feet in the vain endeavor to keep them warm, and ever and anon casting envious glances at the group of early comers that formed a solid and impenetrable circle around the stove, to the utter exclusion of the balance of the party.

Another squad, those whose interest in the great political problem of the day had made them partially oblivious to present discomforts, had collected in front of the blackboard, on which was bulletined the following announcement:

"Gov. Tilden's election sure! South Carolina, Florida, Oregon, and Wisconsin heard from, and all gone solid for Tilden and Reform! The Democratic ticket elected by an overwhelming majority! Zach Chandler throws up the sponge and acknowledges Hayes defeated! Rejoicings and demonstrations by the Democracy in New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities," etc., etc., etc.

The crowd thickened in front of the blackboard, and various exclamations of surprise, joy, and regret were heard as each individual in turn read the startling news.

"Is the dispatch authentic?" asked a little old gentleman of the person nearest him—a man in a showy uniform with a brass trombone under his arm.

"Authentic! do you suppose that I would have posted it up here if it hadn't been?" bawled Tom Margin, the operator, who was seated on the counter swinging his legs, and seemingly deeply interested in watching the excitement and interest that his bulletin had created.

"Of course it's authentic!" roared the musician in a tone that left little doubt in the minds of his hearers as to which of the two parties he blow'd for. "It's just as everybody expected, and just right."

"Those are my sentiments, neighbor," chimed in a stout, red-faced party in a butcher's frock. "The people were bound to go in for—"

"Where did this dispatch come from?" interrupted a tall, dark complexioned man with keen, penetrating eyes, who had jostled his way through the crowd, and now stood confronting Tom Margin, the operator.

"Came from the wires," answered Tom, crustily.

"Where was it going—who was it sent to?" demanded the tall man, impatiently.

"Well," said Tom, coolly, "it was an Associated Press dispatch going to New York, and I took it off for the benefit of the crowd."

"There is undoubtedly some mistake about it," said the stranger; "I have received advices from New York several times during the day, and my dispatches have all been the reverse of this. Where was the message from?"

"From Washington," said Tom, boldly; but becoming just a little confused under the sharp questioning of his interrogator.

"It cannot possibly be correct," said the tall man, calmly. "I am sure of my information, and until you learn something more definite regarding the origin of this message, I should advise you to take it down."

Tom frowned haughtily and attempted to stare the tall man out of countenance. The attempt proved a failure, however, owing to the stranger's eyes being sharper than his own; so he slid off the counter and walked around behind the stove, remarking as he did so, in a tone of voice audible to every one in the room, that it was easy enough to see that the gentleman was a Republican, and did not seem to relish the news any more than a Republican could be expected to. This sally produced a general titter, which was quickly drowned by the roar of the approaching train, and in the next instant the passengers one and all had passed out upon the platform.

As soon as he was alone, Tom stepped quickly to the blackboard, and with a celerity that showed some familiarity with the trick, he first wiped out such portions of the writing as suited his purpose and then filled in the blank spaces in such a way as to transform the announcement of a Democratic victory into a bulletin of quite another character, the dispatch now reading:

"Hayes' election sure! South Carolina, Florida,

Oregon, and Wisconsin all gone solid for Hayes and Wheeler, etc."

As Tom stood surveying his last touches and looking carefully to see that there were no incongruities in the work, a quick step sounded behind him, and turning he beheld the tall passenger who had come back after his carpetbag.

One glance at the blackboard with its altered dispatch, the newly written words of which were still partially indistinct from the effects of the damp, sufficed to expose Tom's hoax. The stranger paused a moment with his eyes fixed on the writing, and then with a quick searching glance at Tom's face he turned quietly on his heel and left the office. Tom looked after him in utter bewilderment, but presently with a careless laugh turned again to the blackboard. After a little while some one else entered the room.

Tom turned hastily, but it was only Jake, the nightwatchman, who, after setting down his lantern and brushing the snow from his coat, proceeded to inspect the new bulletin with great curiosity.

"Been gulling 'em again?" asked Jake, after he had spelled it through.

"Well, I rather guess I have," replied Tom. "You ought to have been in here, Jake, 'twould have done you good. We got up a first-class panic in less than no time. But I got caught, though," he added a minute after, just a shade of annoyance in his tones, "there was a tall, black-eyed chap here who didn't seem to take much stock in it from the first—was posted, you know; and he came back after something just as I was fixing it over and, saw through the whole thing right off."

"Must have been the same one as gave me this dispatch," said Jake, as he held out a blank with some characters hastily scrawled upon it. "He said he wanted you to send it right away."

"Did he pay for it?" loftily demanded Tom.

"No," said Jake, "he didn't pay for it; he said it would be all right."

Tom took the message and read as follows:

"To SUPR. B.—, W. U. TEL. CO.:

"A change in the management of this office is needed at once. The present incumbent, should not be allowed to remain here another day.

[Signed] "WM. ORTON, Prest."

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" ejaculated Mr. Thomas Margin, a frightened look gradually taking place of the usual self-possessed expression on his countenance.

"—be—allowed—to—remain—here—another—day—W—m—William—o—o—Oakumpress," read Jake, who had come up in the rear by a flank movement and was diligently perusing the dispatch over Tom's shoulder.

"William Orton! It's all up 'with me now, Jake," cried Tom, lugubriously.

"Praps it's only somebody trying to scare ye," suggested Jake. "Tain't very good writing, nohow. Leastwise, I shouldn't send it at all; he'll forget all about it by to-morrow."

"Catch him to forget! No, no, Jake; this looks like business and a bad business, too—strange that I shouldn't have recognized him," and Thomas turned thoughtfully toward the instrument table.

Late in the afternoon of the day following, President Orton, of the Western Union, was comfortably seated in his private office, busily engaged in paring a huge Rhode Island greening, when a timid knock was heard at the door. In response to the single exclamation "Come!" the door slowly opened and closed, and Mr. Thomas Margin stood in the apartment. The president directed a searching glance at our hero, surveyed him from head to foot in one brief look, and then, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, transferred his attention back to his apple paring.

"Yes, I recollect you perfectly well," said the president at length, in slow, measured tones, and if you have come here expecting me to restore you to your place, I may as well say at once that you have come on a fruitless errand."

Tom, in his trepidation, hardly knew whether these icy remarks was addressed to the apple or himself, and being uncertain on this point, he remained silent. Mr. Orton continued:

"The exigencies of a telegraph office demand that some small amount of dignity should be possessed by the person in charge. By your performance of last evening you have forfeited all claim upon our consideration. The lesson is a severe one; but let us hope that it will be of some benefit to you in following your future path in life." Here the president paused, gave an impatient glance in the direction of the door, and took a large bite from the apple before mentioned.

Tom, feeling it incumbent upon himself to add

something original to the conversation, cheerfully remarked, that if he had known that it was a benefit night, the performance would have been entirely different.

"Very likely," responded the president. "The words 'it might have been' are always recurring to those who are paying for their folly. But I really can do nothing for you, Mr.—er—r—"

"Margin," suggested Tom, as he helped himself to a chair.

"Mr. Margin; and as I am somewhat engaged this afternoon it will be useless for you to occupy my time any longer." Here the president gave another glance at the door and took a second bite from the Rhode Island greening.

"The fact is," said Tom, after patiently waiting for several moments in hopes that Mr. Orton would resume the conversation of his own accord, "the fact is, I have had a little money fall to me lately and called to ask your advice about a safe investment."

"You will find plenty of others who are much better qualified than I am to advise you, and whose time—"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind looking over the securities," interrupted Tom, as he tossed a large and apparently well-filled wallet into the president's lap.

"What! my pocket book! Well, I declare!" cried the astonished executive of the W. U.

"Ah, I remember now; I had it last at your station." And then, somewhat disconcerted by this sudden complication of affairs, he muttered to himself "What the deuce—the dickens! The young scamp has fairly turned the tables on me."

"This appears to be all right, Mr. Margin," said the president, after a hasty glance at the contents of the pocket book. "Please accept this in return for your kindness."

Tom gave a hungry look at the ten dollar bill extended towards him, but drew hastily back, and said, "No, thank you; I only did my duty."

"If I did mine, you would, no doubt, consider me ungrateful," replied Mr. Orton, musingly. "Really young man, I am in a very embarrassing predicament."

"So'mi," said Tom, dolefully.

"Do you think," continued Mr. Orton, "that if I restored you to your late position you could manage to occupy yourself in some other way than by posting up bogus bulletins?"

"I do," said Tom, emphatically.

The president drew his chair to the table and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, after which he folded the same and passed it to Tom.

"Hand that to your superintendent," he said, "and I guess that it will have the desired effect."

"Much obliged to you, sir," replied Tom, and without further leave-taking he hurried out of the room and the building.

"Mr. Orton thought I didn't see him put those bills into my pocket," he said to himself, as he paused on the sidewalk and drew from his coat pocket a couple of bank notes, "but I did, though, twenty dollars, as I'm a plug!"

Werner Replies to Samson, and Also Mildly Expostulates Against the Injustice of Stating Salaries in Discharge Papers.

If in my weary duties of writing telegraphic epithalamiums and obituaries I have, when marriages and deaths were few, launched out into plugdom and warmly denounced a certain swell-mob class among the aborigines of that delectable region, and have thereby trodden accidentally on "Samson's" toes, the very thought of the lions disintegrated, the gates torn from their jams, and the intellectual conundrums which that ancient individual propounded to the terror of his enemies, bids me crave pardon. But what was Samson doing in those diggings?

All fast senders and other keen and energetic telegraphic sportsmen are aware that the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas, all the way down from Dutch Flat to Sacramento, is infested with conscienceless guerilla plugs, and for that reason I have studiously avoided any allusion to far off California. I read without a murmur the fair Delilah's or Justina's protests in the *Telegrapher* from the gulches on the American Fork, or the flats of the San Joaquin, I have been intimidated by the managers of Red Dog, San Luis Obispo, Mokelumne Hill, and Yankee Jim's; I have seen the whole horde of them led on by our foreign ambassadors go down to Arizona,

when there was nothing better to do of a telegraphic nature, to "salt" the diamond fields for the impoverishment of their eastern cousins, and still I have avoided them. It is a bad principle to meddle with California, where the inhabitants soak you in mud puddles under the pretence of eradicating deep-set rheumatism. Its sandy aspect is as coy and deceptive as its Ophir and Chollar quotations, and the same has been true from the fandango days of de Guadalupe Vallejo down to the modern times of Bret Harte and the "Emperor Norton." You require an overcoat in July; its surfy beach forbids your coveted ocean bathing, and when you follow its streets, like its men, to see where they lead to, the long line of magnificent stores (on Kearney Street for instance) suddenly runs up a hill and terminates in a pair of wooden stairs, and finally brings you up on the top of a step-ladder on the "Barbary Coast." Sombbrero hats and firemen's red shirts will talk to you of nothing but lodes, rockers, gold blossoms, and dust, while the intricacies of placer and quartz diggings are punned out as a peroration to every Californian's argument. There is no dealing with such slippery subjects. However, at the risk of being "prospected" and "assayed" by the western "Samson," I may explain to him that my remarks on plugs, as he should have noticed, were not general.

To talk intelligently to a Californian I must first remark that I have only discussed the "staying powers" of a thoroughbred plug under the sustaining influence of a college diploma; and, in "locating" a thoroughbred, let it be understood that I only asserted that he imagines his diploma from the college invests him with a lightning-like rapidity for very fast and very bad sending, and still more alacrity in breaking; that he is an avowed exponent of cheap and nasty labor, and that no one has a right to criticise these accomplishments and aspirations. To be sure, in these degenerate days—when the taking of three messages without a break imparts an official solidity to one's character, and gives him a most decided social standing and vast commercial importance—it makes little difference to speak of "plugs." But, perhaps, our western friends are not aware that there are droves of sham plugs—abandoned individuals from the hod-carrying and other professions, the serenity of whose minds was never disturbed by Doctor Plummer's general orders—men who teach in high-toned colleges; men who willfully act and work as plugs merely to advance their own selfish interests; who carry bogus diplomas from mythical institutions, and hold it a "baseness to write fair;" men who write to our journals extolling the merits of superior officers, signing their own names in full to the communications, and who then mail a marked copy to the chief so eulogized; men who swear when the superintendent swears, and when he prays—which is seldom—they "shade their eyes with their hats, thus, and cry Amen."

Samson will hardly have the temerity to question the fact that some of these sham plugs get immense salaries, loan money at usurious rates, wear sparkling rings, and have even been known to come to the office in hired hacks; and that they have a key and sounder set up in the cellar at home to practice breaking during their leisure hours. But if Samson is going to take up the cudgels in their behalf, without drawing all the infinitesimal distinctions, and in the same letters tell more discreditable stories about them than ever I did, then they are lost indeed, for Samson is a man of genius and power.

Against those who have grown gray in the service—be they deft of finger or not—I have never uttered an unkind word. Their honorable record is their glory, and an old man staggering under the weight of years in the trench where, as a young brave, he did all his valiant service, deserves better than to be left to die there. I have said that much before, but I need not have said it. History records it in every chapter; it is the way of the world. The perpetual changing from the darkness of death to a vigorous and brilliant life, and back from life to an obscure death. Nature marks it well, and the apparently noxious decay and decomposition of the withered flower, which was but yesterday "in ripen'd bloom unmatched," to-day cunningly fertilizes the soil and nourishes its own successor. No forethought or prudence can arrest our natural decay and loss of vigor; therefore, we make no fun at its expense, no effort to permanently counteract it. But, we can weed out the stubble, and when we carelessly allow the weeds to grow our course will be against ourselves; and Samson should reflect on his patronymic of old, who, in confiding his secret to a Philistine, was shorn of his power; and the

blind and desolate old man in straining at the pillars pulled down upon friend and foe alike the ruins of their shelter. It is not often, thank goodness, that anybody lower than a chief operator drops into sentimentalism, for we are naturally a light-hearted set, and get enough of the dismal business in our daily turning of the squeaking crank; but when ye men of austerity and gloom greet every half-considered slipshod jovial expression of ours as rebellious fact, and with withering woe-begone expression frown upon us, we must for the nonce set aside the vagaries of mirth and song and meet them with a little essay of the forlorn order too.

Now, to show our friends "away off" by the setting sun that our grievances are not confined to the present glutted condition of the plug market, I might refer incidentally to some of our other troubles; remarking, at the same time, that it is *not* so on the Pacific Coast, where even the messenger boys are absolutely abashed by the reckless magnanimity of the native stock-brokers, chief operators, policemen, and others who hold positions of luxurious ease and comfort.

To open up a general question is a dangerous proceeding—for an operator. We should, therefore, divest ourselves of all prejudice, and if we are addicted to miners' red garments, doff them too; and, as a sort of necessary adjunct, we might previously inquire, by way of illuminating our perplexity and securing ourselves against disaster, how far the inquisition can be carried—by an operator. Certainly there can be no impropriety in boasting of our achievements; there can be no constructive insinuation in our warmly shaking hands with a modern manager who is standing aghast at the spectacle of his own feats of economy; there can be no implied sarcasm in tenderly commiserating him when he cogitates on the fair amount of work which by a surgical operation he extracts from a kennel of inexorable and jovial plugs. No one will forbid our observing that the telegraph is merely in its infancy, and, therefore, cherishes a good many flaws. A very slight smattering of history is sufficient to convince even the most lethargic conservative that the relations between ruler and ruled are often inharmonious, and that for those relations to be profitable to both, harmony should reign.

One of the chief bars to the latter state of affairs is our salary. Every observant telegrapher is aware that we are not permitted to apportion or adjust our own salaries, and, to us, history, or tradition bears no spectacle so degrading as a frowning Gessler paying off a lot of even California telegraphers without consulting them as to the amount which they desire. The high-born and delicately nurtured ambitious youth, who vainly sighs for a salary of \$300 per month and a stable of fast horses, will have a paltry fifty dollar bill flaunted in his face and be compelled to sign for it as payment in full for his services as a solid plug for one month; while the tight-fisted old Scrooger, who openly avers that he can live like a prince on \$50 dollars a month, and actually does subsist on \$30, is sarcastically set down on the pay-roll for \$300. The poor slip of a girl, who dreams she dwells in marble halls and has knights on bended knee all around her, is ruthlessly wiped out with a salary of \$20; while colonels and majors—hardy old war dogs, who desire nothing more invigorating than regulation pork and crackers, pining for nothing more peaceful than some forlorn hope to lead to victory, flaunting their tattered banners on the gory fields of Indiana while the hostile cannon is booming in front of them up in Maine—are, in bitter irony, scornfully set down in feathery berths, and forced to flourish their gilded and bloodless sabres amongst obstreperous plugs. Nor does this sort of mismanagement stop at discrimination in salaries. The most abject sham plug will not dare deny that this miserable *regime* is carried into the system of wire working. The poor wretched new arrival from Skowhegan who trembles at the click of a Morse sounder, is at once set down to the New York duplex; while the confident sham plug, who basks in official sunlight, and is wasting away for some one to salt him, is made to suffer all the mortification of a slow and very easy railroad wire. On election nights, when common law has established the precedent that lunch shall be served gratis to each man who has worked not less than 24 consecutive hours, knowing of our economical desires for only questionable oysters fried in tallow, and the old time slumgullion, they mock our yearnings with fricasseed fowl, French biscuit hot, glass of sparkling ale and Havana cigars.

Next to allowing a man to choose his own salary, his most natural wish is to have all creation know what the amount really is. We have demanded some such public recognition of our services for

many years, and even the novel form of etiquette in our discharge papers lately introduced is too wavering and weak a concession. Appreciating the popular thirst for knowledge of our affairs, we require a more public statement of the salaries paid us—a bell man or a transparency—than is afforded by the present testamentary document, notwithstanding its smell of cloves, its quaint spelling, its pungent wit and official humor. We are complimented, to be sure, by the assurance that the operators are the only persons in the business who could be trusted with such documents, as the temptation to "raise" the figures is very strong; but we are still inclined to think that "we hate to lose you—salary \$40" is a rather non-committal style of testifying that a man was not starved out of his native town. Why not add "for three years you have carried a faded green umbrella;" or, "on account of reduction of force we reluctantly part with you. You are incomparable as an operator. Salary \$45. Four hats were missed from the office during your term of service." This thing of having to go through your pockets for a badly written letter every time a man asks how much salary you draw is too tedious; and as the present system is a novelty introduced at our own demand, I have no doubt but what we can yet fix it so that merely his name and "salary \$50" will be printed on the bright blue sky of an Italian landscape chromo, and presented to the retiring telegrapher. This will enable him to hang it in his parlor, and save much quizzing on the part of his friends.

The invention of the testamentary document is the production of a gigantic mind, and it makes a genius weep to reflect on the waste of brains when its provisions are restricted to common operators. The auditor could still further utilize his postal card in notifying us of errors, by appending his salary, thus: "Jersey City checks you, etc. Salary \$5,000," and thus lure on aspiring plugs to salt their fellow man. Energetic and economy loving managers, in ordering their supplies, might say, semi-officially: "Please forward supply of No. 1 blanks. Salary \$150;" thus keeping his ridiculously low stipend constantly under the considerate eye of their superior. And finally, if official wire messages were made to read: "To Smith. Open No. 17 and say when. Salary \$125—sig. Green," we would soon attract attention to much of the squalor and poverty that now exists. If the patentee of the original device would have it thus extended, we might suspend for a time our clamoring for printed chromos, transparencies, and bell-men, for the purpose of advertising our salaries; for we would soon find the barbarous black list revolutionized; and a system of office life would slowly develop, wonderful for its martial discipline and penitential rigor.

WERNER.

Sending a Dog Over the Wire.

A good story comes from Norwalk, Conn. One day last week, a gaunt, slab-sided chap, with particles of hay-seed on his coat and in his tow-colored hair, stepped up to the telegraph office at the railroad depot, and asked if the boss was in. The operator assured him that he was, and his rural friend went on to relate that he lived up in Danbury, had come down from there that morning and had intended bringing his brother's dog, which a man in Norwalk wanted to buy, but had forgotten it, and wanted to know if the dog could be sent down from there by telegraph. The man of lightning seeing a good chance for a little fun, at once answered, "Certainly, sir, that is a matter of daily occurrence; all that is necessary for you to do is to give me a description of the dog so that no mistake can be made; call again in about half an hour, and the dog will be here. "It is a yellow dog with small ears, and is about so high," said the Granger, placing his hand about eighteen inches from the floor. He then took his departure with the remark that he would call again pretty soon. The operator then sent his message boy to look for a dog as near the description as possible, which he soon succeeded in finding. It was at once brought to the office and secured to the operator's desk by means of a piece of telegraph wire. After a little coaxing the dog was made to lie quietly down and everything was in readiness for our rural friend. Punctual to the time appointed he made his appearance, and asked if the dog had come. "I will see," said the operator, and stepping up to the instrument he tapped a few times on the key, at the same time inserting his leg under the desk, he managed to step on the dog's toes, which caused the canine to yelp. "Ah! he's coming," said the operator, and then tapping more furiously on the

key, he, at the same time, kicked the dog clean from under the table, who, not relishing this kind of treatment, barked furiously and ran around the office with the wire attached to his neck. "Fifty cents, sir," said the operator, turning around to the countryman. "Uncommon nice dog, must be worth fifty dollars; but he is the hardest dog I ever received over the wires; he is so muscular, you see, that he broke the wire, in fact a piece of it is now attached to his neck, which he broke off." During the whole of this operation the countryman gazed on the operator with eyes wide open and full of surprise; but when the dog came from under the table and was seen by the countryman, that was the culminating point, and he was struck with amazement. After looking at the dog a moment or so, he said, "Say mister, he ain't so big as he was, and he is darker, how is that?" "Oh! that is easily explained," said the operator; "you see the chemicals employed in making electricity of course darkens his original color, and the velocity with which he passes over the wire causes him to contract in size; but after you expose him to the air for a short time he will soon assume his original size and color." "Du tell," said the countryman, and, after placing fifty cents on the counter, picked up the dog and walked out of the office, remarking that "the man who invented them telegraphs must be a very knowledgeable man."

A Suicide's Touching Letter to her Reprobate Husband.

A very sad case of suicide, of which a telegrapher was the direct cause, is reported from Sedalia, Mo. It appears that last August, Eliza Ebelin left the house of her parents at Gibson Station, I. T., and fled to Denison, Texas, where she married an operator named T. G. Small, against the wish of her father. She lived happily with him for two months, when he left her there, and went to Sedalia in search of employment. About the latter part of September he secured the position of night operator on the Missouri Pacific Railroad at Washington. She heard where he was and went there to meet him. But learning of her coming he ran off. She then returned to Sedalia, heart-broken, and put up at the Ilgen House, December 11th. She arrayed herself in her bridal robes, took poison, and lay down and died with the last letter she had received from her husband clasped in her hand. In a large blank book was the following, directed to Small:

"The last act of my life, I say, George, I die for you. George, darling, why did your heart freeze against me, when you thought so much of me a short time since? We were so happy together, and now so miserable. Why do you deny me, George? You can deny me to the ears of men, but you cannot deny me to God. When death takes charge of your body, where will your soul be, George? Only think of this unforgiving deed I commit for you. Keep the ring on your hand, where I placed it. Let it never be removed from the hand that I have kissed so many times. When the glitters shines, think of Lida; when you meet a happy face, think of Lida; when you see one in distress, think of Lida; when you ever love another, think of Lida, and as long as you live, think of Lida, and when you come to die, then think of Lida. Never take another girl from her home and bring her to death. George, I would have forgiven you for your cold neglect of me, but you would not stand and see my face. George, my heart was true to you, and my affection for you as true as the snow that falls, and will be until the angel of cold death kisses my lips, which is but a few moments away. You will never forget me, George, dear, and never have reason to flee again. I am no more. I die with your last letter in my hand, and don't want them to take it away from me. I want this letter to go to the grave with me. Farewell, George, darling; I love you now! You have murdered Lida, and yet I love you! George, you are my husband; you know you are. I go to the grave that you may live. Will you drop one loving tear for me?"

"George, keep my trunk and clothing; that is all I have to leave to you. Take out all, and take care of them for the love you had for me; and in the blank book read the many words composed by my own lips and hands—your Lida. George, it is a hard battle between life and death, and I willingly prefer death rather than live without you. I am done with life, and now go down in prayer, and beg God to love you after I am dead. I now take my last drink. It is a glass of poison!"

THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Publisher.

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AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, in front of the Western Union Building.

WE always stop THE OPERATOR at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid; so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

WHENEVER an operator sees anything in his local paper which he thinks would interest the readers of THE OPERATOR, he will confer a great favor by marking the piece and mailing it to us, P. O. Box 3332 New York. Personals and items of telegraphic news solicited.

AN interesting article on the "New London Debating Society," from the pen of the genial Ruddy, whose "spicy letter written under difficulties" in last issue was so much admired, will appear in our next number.

WE have the honor of to-day presenting to our readers a portrait of the well-known telegrapher, Fred Catlin. Our next portrait will be that of our respected contributor, the genial "Nuf Ced," and will appear in our issue of February 1st.

QUITE a number of subscriptions expire with this and next issue. Renew now, while you think of it. You will lose nothing by so doing, for the time will be added to your present subscription. Remit early, and try and secure at least one or two others to send money at same time.

ANOTHER CONTINUED STORY.—We have in type the opening chapter of an interesting story of Western telegraph life. It will probably be commenced in the issue of February 1st. Send in your subscriptions now and secure this splendid story, as well as back numbers containing the commencement of "Was She Wrong?"

WE regret that an article reflecting upon a gentleman formerly connected with a local telegraph enterprise in this city appeared in the last issue of THE OPERATOR. It was copied from another journal as a matter of telegraphic news, and, contrary to our usual custom, printed without proper investigation as to its correctness. Subsequent investigation has convinced us that the article did the gentleman injustice, and was an incorrect and exaggerated story of a matter which has long since been satisfactorily adjusted, and which was now only revived principally to gratify personal animosity. As it is not the intention of THE OPERATOR willingly to do any one an injustice, we think it but fair to make this correction.

Conduct Over the Wire.

Some men, like some wires, are constantly in trouble. The current of their lives flows not peacefully and serenely forward, but is interrupted and broken by crosses and grounds of discord and discontent.

We will tell you how you will know one of them when you meet him. Personally he is generally a tip-top fellow, jolly, good natured, and full of fun, but over the wire he is gruff, snappish, fault-finding, disagreeable, and overbearing.

He seems to take it for granted that every one else on the wire is a plug but himself, and a quarrelsome, obstreperous, domineering plug at that. You cannot work with him for five minutes without becoming painfully aware of your own utter insignificance in a telegraphic point of view, and of his sublime transcendent merits as an operator.

He never adjusts his sending to the capacity of the person receiving, but dashes headlong forward and seemingly courts mistakes. The more he is "broken" the swifter and worse he sends. If he happens to have a message for Squedunk, an enterprising point, where perhaps on an average one unfortunate message is received every alternate day, he is not satisfied unless he can give the artist palpitation of the heart by rushing him to death. And he pays no more attention to that gentleman's heartrending "send slof" than a superintendent does to an application for increase of salary.

We formed the acquaintance of one of this class very early in our professional career. There were only two of us in the office, and during the time the operator was at dinner it devolved upon us to run the office alone. We had just graduated, and our sending probably lacked that confidence and firmness which only comes from experience and practice, while we couldn't perhaps receive more than—well, sixty or seventy words a minute.

The man at the repeating office, Devine by name—a most flagrant misnomer, by the way—didn't happen to have a particle of sympathy with us in our laudable endeavor to "win the wealth of fame, and write on memory's scroll a deathless name."

We recall to-day with a shudder the little "scene" that was sure to occur every day just as soon as the operator left. It was the only hour in the twenty-four when we felt literally alone in the world. We used sadly and silently to mount the high office stool, scarcely daring to move lest the noise might cause the fitful little sounder to call. And when it did call, with an abruptness that startled us, and a swiftness and persistency that made us think some terrible calamity must have happened, we dreaded that wire and that man so much that positively the sound almost stilled the beating of our heart. Slinking up to the key in abject terror and answering, in a shaky, jerky way that we could not avoid, there would come a conglomeration of dots and dashes that almost knocked us off our feet. Devine knew that the operator was at dinner, and wanted, we suppose, to make us aware of the fact also.

He generally reached period before we could sufficiently recover to break, and when we meekly suggested "Ahr," there would come over the wire so wild, unearthly a whirr-r-r that absolutely the very desks shook and trembled. We have thought since that perhaps at this moment poor Devine imagined he was applying the toe of his boot in

our vicinity! After a while he would start again fifty times more "immediate," if that were possible, than before. It was generally about this juncture that we opened the key, paused a moment for breath, and frankly told him that we couldn't read.

Then he would ask us to sign, as if he didn't know only too well who we were. Generally we accommodated him. His next question would always be where "the operator" was. On being told that he had gone to dinner, and that we were the only person in the office, his stereotyped reply was always: "Well, you're a nice article to run an office!" and we could almost imagine how he turned up his nose as he said it.

The message was generally finished after the operator returned from dinner. We could work every other wire in the office, and even stooped to rush less experienced youths than ourselves, but when it came to receiving from Devine we always stuck.

Devine is out of the business now. Another party whom he had similarly (ill) treated, and who was less bashful about bringing his grievances before official eyes than we were, reported Devine to the superintendent, and there being a number of similar complaints against him, he glided silently and unregretted from our midst. But are there not a few Devines still left? We have known men to "fight" with an office for three-quarters of an hour, go outside and walk up and down the platform of the depot to "cool off," and then go in and continue the quarrel with renewed vigor.

A clerk in his spare moments studied telegraphy. The manager liked him, and recommended the superintendent to appoint him to an operatorship. His salary had been only \$30 a month, but was then increased to \$50, and he was given an easy wire to work, one where he had only sending to do. But there was a Devine at the main office, and that gentleman, without waiting to give the struggling genius a chance, promptly notified the superintendent that he would not receive business from such a plug, and the poor fellow's salary was at once reduced to the former \$30 and himself sent back to his old position of clerk. And yet he was an unusually fine operator for his time. He ultimately secured an appointment as operator, but the panic came on and his salary could not be increased. Thus because of a little spleen a very worthy and really first-class operator worked for several years for less than one-half of what he might otherwise have received.

We don't want to encourage plugism at all, but have operators at small offices no rights which the efficient city artist is bound to respect? Are men to be abused and "bulldozed" simply because lacking experience and opportunity, they cannot receive a mixture erroneously styled Morse in as short a time or with as few breaks as the relaying or main office thinks they should?

Let us have less of this miserable quarrelling over the wires during the coming year. It is productive only of evil to all concerned. It makes the men you work with worse instead of better, and does not improve either your own Morse or temper. And a man who contracts the habit of kicking up rows over the wire finds it a difficult thing to get rid of.

Of course these remarks are not general. Every telegrapher is not a Devine. There are, we are happy to say, many honorable exceptions, and if

you like, dear reader, you can consider yourself one of them. But try if in the future you cannot be even more agreeable over the wire than you have been in the past. Remember the golden rule, Do unto others, especially less experienced members of the craft, as you would have them do unto you, were you in their position and they in yours. Let us try in future to make the life of every one we work with happy, and to carry sunshine wherever we go, and see how much pleasanter our own lives will be, and how much more every one will think of us.

A Word to Our Friends.

With this issue and next quite a number of subscriptions expire. We hope that the parties will not only promptly renew their own, but that they will each endeavor to send us the subscriptions of at least one or two new subscribers. When the quality of the reading we furnish is taken into account, it must be confessed that the price of the paper is not excessive—less than ten and one-half cents a month, or, where back numbers are sent from November 1st to new subscribers free, less than nine cents per month. That the paper should be in the hands of every telegrapher in the land, all will admit.

Won't our present subscribers do all they can to increase our circulation during the coming year, and do it now? About four thousand new names were added to our list during the past year. Why cannot we get as many more this? We shall endeavor to make the paper more than twice as interesting as it has ever before been. Remember that every new subscription we receive will enable us to make a so much better and more entertaining paper. Therefore send us all you can.

Will each of our readers do us the favor to send his copy of this issue, after reading it, to some operator whom he thinks is not now a subscriber, with a note inviting him either to send a yearly subscription to them or direct to this office. If every one will do this we shall have a very large influx of subscribers, and we promise that we shall fully reciprocate by improving the paper in proportion to the increased patronage.

Our friends can also very materially assist us by starting a copy, with a note attached explaining the object of sending the paper, its principles, the desirability of operators subscribing, the price, and instructions where to remit, with a request, after reading, to forward to next station, to be from there reforwarded as before. In this way agents, with a single copy, have secured as many as twenty, and sometimes forty, yearly subscriptions. Try it. You can get up a club if you put your mind to it.

We wish it distinctly understood that as many copies as may be desired for canvassing purposes can always be had free, and postage prepaid, by dropping a note to this office. We will also forward, free, specimen copies to as many names as may be sent us. Send for copies, and get up a club. The premiums offered are exceedingly liberal, and the goods in each case strictly first-class. Now is the time to get up clubs. Do not delay, but go to work at once.

Are you getting up a club for THE OPERATOR? If not, you ought to be. It is a paper which every telegrapher wants. See how many you can induce to become subscribers.

Exercise for Telegraphers.

If there is any one class of men who require physical exercise more than another they are telegraphers. Constantly sitting or stooping over a desk for nine or ten hours a day will very speedily effect the health of even the most robust, if something be not done toward supplying fresh vitality. There is nothing now before the public so beneficial for this purpose, or so specially applicable to telegraphers, as the Goodyear Pocket Gymnasium or Exercising Tubes, advertised on another page. They can be used sitting, standing, or in a reclining position, and one never tires using them. It is a real pleasure, instead of, as with some of the heavier appliances, a fatigue, while the benefits to be derived from a few minutes' use of the tubes every day are incalculable. They have superseded, to a great extent, every other exercising apparatus, and are very strongly recommended by physicians. Read the advertisement, page 12.

The Secrecy of Telegraph Dispatches.

One of the most important items of telegraphic news since our last issue is the recent action of the House of Representatives in demanding from the Western Union Telegraph Company certain dispatches transmitted over its wires, which are supposed to have some bearing upon election frauds.

A committee of the House, at present in New Orleans investigating the late election in that State, served subpoenas upon several Western Union employes, directing them to produce messages supposed to have been sent and received by a number of prominent politicians. The company, regarding the dispatches as confidential, declined to give them up, Mr. Orton telegraphing to the Chairman of the Committee, Hon. W. R. Morrison, that he did not consider it proper that the officers and agents of the company should lay aside the business in which they were engaged to become spies and detectives upon and informers against the customers who had reposed in them the gravest confidences regarding both their official and private life. He did not believe that Congress, with the matter fairly before it, would permit committees to violate the secrecy of the telegraph, and until Congress had approved the subpoenas it had been decided respectfully to decline to produce any dispatches.

This refusal was communicated to the House and the matter referred to the Judiciary Committee, who reported December 20th, affirming the power of the House to compel the production of books, papers, and telegrams material to the investigation before the Committee.

The matter was thoroughly discussed by the Executive Committee of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city the same day. It was resolved that the officers and employes of the company should be instructed that they are not the custodians of the dispatches received for transmission over the wires, and that they are not empowered to take action concerning their disposal. That duty and responsibility the Executive Committee assumes. At a meeting of the directors, two days later, this action of the Executive Committee was ratified.

Heretofore the rule has been to destroy all dispatches after a given time, but the originals were preserved until the current accounts were settled, they being the only vouchers in the checking system of receipts. The dispatches were formerly preserved for two years, but lately it was reduced to six months. This time will probably be shortened soon. The directors instructed the Executive Committee to destroy the originals in future as soon as possible after their transmission. It has been said that messages will be destroyed on the day after their transmission, if that becomes necessary to secure privacy. President Orton says that no step of this kind has been taken yet, although he does not deny that it will be.

After this action by the directors Mr. Orton telegraphed the House of Representatives that, as he had now no control over the dispatches, he was unable to produce them. Thus the matter stands for the present. How it may end remains to be seen. The Western Union certainly deserve credit for so persistently guarding the secrets of its patrons and the important confidence reposed in it. The press of both political parties unanimously indorse the company's action.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

Errors are good examples.

Born, lived, and died, sum up the great epitome of man.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold and silver.

Love is the ladder on which we climb to the likeness of God.

Time's chariot wheels make their road in fairest faces.

If you blow your neighbor's fire, don't complain if the sparks fly in your face.

The hues of bliss more blightly glow, chastened by sober tints of woe.—Gray.

To be beaten yet not broken; to be victorious yet not vanquished, this is our life.

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

Just in proportion that a man can be counselled of his blunders, just so there is hope for him.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Some good, loving, self-sacrificing deed will transform the homeliest face into beauty and sanctity.

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we try to grasp it, it still eludes us and still glitters.

No man can long keep locked up in his heart a strong desire to do good; it will show itself in action.

Death is more desirable than a wicked life; and not to be born is better than to lead a disgraceful life.

Things right in themselves are more likely to be hindered than advanced by an injudicious zeal for promoting them.

The darkness of night helps us to see the bright stars—the darkness of adversity or sorrow helps us to see God and heaven.

If a man cannot pick up knowledge enough of the world in a year to satisfy him, he may in an hour discover enough to sicken him.

The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities.

When all is done human life is at the greatest and the best, but like a forward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

If peace is not to be found at home, is it not natural to expect that we should look for it abroad? The parents and husbands who know not this may be brought to repent of their ignorance.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.

When nations can subdue their enemies by their manners, the instruments of war may be destroyed. This is possible; for the lowest ruffian pays a sort of respect to principle, character, forbearance, and non-resistance.

How many have found solitude, not as Cicero calls it, the pabulum of the mind, but the nurse of their genius! How many of the world's most sacred oracles have been uttered like those of Dodona, from the silence of the deep woods!

The Church fears nothing that blowpipe or telescope or microscope can reveal. Make the fires hotter, exalt the powers of the telescope and intensity that of the microscope, so that the veil may be lifted from the yet unseen; the Church will stand by this unavailing, and put every flash of truth in the crown of Him who is "Lord of all." It will but add to her joy and her faith.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Was She Wrong; or, Electrical Courtship.

AN ENGLISH TELEGRAPHIC LOVE STORY AMERICANIZED.

PART SECOND.

Ancient Arcadia was supposed to be a land of simple shepherds, shepherdesses, and of village innocence. The unsophisticated swains would hover gracefully around their spotless flocks, alternately playing musical strains of touching *nuvee* and pastoral beauty, and joining in a sweet chorus, all in praise of the sweets of country life, with their fair rustic belles.

The rural and romantic address of Diana's residence was, therefore, an unmistakable misnomer. Arcadia Villa was a small, but stuck-up bow-windowed, seven-roomed, red brick structure, squeezed in the middle of a long row of houses precisely similar, in a new, out-of-the-way street, which a fantastic builder had imaginatively christened Sylvan Grove.

As for Forest Glen, the road from whence the aforesaid street branched, not a vestige of verdure or greensward was to be found for miles around, to indicate to the curious wayfarer where the mythical forest or glen had flourished, unless a lop-sided bit of patchy, treeless common over the way, whereon lean donkeys grazed and wastrel boys tumbled, could be so designated.

Mrs. Guileless lived in this favored spot with her son and two daughters, of whom Diana was the youngest. The old lady had been widowed years ago, and had since eked out a struggling existence upon a small annuity left by her husband, now well-comely supplemented by her son Robin's salary as a town traveller for a gigantic warehouse in Cotton-waste Alley, and our heroine's magnificent stipend of twelve telegraphic shillings—or, say three dollars—weekly. The eldest daughter, Miriam, was not very strong, and so remained at home as commander-in-chief of the household regiment, consisting of one very diminutive and grimy maid-of-all-work—or “slavey,” as she was shingly denominated by Diana's beau, Cochrane Starter—and an occasional contingent in the wrinkled and steaming shape of a gin-loving charwoman.

We have seen Mr. Starter waylay Diana in the City Road, while pleasantly ruminating over her latest *tele a tele* by telegraph.

Being a distant relation—something a little nearer in kin than the proverbial forty-second cousin—and for the present located under her mother's roof as a cross between a “young man lodger” and a guest, having business in the city which he somehow managed to conclude generally about the time when Diana was “off duty,” and being besides her avowed admirer, if not yet exactly her “intended”—no fault of his if he wasn't—it was not unnatural that cousin Cochrane should thus throw himself in her way when he got the chance, was it? He even had the unheeded audacity, at first, to present himself regularly at the “office” of an evening, and loaf about till his innamorata made her exit from the Electric Halls of Dazzling Lightning. If she had to “do an hour” extra, he would not stickle even at inquiring for her from people about the building, and would patiently moon up and down the busy street, “running himself in” to a refreshment bar occasionally (he said) when his anxiety became too distressing! But Diana put a stop to it. The girls chaffed her about him, displayed greater interest in him and his looks than she thought becoming; and some of the faster damsels actually “made eyes” at him, and used to bother her for an introduction! Although she hardly acknowledged that she was at all in love with, or jealous of, her pseudo cousin, she couldn't exactly stand that. Consequently she issued positive commands—most meekly received—that “he really mustn't. She didn't much mind if he met her occasionally—say, somewhere about the ‘Angel’—but she decidedly objected to being constantly ‘called for,’ as if she were a child at a juvenile party!” And thus it came to pass that Cochrane—who was irreverently, if affectionately, styled “Cocky,” for short, by Robin Guileless and other gentlemen friends—constituted himself a sort of policeman of love, with the City Road for his beat; but gradually, and as if unconscious of his proximity, extending it nearer and nearer to the city itself, till warned further off by his unrelenting lady-love, as soon as he came too close.

Until this evening his presence had been welcome to her, and his lively, if somewhat rapid, conversation about horses and bets—for “sport” was a passion with him, almost rivalling his attachment to herself—mingled with compliments generally expressed in the language of the turf, were kindly

enough received. To-night, however, she felt pre-occupied, she scarcely knew why; and her “flash” young relative's unromantic observations jarred upon her refined notions more than ever.

Therefore, she ill-treated him.

“Hullo, Di!” he was ejaculating, boisterous and loud, as usual, “You are looking uncommon down in the mouth to-night, though as spanking a little thorough bred as ever pranced. I'll tell you something to cheer you up. You know I put a sov. on White Dobbin, down at Hampton, yesterday. Well, I knew he was a clipper, and I pulled it off all right!”

“But why did you pull it off again, Cochrane?” she inquired, demurely. “Were you afraid he would run away with your ‘sov.’ as you term it?”

He stared at her roguish face, and laughed a little, compassionately.

“No, no! I mean I pulled off the bet, that is, I won it, don't you twig? He was such a slashing white nag that I spotted him as soon as I clapped eyes on him.”

“You shouldn't have spotted the poor thing,” she said, reproachfully, but with a twinkle in her dark eye. “What did you do it with? I'm sure the horse must have looked much better all white.”

“Oh, hang it all, Di, you know what I mean well enough. You're only chaffing me, I believe; but you won't rile me this journey, my pretty little filly. What makes you so doosidly ‘out o' collar’ to-night, Di dear?”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Starter,” she replied, coldly, “I believe I donned my usual quantity of collar this evening,” putting her little hand up to her rounded throat; “and be good enough not to call me ‘filly’ and ‘dear’ again. I don't like it. Pray let us make haste, ma'ma is waiting for me.”

Poor Cochrane whistled despairingly. He walked along quite downcast, not understanding the situation; and thinking “how jolly fractious she is to-night. No holding her in.”

She could not help snubbing him somehow. Her thoughts were strangely at variance with her perplexed cousin's shallow and rather vulgar interjections just at present. She knew him to be a kind-hearted, amiable, and patient fellow, with “no harm in him,” in spite of all his Bohemian ways; she considered him a decidedly good-looking, not to say stylish, young spark, creditable as a cavalier servente; and one who “worshipped the turf” she trod, as he expressed it; still, he was not her style. He did not understand poetry, laughed at sentiment, only tolerated music, was “bored” by novels—in fact, never read anything more elevated than “Bell's Life” or the “Sportsman,”—and was, generally anything but intellectual.

Diana, on the contrary, was intensely romantic, and felt there was no community of soul between her and her cousinly admirer. Therefore, her mind kept harping upon George Byrne and his passionate declaration; and as soon as they reached the New Arcadia, she retired to her own little room to peruse the crumpled “Morse” slips containing the amatory avowals of her distant swain, building grand castles in the air about him the whole night long!

Starter, the Dejected, did not know what to make of it. He beheld a marked change in his adored one's manner and treatment of his attentions which he ransacked his not too well stocked brain to account for in vain. His heart sank into his boots, and he was morbidly miserable in consequence. He felt, as he said mournfully, “pretty considerably sat upon.” Noticing Diana, the Inconstant, later on, patiently pouring over some mysterious slips of paper, he wondered if they could have anything to do with his discomfiture, and wished to goodness he could read what the confounded ribbon said to her to make her flush and dream so!

Di was not prepared for the surprise that awaited her at the office next morning; albeit she had felt a fluttering at the heart when she arrived there that appeared unaccountable.

A letter, bearing an elegant monogram “G. G. B.” engraved upon the envelope and paper, and directed in a bold flowing caligraphy, was presented to her with a knowing smirk by one of the juniors. She opened it with a shaky hand, and read as follows:

“Hardwaretown-cum-Scissors,
“23d August, 186—

“MY DEAR MISS GUILLESS,

“Trembling with apprehension lest I may have offended you, I seize the earliest moment to crave your forgiveness for my rash and abrupt address to you this evening. I tried hard to repress the avowal of my tumultuous feelings while talking to you, but they were too warm—too powerful to be

restrained. Had I happily basked in the sunshine of your lovely presence, I know I could never have dared to make my secret known; but your generous and unexpected kindness in so amiably conversing with me surprised my thankful heart, and elicited sentiments which otherwise might for ever have remained buried in my longing breast. May I venture to consider myself forgiven? and can I possibly entertain even the faintest hope that when you know me better you will not deem me unworthy of being the lowliest but most ardent of your many admirers? Should you still feel inclined to resent my boldness, I can only implore you, in the poet's pleading prayer, to

“Forget, forget that night's offense,
“Forgive it, if alas! you can;
“Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
“Twas all the best and worst of man!”

“That moment did the mingled eyes
“Of heaven and earth my madness view,
“I should have seen through earth and skies,
“But you alone, but only you!”

“But if, fortunately, your clemency be extended to me, and your charitable heart bid me not despair, then, divine Diana! shall I joyfully exclaim again in the same songster's inspired verse (although I am still separated from your beauty and affection by almost insurmountable barriers):

“Oh! I have found my all at last
“In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
“Through which the soul hath ever passed
“Its harmonizing breath of fire!”

“All that my best and wildest dream,
“In fancy's hour could hear or see
“Of music's sigh or beauty's beam,
“Are realized at once in thee!”

“But I vainly delude myself with flattering visions, I fear. How could you, so supremely attractive—so universally admired, cast a kind thought upon one so unworthy as I? Yet although a stranger, obscure and unfortunate, I can never cease to think of and revere you, hoping against hope, loving without being loved. Pray pardon me, nevertheless, most adorable of your sex, and, for pity's sake, speak to me (electrically) as kindly as you can. Life will seem a blank until to-morrow, when I shall know with rapture that your lily hand presses that blessed but insensible key which forms the only link, the most precarious, but precious, union between us.

“Again, begging forgiveness for my presumption, I venture timidly, but not despairingly, to sign myself,

“Ever your humble but fervent worshipper,
“GEORGE GORDON BYRNE.”

Such was Diana's first love-letter!

A pretty little sprig of “forget-me-not” fluttered to her shapely feet as she turned the last page of this tender, but ultra-sentimental epistle. She hastily picked it up, furtively kissed the appropriate floral offering, and placed it in her dress, close to her agitated little heart, then proceeded toward the instrument-room, disturbed and excited, murmuring softly, “Have I, then, found my ideal at last?”

A long “Morse” conversation, unnecessary to transcribe *verbatim*, ensued at the earliest possible moment, you may feel sure, on that momentous X. Q. wire. She chid him (gently) for his audacity. He pleaded and protested in words so fiery and eloquent, painting his passion so vividly, arguing his case so powerfully, portraying his love so charmingly, that no girl, romantic and sensitive as Diana was, could help at least forgiving and compassionating him. So she pardoned and pitied him. We know what feeling pity is akin to; therefore, thus far, George was triumphant, and (he said) his dreams were resplendently happy!

That much tried pocket carried home, evenings in succession, bundles of paper records of her far-off lover's vows. She carefully preserved and religiously read them again and again in her Islington Arcadia, much to the mystification of Mamma and sister Miriam, and to the hearty disgust of her slighted Sylvan swain, poor “Cocky.”

It will not be food for wonder that, at length, after victorious struggles with prudence and propriety, who didn't make at all a tough fight of it, Diana consented to write to Mr. Byrne, in answer to almost daily *billets-doux*, tender, poetical, and effusive, which she had vainly endeavored to stop. Besides, one morning she received an elegantly-bound copy of Byron's “Childe Harold,” which George was constantly quoting from, as he often told her there was a resemblance between his own character and feelings, if not appearance, and those of his favorite poet.

Another day would bring a neat little box of flowers, the meanings of which, in horticultural language, she used to seek out, and discover that

they expressed the most ardent affection and elevated sentiments.

Thus, she could not reasonably refuse, she thought, just to write a short note in return, thanking him, and also casually enclosing her latest (and best) carte-de-visite. George responded by sending *his* protograph, which appeared so eminently satisfactory, that soon a regular correspondence was established, and poor Starter was completely left out in the cold.

That deluded young man's state of mind can be more easily imagined than described. He declared, solemnly, that he was "off his feed." Billiards had now no charm for him. Beer and 'baccy even failed to console him. "Straight tips," "morals," and "good things" were unto him but abominations. No longer did he rejoice and feel glad in reading vivid descriptions of a "rattling mill" between Jem Moss and the Bloomsbury Bhoys. "Exciting finishes" and "dead heats" seemed to him but so much bosh. Music halls, with their charms of comic swells and padded lady princes, vexed his soul instead of cheering him, for his darling Diana would have nothing more to do with him.

Much he reflected upon the cause of her cruelty, and vainly strove to find any tangible reason why he should suddenly have become distasteful to her sight. He could find no rival to encounter, for she spent her evenings reading or writing. Constantly communing with himself upon this all-absorbing topic, and he could only vaguely consider those hateful slips as the cause of his anguish, and roam wearily about, trying to unravel the mystery.

Sauntering listlessly past the Telegraph Station one afternoon, he was suddenly illuminated by a "happy thought."

While waiting for Diana's coming out on happy evenings, now, alas! past, he had struck up a casual acquaintance with a young fellow, a telegrapher, who had kindly informed him at what hour she was off duty when she had chanced to be detained working extra. In return for his obliging information, Starter had generously "liquored up" the electric youth, by name Tom Picker, at the "Foot-man's Feet," close by.

He now saw the identical Picker going into a rival bar, the "Red Shoe," presumably for dinner, and, following him in, bluntly inquired if he could teach him to read the Morse alphabet. Picker guessed he could. After mutually imbibing some social malt, appointments were made, lessons followed, and, in a week, Starter, who had now but one object in life, the unravelling of Diana's mysterious coldness and passion for bundles of blue slips of paper, covered all over with hideous hieroglyphics, found himself quite an adept in telegraphic signals. He could actually read them "straight off the reel" at a speed of about a word and a half per minute, if the "sending" was good.

His next step in this nefarious conspiracy was to bribe Sarah Jane, the juvenile and dusty domestic, with a sixpence or two, and one very reluctant salute, to procure him some of the precious strips which Diana left trustingly in her room. He was successful. The traitorous handmaiden brought him a dozen yards or so, declaring "she durstn't prig any more, 'cos Miss Di would smell a rat," and Starter instantly closeted himself with the mystic scrolls, passing many feverish hours in deciphering their tender contents and transcribing them vengefully on a large sheet of foolscap. His hair stood on end like porcupine quills, with jealousy and rage, as he translated the passionate protestations and loving language transmitted over miles of precarious wire by the too-responsive telegraph. He ground his teeth as he thought of the rapture with which his sentimental, but false, beloved, had, no doubt, read them. His agonizing task completed, he rushed down stairs, a crumpled roll of slips in one hand and the faithful copy of the context thereof in the other. Feeling that a momentous crisis had arrived in his existence, he determined to confront, confound her, and to demand an explanation.

Tragically opening the sitting-room door, he beheld the object of his search. She was there alone, as he hoped to find her—graceful, elegant, bewitching! But she was eagerly reading over another batch of those detestable ribbons!

"Now all the pleasure known to simple swains,
All his joyous meetings on the plains,
All his evening sport from him is fled,
All his love is lost, for love is dead!"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Echoes From 197.

Ed. Gordon is back again.

Billy Lewis is in town looking for a job.

Fred Baldwin is the best receiver on the day force.

Bagley's health is considerably better than it was in the fall.

Messrs. Maver and Cleverdon have just returned from their wedding trips.

Notice the graceful manner which Kearney's Ulster carries him around.

Charley Howlett has been transferred from the 5 to 12 to a regular day trick.

Charley Cottrell was in this city a few days since on his way to New Orleans.

Van Hollenger has entirely recovered from a severe case of inflammatory rheumatism.

If Jim Calahan could telegraph as well as he can draw, New York office wouldn't hold him.

Roscoe Sprague makes the most superb copy of any operator in New York.

Out of respect for the ladies, tobacco chewing is strictly prohibited in the operating-room.

Gilly looks as bright as a new quarter. He gave thirteen dollars for the suit and twenty cents for the hair oil.

The ladies at 197 are making enough embroidered slippers to stock a Broadway shoe store for several years to come.

All that keeps Geo. Cummings on earth is his boots and sleeve buttons. Take them off and he will go up like a rocket.

Chief David R. Downer recently acted as examiner of the graduating class of lady telegraphers at the Cooper Institute.

Johnny Moffatt has resumed duty; he has been ill at his home in Pennsylvania for nearly three months past and had a very rough siege of it.

Too much "hilarity" on Thanksgiving Day in the Ladies Department caused the temporary suspension of two prominent lady operators.

Mr. L. R. Hallock's absence from duty a few days caused much excitement, as it was rumored that he was one of the victims of the Brooklyn fire.

Fred Rector and Theo. Williams in New York, and Ed. Foote and Charley Smith in New Orleans work the new duplex between these cities—when it works.

The Law Telegraph Company has secured the right to run wires over the new Brooklyn Bridge, and have now a No. 10 wire stretched from pier to pier.

The latest resignations at 197 are those of Messrs. Eddy, Osborne, and Story, and the latest arrivals Messrs. Morrow, of Memphis, and Dennin, of New Haven.

The new (5 to 12) trick has become very popular. Messrs. Weedon, Sheehan, Jackson, and Jones say it is the best trick in the office. It is a good thing to be satisfied.

The Boston men think that Joe Wood is very "immediate." The way he makes the old men get around is a refreshing sight to the slow-plodding plug.

About a dozen operators receiving small salaries have had an extra job on the city line, nights; but economy being the order of the day this service has been for the present abolished.

Walter Richmond, a promising young operator, was the recipient, on Christmas, of a handsome hair watch chain, elegantly mounted. The donor was one of Brooklyn's fair daughters.

Several parts of the ceiling of the operating room which were ruined by a leak of the water pipes, have been repaired and newly frescoed, thus restoring the room to its pristine glory.

A morbid desire for originality prompts big Steve to still wear a white necktie. The southern operators have appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. Welch and Baldwin, to "bull-doze" him.

The Western Union has opened a new office in the "Buyer's Exchange," top floor of Carter and Hawley's new building, 102 Water and 136 Pearl streets, under the popular management of Mr. R. M. Mattocks. Mr. Mattocks does a very fine business, running strong competition with Manager Stewart of the Board of Trade office, 96 Wall Street. He works a duplex during 'change hours. The office call is "Bx."

Mr. L. E. Weller, the deservedly popular marine chief, was presented with a turkey, by the boys, on Christmas. The head and legs were of the usual size, but the body of the bird was diminutive. Mr. W. briefly expressed his thanks.

Mr. Orton says that if it becomes necessary to secure privacy he will destroy messages one day after transmission. If this state of things comes to pass, visions of large yellow envelopes and changed checks will cease to disturb the dreams of ye intelligent operators.

A Joke that the Student Did Not Relish.

An esteemed friend and contributor in Milwaukee sends us what he calls a good joke. Two operators on one of the railroad lines centering in that city—one a gentlemanly, accommodating person, the other peevish and disagreeable—quarrelled over the wires, as operators, we regret to say, sometimes do. Complimentary remarks were exchanged from day to day, and the ill-feeling grew so intense that finally a challenge to settle the matter by what used to be called the manly art was given and accepted. They were only five miles apart, and the churlish individual proposed to come down to his enemy's office by the train arriving at 5:50, settle the difficulty to that person's entire satisfaction, and return satisfied and, he hoped, victorious, by the 6:10.

"Will you surely be on hand?" he asked, after he had related his plans.

"I shall be happy to see you," was the reply.

"O. K.," and all was quiet.

Now, he of the gentlemanly disposition thought he would play a joke on his friend. He has a student, an ambitious, precocious youngster, plug enough to run the office for an hour or so in an emergency, and ever willing to volunteer for such service. He told Charlie that his sister, whom he had not seen for years, had just come to town, and wishing to spend the balance of the afternoon with her, he would have to leave him alone for awhile. Charlie was delighted.

"Go ahead," he replied, "I'll do the business up brown."

Left alone, Charlie procured a newspaper, fixed himself comfortably in the chair, with his feet on the operating table, and commenced, as students sometimes do, to transmit, as he was pleased to call it, at a high rate of speed. Presently along came the train, and with it the belligerent gentleman from a distance—a chap of twenty, about six feet high, and to all appearance a Granger. Proceeding at once to business, he gruffly asked as he reached the window whether the operator was in. Charlie, utterly unconscious of the position of affairs, answered gaily:

"Yes, sir, I'm the operator—a fly man, too. Anything I can do for you, sir? Here's some blanks you can write your message on, and I'll knock it down quicker'n you can wink."

This speech completely surprised the visitor. Again inquiring if he was the operator, and being once more assured that he was, the churlish gentleman muttered, "You're my man," and catching the fly man by the coat-collar, shook him vigorously and threw him heavily upon the floor, with the injunction to be more careful in future how he talked over the wire. The luckless Charlie was so completely taken aback that he couldn't utter a word, but submitted to the chastisement, which was kept up for fully fifteen minutes, like a little hero, until at last the other thought he had had enough and let him up, stepping upon the platform himself and jumping aboard the 6:10 train which was just coming in, and no doubt returned home with the consciousness of a duty well performed.

In a few minutes the regular operator came in, and laughed heartily when he saw Charlie's disfigured face and dilapidated appearance. That hopeful, who acted in a manly fashion throughout, went home, and didn't trouble the office again for several days. The operator laughed long and boisterously over the matter, and next day informed the "other fellow" how beautifully he had been duped. That gentleman expressed sorrow for so badly ill-treating the innocent student, and actually apologized to Charlie for it, much to that youth's surprise. The operator who escaped the beating by his strategy explained that it was all a joke, and all three shook hands over it, and are now the best of friends. This may have been a joke to the two operators, but it strikes us it was a little rough on poor Charlie, and it should certainly be a lesson to all students who may read it.

The German telegraph authorities are about to lay a direct cable between Berlin and Kiel.

The Wire for the East River Bridge.

Proposals for furnishing the 6,800,000 pounds of wire needed for the four great cables of the East River bridge were canvassed by the trustees Dec. 27th. The contract, which is the largest ever known for wire, has excited much interest in manufacturing circles. Among others, Richard Johnson & Nephew, Manchester, England, through L. G. Tillotson & Co., New York, offer to supply the wire at 13 1/2 cents per pound. The wire is No. 8 gauge, about the size of ordinary telegraph wire, made of steel and galvanized. Samples accompanied each bid. These samples were put to severe tests by the engineer. The test required it to bear a strain of 3,400 pounds to the square inch, and to stretch 3 1/2 per cent. The chief engineer announced that the Johnson wire was the best, having stood the severest tests. Wire was offered at a lower price by other firms; much of it stood the test in some instances, but in many of the trials broke.

Social of the Direct United States Cable Staff

The staff employed in the operating department of the Direct United States Cable Company, this city, held their annual Christmas Social Meeting at the residence of one of the members on Friday evening, December 22d. After partaking of a sumptuous supper they adjourned to the sitting-room, whereupon Manager F. H. Cavalier, who has resigned and leaves the telegraph circle to enter business in Ceylon, India, as a "coffee Planter," was presented by the staff with two elegantly bound volumes of "Picturesque America," with appropriate remarks of their earnest esteem and appreciation of the kind and gentlemanly manner in which he had acted during his connection with the office, and with best wishes for his success and future welfare. Mr. Cavalier replied in a few very appropriate and earnest remarks. The usual toasts, songs, and speeches were given and responded to, and the staff dispersed at an early hour in the morning, one and all having enjoyed what they would call a jolly time.

More A. and P. New Lines.

The new wires of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company were completed to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and communication established with Boston at 6.30 P. M., Dec. 13th. The first message was sent at 6.40 P. M., by Miss Mary R. Sanborn, formerly manager of the A. & P. Concord office, and received in Boston by Mr. Thomas Finan, the genial night manager at St. Johnsbury. Connection is made with the Vermont International Co., whose lines touch many principal points in Vermont. The connection with Montreal will be completed in a few days. By the completion of this important link the Atlantic and Pacific Co. are put in communication for the first time with Vermont stations, and the citizens of that State may congratulate themselves upon the success of the enterprise. The tariff has been reduced to 25c., the usual New England rate, which meets with general satisfaction.

The evening of Dec. 13th was very pleasantly spent by the operators along the line between St. Johnsbury and Boston, in exchanging congratulations and greetings. When communication is completed with Montreal, one of the wires will be worked duplex between Boston and that city.

The line between Bristol and St. Johnsbury has been under process of construction about four weeks, under the supervision of Mr. O. F. Swift. The work, notwithstanding the stormy weather during the past few days, has been vigorously pushed forward and rapidly completed. XENTA.

THERE are in every town and city a number of persons interested, though not engaged, in telegraphy, connected with private lines, etc. We will consider it a great favor if our friends will take the trouble to draw the attention of such persons to the claims of THE OPERATOR, suggest to them the benefits they may derive from its constant perusal, and solicit their subscription. We should like to reach this class, and can not do it without the aid of our readers. Will they help us?

MANSFIELD, O.:—G. B. A. Yours 25th to A. T. Stewart & Co., signed Chipley, can't find. DAULER, N. Y., 26th.

Well, that's a good one! We always had an idea that A. T. Stewart & Co. were pretty well known in New York, or at least that they could be found in the directory, but it seems not. Can it be possible that some of the New York men had "too much Christmas?" MANAGER.

Baltimore Notes.

In the First Baptist Church, at seven o'clock P. M., November first, 1876, there was a brilliant and fashionable assemblage to witness the nuptials of Mr. Samuel D. Sprigg, operator W. U. office, Baltimore, and Miss Lillie V. McGowan, same city. The bride was attired in a handsome traveling costume and the groom in a black dress suit. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Leghorn. At the conclusion of the ceremony the wedding party proceeded in carriages to the Philadelphia depot and the newly married couple left upon their wedding tour to the Centennial and New York.

Thomas L. Clinton, of the W. U. main office, resigned his position here to accept one with same company at Rock Island, Illinois. Harry Marsh has been transferred from "Gh" office to fill his place. Jx.

California Notes.

DEAR OPERATOR:

Perhaps a word from this burg would not be out of place. Los Angeles is one of the liveliest telegraphic centers in the country. Both companies are running strong opposition, and both doing a fine business. The A. and P. Co. are nearing the completion of their second wire between here and San Francisco. When it is completed they will have twenty of the finest wires on the coast. They also shortly intend extending their lines from the present terminus of the railroad into Arizona.

William M. Allison, Jr., for some time night man in the W. U. office, has resigned and accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Los Angeles Evening Express. The Express is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of so valuable an addition to their staff. The W. U. force now consists of G. Q. Stewart, manager, Jake Smith, Frank Kingsbury, and Frank Prescott, operators, with R. R. Haines, Superintendent Southern California District. The A. and P. Company's force consist of S. W. Knapp, manager, E. W. Emery and Tom McCaffrey operators. At the S. P. R. R. Depot, Mr. J. Lockwood, formerly of Wadsworth, Nev., officiates as train dispatcher. More anon. BABE.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 1876.

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. V. Burke signs Bu for the W. U. Co., Belden, Ohio.

Mr. Wm. Montgomery is agent and operator at De Soto Station, Kas.

W. H. Moulthrop is operator for A. and P. Co. at Wilmington, Cal.

Luke Wilson is agent and operator S. P. R. R. Co., at Keene, Cal.

F. T. Osborne, of Davenport, Ia., runs the machine nights at Sarlock, Cal.

Mr. W. J. Curtis is the night operator in the Fort Scott, Kas., office of the W. U.

Jim Hogan manipulates the biz for A. & P., Cheyenne, Wyoming. Jim is an old timer.

Charles W. Gearhart, alias "Arizona Jim," holds forth at North Platte, U. P. R. R. office nights.

B. F. Kenny, "Brick," of San Francisco, is rusticating at Cabazon, Cal., for the benefit of his health.

From St. Louis to Omaha, via Galveston, Texas, in thirty-one days is pretty good time. It was Jack McCarty.

Mr. W. A. Fenn has been appointed train dispatcher for the P. R. R., with headquarters at Richmond Junction, Pa.

J. W. Booth, late Detroit Junction, Mich., is agent and operator for U. P. R. R. at Tie Siding, Wyoming Territory.

Wilmer I. Rehr, W. U. Tel. Co., Williamsport, Pa., wishes the present address of S. F. B. Morse, of Connecticut, grandson of Prof. Morse.

Mr. Charlie Bedlow, assistant superintendent 3rd Western Union district, is traveling in Europe for his health. He was in Genoa, Italy, when last heard from.

W. E. Talmadge, Elkport, Iowa, H. C. Fritts, Sabula Junction, and M. Maloney, Elk River Junction on the Chicago, Dubuque, and Minn. Railroad, do the rapid work on that line, and, like a thumb, are always on hand. Of course, they take THE OPERATOR, and do not suffer from ennui.

Myron J. Carpenter, and of timer, who formerly worked "way up north" with the well known Ed Loper, is now traveling auditor for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

Mr. George W. Baldrige is the efficient manager of the Western Union at Lawrence, Kansas, and Mr. E. C. Blanchard handles the night report. T. J. Sweeney officiates at the branch office.

The latest arrival at Boone, Iowa, on the C. and N. W. is Ed J. Walsh, who, as train dispatcher, is making hosts of friends. He formerly worked at Sedalia, Mo., as assistant dispatcher on the M. K. and T. R. R., and is a thorough artist.

M. H. Bryant, Boston duplex man, at Portland, Me., has left the Western Union and taken charge of the new A. and P. office at same point. Mr. Starr, formerly of the Western Union Eastern Depot office, has taken an A. and P. branch office.

Mr. O. A. Stephenson, late operator for the A. P. Co., at Palisade, Nev., has been promoted to an important position in the freight department of the Eureka and Palisade railroad. Mr. E. W. Emery, of Los Angeles, is his successor.

Master Jimmie Starke, a young operator of fifteen years, has temporary charge of the Yarrowburgh Hotel (Raleigh) office during the absence of Mr. J. E. Stagg, who is off on a Christmas furlough. Master Starke is son of the manager of the Raleigh main office.

Mr. T. J. Stevens, a York State boy, is manager of the Western Union, at Bethlehem, Pa. He has five important wires to look after, and does it with promptness and satisfaction. Mr. Jacob Hendrickson holds sway at South Bethlehem. H. T. Milch-sack is manager at Nazareth, and W. A. Smith, at Bath, same State.

A number of employees of the W. U. Tel. Co., in Chicago, made a handsome Christmas present to manager G. W. Felton. It consisted of a beautiful silver tea service, with all the etceteras. The detailed report reached us too late for insertion this issue. Mr. Felton is a very popular man, and deserves this recognition.

Mr. Thomas P. Scully, having finished his duties in connection with the Western Union exhibit at the Centennial, has accepted a position on the regular day force at 197. He is working the Philadelphia printer vice Fulton transferred to Washington motor. The printing of the motor is inferior to the old style combination. It is lighter and the letters are neither as perfect nor as plain.

Mr. J. E. FENN has resigned his position of electrician for Eugene F. Phillips, manufacturer of insulated telegraph wire, Providence, R. I., and is now in this city assisting in the development of the electro-harmonic system of Elisha Gray. Mr. Fenn is a well known and experienced electrician, and his connection with the telephone has not been without good results.

Four messages can be simultaneously sent by the electric-harmonic system on one wire between New York and Chicago, and it is believed that ere long it will be possible to send four each way the same distance. If this can be accomplished the telephone bids fair to rival the much-talked-of quad, for it has only been possible to work the quadruplex on comparatively short wires. It is intended to test the electric-harmonic system on a regular commercial wire within a few days.

Calamus, Iowa, has a genius as operator and agent unlike ordinary mortals. He writes to one of our agents thus: "Inclosed find \$1.25 for THE OPERATOR; I am one of those very miserable plugs they have so little mercy on, but I can not do without the paper." "More Kesters are wanted," adds the agent, "speak out, boys, and be sure to include an OPERATOR subscription in the confession."

Mr. Geo. W. Purdon, who died at North San Juan, Cal., Sunday, Dec. 17th, was an operator of twenty years' service, and a very popular and highly esteemed young man. During the war he followed the Union army through Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, etc. He worked at Mobile, Ala., Savannah, Ga., and Chicago, Ill., and went to California some eight years ago. The cause of his death was consumption, age 39.

WE hope all our agents are busy getting up clubs for THE OPERATOR. Now is the time. An extra effort at this time will not only secure the paper a much wider circulation, but will enable us to go on improving it. Every one who can spare the time is invited to do what they can for us in this direction. We offer very liberal premiums to compensate for any trouble they may have. Send for specimen copies and go to work heartily.

C. F. Annett, division operator Mountain Division of U. P. R., is east for his health. Frank is an old timer and beloved by the boys. Speedy return and in good health, Frank.

BOSTON NOTES.—J. S. Whitacre, of the Portland Duplex, has been appointed Assistant Chief Operator vice J. W. Duxbury, promoted to Inspector of city lines. P. J. McMahon, of Washington circuit nights, succeeds Mr. Whitacre on the Portland duplex days. Daniel B. Grandy of the New York quod nights succeeds Mr. McMahon on the Washington circuit. Chas. S. McCoy, who resigned last July, on account of sickness, has returned and resumed duty on the New York quod nights, working opposite Mr. J. L. Horn. A. D. Paige, of the Western Union office, Lyndonville, Vermont, was in town last week.

Mr. L. E. C. Moore has resigned and left the Philadelphia W. U. day force. Herman Schussler, from the night force, has been transferred to day force in Mr. Moore's place. This reduces the night force to seven men again. George B. Pennock and W. T. Talcott, two victims of the Centennial reduction, have secured good positions, the former at Duxbury, Mass., the other at Parker, Pa. Mr. Pennock took his bride with him. The Philadelphia Local Telegraph Co reduced their force at the main office on the 23d by relieving Messrs. Janney and Sage. Important Western Union changes are expected on or about January 1st.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., NOTES.—Mr. Ed Savacool is manager of the A. and P. office, and is assisted by Mr. Page, a gentleman sent here to help look after the interests of the company. Mr. Jud O. Moore, well known to the fraternity, is manager of the W. U. office. James E. Friend, formerly manager, is now in charge of the A. and P. at Terre Haute. E. B. Chandler, an old Chicago operator, and formerly manager at Springfield, Ill., office, has been sojourning here for a few days endeavoring to introduce Messrs. Gamewell & Co.'s American fire-alarm. Mr. J. S. Converse, one of the Pan Handle train dispatchers, was married a few weeks since to Miss Lola Brown, of Dublin, Ind.

BORDONTOWN, N. J., NOTES.—Our friend Swan, of the W. U. office, is off on his wedding tour until January 1st. The happy pair have the best wishes of their many friends for a safe and pleasant journey. Mr. Ely is in charge during Mr. Swan's absence, and then goes to the Capitol building, Trenton, during the session of the Legislature this winter. Will Foley holds forth at the P. R. R. office here, day time, and Dan Mulhern is the owl. Wes. Van Kirk, of "Ex" office, New York, has been home spending Christmas, as was also Joe Osmond, manipulator for P. R. R. main office, Philadelphia. The recollections of the time when Bordontown was the headquarters of the C. and A. R. Road, and Robert Stewart, of B. and O. R. R., Baltimore, was superintendent of the telegraph department, come back to us, but since the lease of that road by the P. R. R., and the transfer of the men from the railroad shops to Hackensack meadows, Bo. has dwindled into an ordinary country town. More anon.

MARRIAGES.

BIRT—SHANNON.—At the residence of Mr. D. Schultz, Indianola, Texas, Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, by the Rev. Father Lawrence, Mr. I. R. Birt, formerly manager U. S. Telegraph, Brackettsville, Texas, to Miss W. Shannon, of Indianola.

BURRILL—BURR.—November 23d, at Albany, N. Y., by the Rev. D. G. Corey, Mr. N. A. Burrill, Supt. Black River Telegraph, Utica, N. Y., to Mary L., daughter of J. V. Burr, Esq., of Albany.

SWAN—GOLDY.—On Dec. 14th, at Hightstown, N. J., by the Rev. J. B. Davis, Mr. Frank W. Swan, Jr., Manager W. U. Tel. office, Bordontown, N. J., to Miss Cora A. Goldy, of Hightstown. The happy couple proceeded at once upon a tour east, amid the hearty greetings of a host of friends.

DEATHS.

December 21st, in Providence, R. I., Kate Minerva, wife of Charles H. Bogle of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and only daughter of Andrew S. and Roxana M. Phillips, in the twenty sixth year of her age.

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This is the only book of diagrams of the various systems of telegraphy in use in this country that has ever been published. The extensive field it covers will be seen from the contents:

INSTRUMENTS AND BATTERIES.—The Key, Relay, Sounder, Register, Daniell Battery, Calland Gravity Battery, Leclanche Battery, Grove Battery. **PLATE 1.** Simple Morse Terminal Station; 2. Sounder and Register, arranged for one Relay; 3. Edison's Button Repeater; 4. Wood's Button Repeater; 5. Clark's Repeater; 6. Hick's Repeater; 7. Milliken's Repeater; 8. Toyer's Repeater; 9. Gray's Shunt Repeater; 10. Haskins' Repeater; 11. Bunnell's Repeater; 12. Smith's Repeater; 13. Hick's Automatic Button Repeater; 14. Hick's New Automatic Repeater; 15. The Pin and Spring-Jack Switch; Duplex Telegraphs; 16. Stearns' Differential Duplex; 17. The Bridge Duplex; 18. The Bridge Duplex, Connections; 19. D'Infeville Duplex; 20. Haskins' Duplex; 21. Smith's Duplex; 22. Smith's Electro Mechanical Duplex; 23. Stearns' Duplex Repeater; 24. Submarine Cable Apparatus—Manner of Working; 25. Cable Instruments; Syphon Recorder; 26. The Automatic System; 27. The Automatic Arrangement for Long Circuit; 28. Edison's Electro Motograph; 29. Combination Locals; 30. The Quadruplex. Table showing the Relative Conductivity of Various Substances; Paragraph History of Electricity and Telegraphy.

In addition to the diagrams, the book contains two handsome full-page engravings of the Cable-houses at Duxbury and Rye Beach, together with a large and finely executed **MAP OF THE CABLE SERVICE OF THE WORLD**, the whole making a work worthy of the great science of Telegraphy, and alike valuable to the Superintendent, Electrician, Chief Operator or Telegrapher, whatever the grade or position, and one which will prove a source of information and profit, especially valuable for reference.

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"The book is of the highest value to the telegraph profession. It contains engravings of all the instruments (single, duplex, etc.), relays, batteries, etc., in ordinary use, with well written and detailed descriptions. The historical portions of the book are especially commendable for their accuracy, and for their fairness to the many claimants to the credit of originating the telegraph and its details, who are frequently so numerous and so contradictory as to bewilder the reader. Thirty-two plates and a map of the world, showing all the telegraph cables in existence, are added, all being executed by photolithography, in the best style of the art. The work is one of the most complete and useful hand-books we have seen for some time."—*Scientific American.*

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This invention is designed to take the place of several of the appliances devoted to physical culture, at present in use. It is a vast improvement upon the elastic strap with handles, which has been so largely used for strengthening the arms and expanding the chest. Constructed of various sizes, and arranged not only for arm-exercises, but for lifting, rowing, and the like, it combines all the advantages claimed for **THE HEALTH LIFT**, with such as are secured by the ordinary gymnastic exercises. This system of exercises is purely reactionary, the contraction of the elastic material securing the double pull which is deemed so disadvantageous. The accurate graduation of the appliances, and their great range of power, adapts them alike to young and old—to the feeble as well as to the stalwart.

A brief description of the apparatus will satisfy our readers of its wide scope and power of usefulness.

Elastic tubes of various dimensions, from a diameter of five-sixteenths to that of an inch or more, are constructed of pure India Rubber, and are vulcanized by a process which deprives them of unpleasant odor. Suitable handles are inserted into the ends of these tubes, and are there firmly secured. A safety cord passes through the handles, and coils loosely within each tube to prevent all danger of injury from the flying ends of the tube, should a breakage occur. These tubes are eight in number and to these other and more powerful ones are added if demanded. The series of eight appears to supply the general want. By the proper use of the entire series, it is safe to say that the strength of any individual can be more than doubled in a very short time.

The manner of using the tubes will readily be understood by an examination of the cuts. For all chest exercises, such as rowing, boxing, putting up dumb-bells, and swinging clubs—in short all employment of the muscles of the chest, arms, and shoulders—they will be found to be superior to all other appliances. A single tube may be employed with the hands, as are the exercising straps, and much more safely and advantageously; but great advantage is gained, and many new and graceful movements are secured, by the addition of the hooks and eyes with which the largest size is supplied. The most desirable and effective Lifting Machine is secured by employing two of the large tubes provided with eyes. The gimlet-pointed hooks are readily screwed into the floor, and the Lifting Machine is ready for use. The elasticity of the rubber secures a perfect reaction, and provides for extended growth of muscular power. The cuts exhibit the appliance in use.

The advantages attending the various forms of physical exercise to which these tubes are especially adapted can hardly be overstated. Every argument which can be appropriately used in favor of the Health Lift is equally appropriate here; and many others may be added—inasmuch as the system admits of an infinite variety of changes, and provides for the free growth and strengthening of the entire muscular fabric of the human frame. In ordinary life many muscles are neglected, while others are, perhaps, unduly exercised. The muscles of the leg of the professional dancer become enormously developed, while those of the arm shrink and shrivel and lose their fair proportions. The right arm of the blacksmith becomes inordinately developed by excessive use, while his lower extremities lose much of their power. The true theory of exercise is to develop all the organs harmoniously, and thereby to secure the highest physical condition. Serious doubts exist as to the advantage to be derived from the more exhausting exercises of the gymnasium; there is, however, but one opinion among medical authorities as to the value of the milder form of physical culture, known as Light Gymnastics; and it is the object of the invention which is here introduced, to supply, in the most compact and useful form, all the apparatus required for the best development of physical power, in both sexes and at all ages.

It is admitted that sound health and symmetrical growth can not be secured and maintained for a prolonged period, without a perfect circulation of the blood. Congestions of brain, or stomach, or liver, or other internal organs, must ultimately follow a life without activity—a life of partial torpor. Operators and professional men use the brain excessively, but neglect the body. By and by, brain and body break down. If the blood had been sent actively to every tissue and fiber by physical effort rightly directed, body and brain would not wear out in a century. The right hand of an operator is overworked, while the muscles of other portions of his body, with all their interlacing net-work of nerves and blood-vessels, are permitted to remain inactive and comparatively unused. The consequence of this unequal exercise is made apparent in many ways. There is deformity of the chest and back, a curvature of the spine, a flattening of the thorax, a lessening of the breathing space, a weakening of the heart's action, and a general loss of vital power.

It is neither difficult, nor onerous, nor expensive, to keep the human frame in perfect condition, by the means which we

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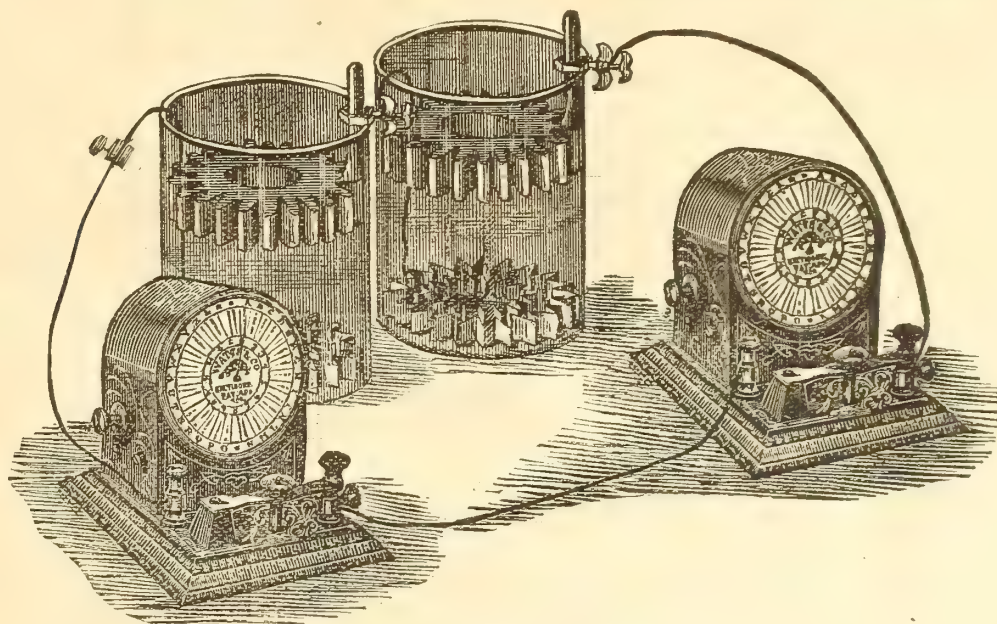
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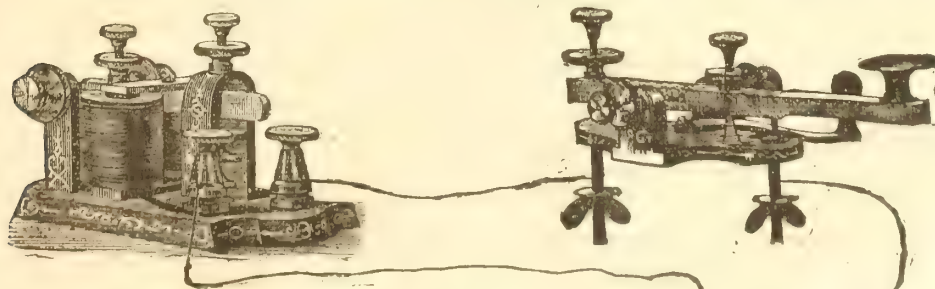
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Edwardsburg, Cass Co., Mich., Dec. 6th, 1875.
A. B. LYMAN—Dear Sir: I received the Phil Sheridan Key in good order. I think the Phil Sheridan the Boss Key for the money, and they give good satisfaction on the Main Line. Some operators who have not seen them think they are a kind of toy or only a learner's instrument, but it is a mistaken idea. There is some points in them superior to what is sold for a No. 1 Key. Respectfully yours, W. M. THAYER, Op'r.

Liberty, Ind., Dec. 29, 1875.
A. B. LYMAN—Dear Sir: My Phil Sheridan Instrument came to hand this morning by first express. The Manager of this office pronounced it all right, and said that my Key was as good as his that he paid six dollars for. Mr. Logan, our day operator, said it was the best he ever saw for the money. Our night operator also praised it very much as a good sounder. I set it up for trial this afternoon, and it went off like clock-work. I am very well satisfied with my bargain. I sent the money required by the United States Express Co., immediately after examination. I will close by wishing you a happy New Year, and sign myself, respectfully yours, C. S. CORY.

Burling, Crawford Co., Kansas, July 29th, 1876.
A. B. LYMAN & Co., Cleveland, O.
Dear Sirs: I received your Curved Levers all O. K. yesterday. I am very much pleased with your Curved Lever Keys. I like them as well as I do the W. U. \$5.00 Key, and as for the Phil Sheridan Sounder, I think it has no equal for Students or R. R. Office. I am using one of the Sounders on the Main Line instead of my Western Union Instrument. The circuit is a hundred and fifty miles long. It gives a clear and beautiful sound. I shall send you another order soon as possible.
Yours respectfully, J. L. RANDALL.
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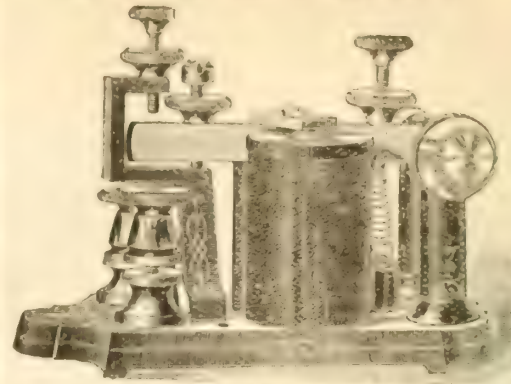
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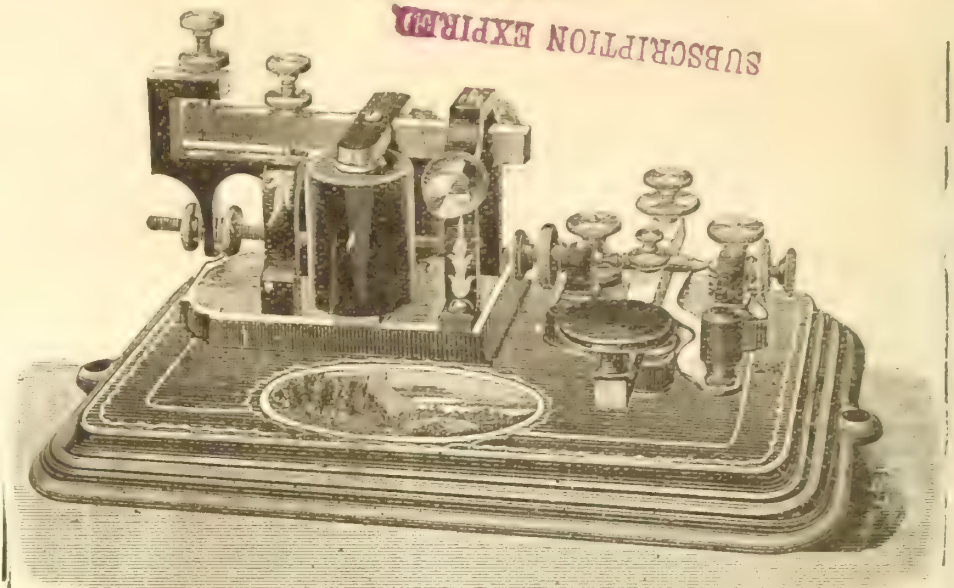
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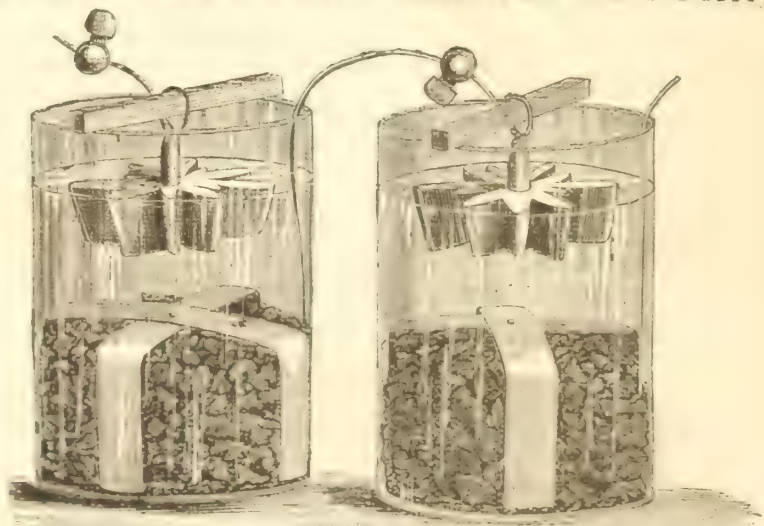
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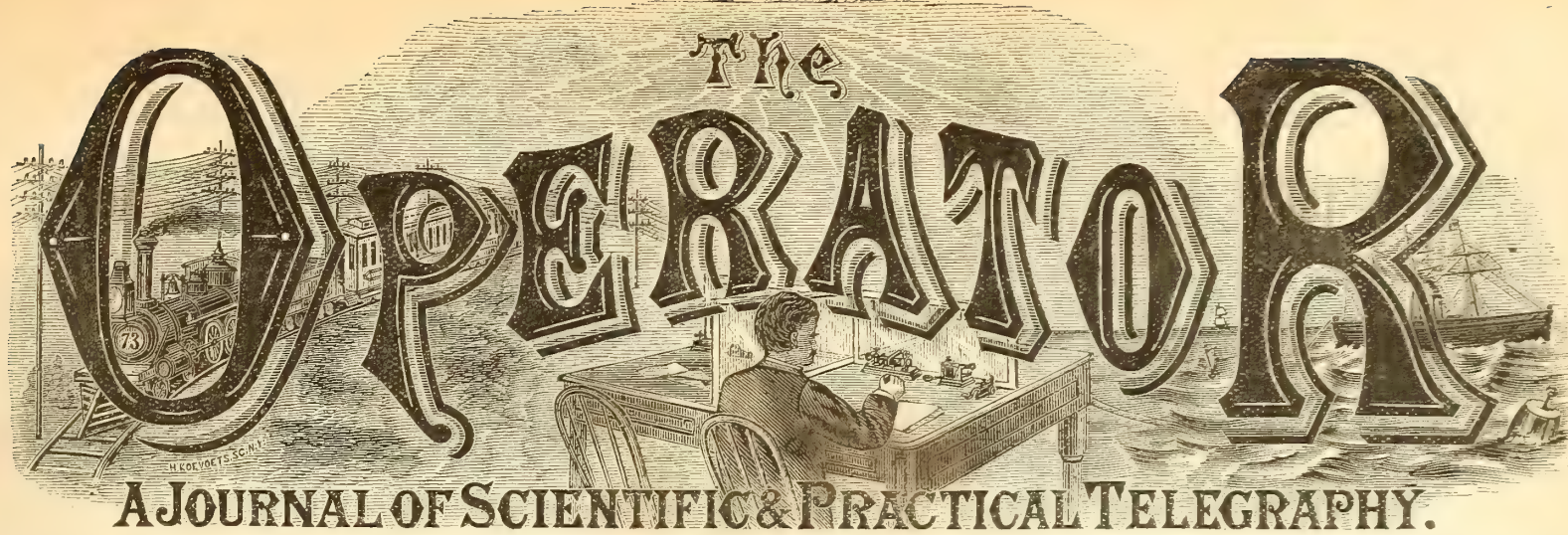


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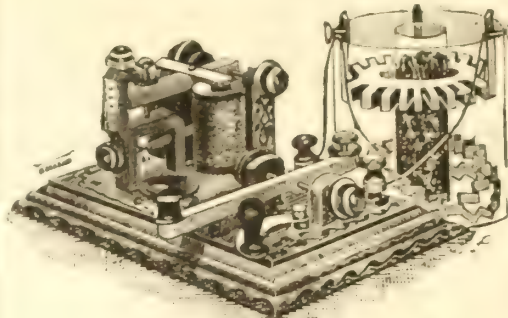
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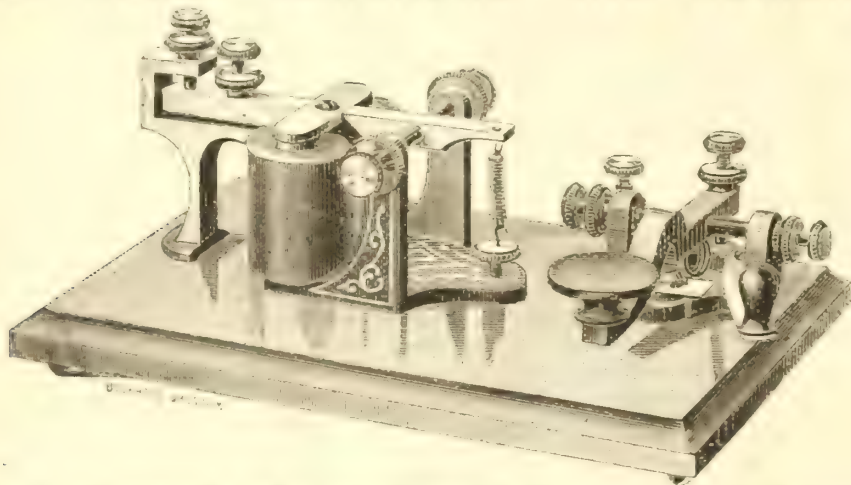
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THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
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January 15th, 1877.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 70.

Midnight Musings.

BY A NIGHT OPERATOR.

You may search every city and town in the land,
Every mountain of rocks, every wide plain of sand
But you never can find, wherever you look,
A cheer or a smile for a man who is broke.

Glittering gold is the cause of our woes,
Though it gathers up friends wherever it goes;
Without the bright lucre we may Heaven invoke,
But will find not a friend for a man who is broke.

When we smoke our Havanas and quaff the clear wine,
And speak of fast horses and women divine,
When we talk about honor and friendship's true yoke,
Do we proffer that friendship to a man who is broke?

Ah! no; but there once was a time, though 'tis past,
When friendship existed in every man's breast,
But now things are changed, and we treat as a joke
The woes of a poor, struggling "cuss" who is broke.
W. H. SHORTEFELLOW.

The New London Debating Society.

The grim and hoary frost fiend, heralding in the winter months proclaims, in a voice of no uncertain sound, Now ye inhabitants of the temperate and frigid zones cease your out-door recreations and find content within. That particular part of the said inhabitants yept, "New London Telegraphers," having unanimously concluded that the in-door pleasure best suited to their tastes and time, and the best means of promoting their interests, was in the practice of that edifying employment which brings amusement and instruction, keeps one away from the causes of mischief, and develops a desire for intellectual research and literary enterprise—The Debating Society.

Having conscientiously agreed to furnish our own gas rather than burn the company's; to conduct our meetings quietly rather than inflame a policeman's ire; to furnish our own stationary rather than run short of blanks for business, we were granted permission to assemble in the office. The question for debate being, "Is the collection of delivery by messengers baneful?" Raymond and O'Brien were appointed affirmative speakers, Schmidt and Mead negative, and the meeting adjourned to reassemble the following night. At 9:30 promptly they met, sober in spirit and sober in body—the latter condition being unusual and worthy of notice. A scrutiny of faces showed the following herculean intellects to be present: Howard, Meade, Schmidt, O'Brien, and Russell, operators. Three messengers, a line-man, Reed and Nanry, Signal Service men, and Raymond, visiting operator.

They were all arranged in the form of a circle about the glowing fire, which the messengers, deviating from custom, had raked down with a will—no poker being at hand. I mention the orderly arrangement of the operators as something abnormal. There was a complete and commendable absence of that lounging, listless position so noticeable among operators. A stranger who should have thoughtlessly invaded the privacy of our gathering that evening would have been instantly struck with the above fact, and also with an inlaid or any other available object.

Four tallow candles, set up in hubs of as many register reels, shed a feeble flickering light over the dismal office, and made the faces of the assemblage appear weird and unearthly. It was a scene worthy of Franklin's early days of studying in poverty and discouragement, and we all felt the force of the comparison as we tried to commit to memory, by the candles' dim glare, that popular essay on No. 2 W.

U. blank beginning with the touching words, "To guard against mistakes."

Oh! ye rich, who in your luxurious lyceum halls, lavishly furnished with elegant chandeliers, students' lamps, sofas, fancy chairs, billiard tables, gymnastic appliances, and libraries pregnant with works of standard authors; ye, I say, who have all the facilities of art and science to aid the search for knowledge, do not smile disdainfully upon the meager agencies which we employed.

No time was lost in needless talk. Officers were duly elected as follows: Howard, President, Mead, Vice President, Russell, Secretary. Raymond arose, and in a hollow voice began: "Fellow plugs: I am fresh at this debating business—"

"Yes," remarked a voice, "and at everything else."

"There; you dry up," said Raymond, evidently forgetting that he was addressing one of that class that is ever dry.

Howard, the President, failing to bear in mind the dignity of his office, said: "Young man, you may be fresh at debating, but you are not so at telegraphing, since it is but a few days ago that you were thoroughly 'salted.'"

"Preserve order!" exclaimed some one, whom the party surmised was "Ole Brine."

"Gentleman," remarked the President, "it is evident that such terms as the above will get us into a pickle, so I beg of you to stop."

Raymond proceeded.

"Mr. President, I am fresh at this debating business. I beg you will overlook any bulls I may make."

"We will do so, sir, and ask you to cheerfully pay for any mistakes you may make," remarked the president magnanimously. Raymond made another effort to proceed, but it was an utter failure. He looked at the ceiling wistfully, and then at the floor, but said never a word. Gazing around the room in a confused manner, stroking his chin, and adjusting his vest in a vain endeavor to collect his thoughts, was not unnoticed by the messengers. After numerous futile efforts to go ahead, one of these urchins blandly requested him to "Give us a rest;" to which the speaker innocently and humilatingly replied, "I've forgotten the rest," and took his seat, crestfallen and discomfited, amid uproariously and derisive laughter.

Order was at length restored. The loud laughter of the party had ceased, but a broad smile pervaded their faces. The peaceful smile succeeding the boisterous shout in the same manner as after a heavy storm, the waves which have been surging and dashing subside into the gentle, regular swell, and finally disappear.

"We will now hear from the negative. The delegate from Germany, Herr Schmidt, will regale us," remarked the President.

"Hear Schmidt! Hear Schmidt!" said several voices in unison, and Schmidt arose.

"Shentlemens, Ich hab's nicht much geheard auf dis supyecht. Ich dink der glecting of die leefries vas midout pain. Dafo, Id is painful pain. Der leedle poy ven he schgoops in dot eggstris don vas zuvver some pain. Don' id? His choy is gread. His leedle heart throps mid pleasher, und ven in der silence of der nacht he zits him town to spiel a game of peenokle dot same leedle heart beads mid graditude, und keebs on der beading until vinely like himzelf id is always on der bead—"

"I would interrupt the speaker to say that the word is baneful, not painful," said the President.

"Ich would indrubit you to say shust mind your own peezeemiss. Don' you vas dink Ich weis was Ich sprache? Gehen sie tsun duyvil! Ich know yust so more as you und much doo!" he indignantly rejoined, mixing his sentences and languages in such a manner as to be unintelligible to the reporter. His wrath was intense, and he would probably have made a personal attack upon our worthy president but for three facts, viz: the president's superior strength, the presence of a ten-pound register weight in each of the said president's burly paws, and Schmidt's knowledge of the fact that the house would support the president in any measure he might introduce, even to that of measuring the floor with Schmidt's "listless length." Hence, he was deterred from enkindling rebellion, and repressing, by a strong effort, the belligerent feeling that arose within him, he quietly sat down, realizing the force of that ancient truth, "Tis better to be a living coward than a dead hero."

The president next called upon O'Brien, who is a distant descendant of that famous line of orators that included such men as O'Connell, Burke, Grant, Curran, and Emmett. To be sure, he is not a true specimen of them in every particular; he lacks

their boundless knowledge, power of elocution, ability to convince, clearness of expression, power of appeal, and, indeed, all the other great qualities of a finished orator, but he possesses, in a marked degree, skill in putting on a rich brogue when he is playfully disposed.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I rise to hov a wurd wid ye on the livers; what side am I on, sur?"

"The affirmative," replied the secretary.

"Yis, yis; the affirmative. Well, sur, d'ye mane the livery shitable ur the liver he ate?"

"Why, I mean delivery charges collected by the messenger to compensate him for going beyond the ordinary limits of message delivery," said the secretary, carefully emphasizing each word to make it clear.

"Arrah! I see; you mane the bootcher's liver—the liver he charges tin cints a pound for."

"Look here, young man, we know you are only putting this on," the secretary rejoined, "and now take off that false character and stop chaffing."

"Why, ain't I doing that same now; 'taking off' a false character?" and then in his natural tongue he went on:

"Gentlemen, I have been a messenger. My experience has learned me a thing or two. Messengers are a petted crowd, have too free a life, and ought to be bridled—"

Messenger No. 2, feeling that a remark right here would be timely, remarked to his companions:

"Oh, chums! just hear the plug! He says we ought to be bridled. What does he take us for, horses or jackasses?"

"Jackasses," calmly replied O'Brien, who is never disconcerted when any one not entitled to the wire breaks in; then resuming, "Yes, sir, they ought to be bridled, checked, held in their traces, in fact; made to feel that 'they must walk before they run,'—"

"The latter remark is unnecessary," remarked the president, "no messenger is of so impetuous a spirit as to run with a message; they always walk, sir, always. Don't waste any time in a vain effort to convince us that messengers ever hasten, we all know better."

"I beg pardon for the error," said O'Brien, "I forgot myself—"

"Proceed," said the president, "you can make the meeting dull enough by confining yourself to the debate without digressing into explanations."

O'Brien continued: "When I was a messenger I was always meek, submissive, and conscientious, and—"

"Then you have wonderfully changed with increasing years, for you have entirely lost those qualities," put in Mead.

O'Brien, without heeding this gratuitous remark, continued: "—and rather than accept twenty-five cents for delivering a message I would—"

Here Mead, who had known the speaker in his early days, interrupted by saying: "You would say to the party 'Keep your miserly quarter; if you can't pass out half a dollar I'll take nothing!'"

"Mr. President," said O'Brien, "this is too much; I protest against such charges."

"That's just what your victims always said," retorted Mead.

"There, that is sufficient," remarked the president, determinedly, "the truth is sometimes unpleasant to hear, but it should not be choked off. Mr. Mead, however, for peace sake, will allow the fraud to proceed."

"Fraud, eh?" exclaimed O'Brien, "and must I suffer this? O, tempora o mores! Oh, spirit of justice wring his vile neck!" vehemently screeched the injured debater, and imagining that he was the spirit, he moved belligerently toward the president, who still clung tenaciously to the ten pound register weights with his burly paws. He raised them in mid air. O'Brien hesitated and stood, as if transfixed, gazing at the upraised hands and weights. Suddenly, as though spelling the word, he slowly said, "Wait," and then composedly asked permission to go on with his argument.

"Proceed," said the unfrightened president.

"Well, as I was saying, rather than take twenty-five cents from a man for delivering a message, I'd resign. So would any messenger with a single spark of feeling. Take a case: Here's a man receives a message from Terra del Fuego, collect; the charges on the message are enormous; the boy asks twenty-five cents extra for delivery—don't the man squeal?"

"Do you take him for a hog?" asked messenger No. 1.

"No, but I take you and your whole tribe for hogs," responded the debater.

The messenger felt somewhat disgruntled at this.

but not discouraged, and asked: "How long since there's been an office at Terra del Fuego? Do we check direct?"

This puzzled the speaker, and to make his comparison clearer, he remarked: "Well, take any other foreign port—Portland, Me., for instance—a place comparatively unknown."

"Why, Portland is a famous place," said Raymond, coming to the aid of the messenger; "haven't you ever heard of Oney Gagin, a resident of that place, and one who has done more to make it blaze than any other man?"

"Don't you except the fellow that started that big fire a few years ago?" inquired Russell, firing up.

"You don't comprehend me, young man, I mean to blaze with fame, not flame."

"There's very little difference—not enough to speak of," rejoined Russell, warming with his subject, but remembering that he was secretary he dropped the matter, and addressing the meeting, said, "It is evident that O'Brien does not read *The Operator*, which accounts for his ignorance of geography. Mr. O'Brien, you can be seated; I will instruct you privately. We will now hear from Mr. Mead, second negative speaker."

Mead, hearing his name spoken, awoke from the lethargic slumber into which he had fallen, and rubbing his eyes, arose, cast a furtive glance around the room, and said: "Gentlemen, I am entirely unable to say anything on this subject, I have not devoted a moment's thought to the subject, but"—and he buried his head in his hands in the effort to recollect—"every man ought to say something in favor of the oppressed messenger, whether prepared or not." He was now fully awake and excited. "The messenger, sirs, is a true type of Mercury—fleet footed, trustworthy, and willing. What an accurate picture of fidelity he presents as he goes hurrying past the groups of boys on the wayside happily engaged at their sports. They strive to tempt him to tarry for just one brief moment that he too may share their youthful pastimes. Does he do it? No! He speeds along murmuring to himself: 'I will do my duty. I feel that I am a part of the great telegraph. I must do my work quickly. I hasten! I fly!' Hurrying along he meets a crowd of larger boys who, perchance, have planned to force him to loiter. He is nearly out of breath when he reaches them, but still endeavors to rush past. They seize him and say, 'Stay, tired cherub, and refresh yourself with a short game of ball.' Now, gentlemen, witness the lad's sagacity, which proceeds directly from his fidelity to duty. He says: 'Yes, thoughtful urchins, I will stay; I will join you for a few moments, and rest my weary frame 'neath the shade of yon tempting elm.' He then sits down upon the grassy lawn, and as soon as he has become certain that they are not watching him, he springs to his feet, dodges past, eludes the grasp of the crowd, and is soon far out of sight, has delivered the message, and returns to the office for more dispatches, feeling irksome if he fails to find several on the desk awaiting him, so great and unquenchable is his desire to be busy and to speed away. Oh, what a spectacle is this! Who has ever seen its equal?"

"No one," replied Raymond, "no one has ever seen either its equal or its original, and you must be a poor, deluded man, Mead, if you believe that the counterpart of your description ever existed. Messengers will loaf as much, and, in fact, more than the average lot of idling juveniles."

"I deny it, sir," said Mead, "with my own hands did I sketch a picture of the flying messenger as I saw him only three days ago," saying which he put his hand in his pocket to draw out the picture. In doing so, several sheets of paper dropped from his pocket to the floor, which Raymond quickly picked up and read. They contained Mead's debate plainly written out, word for word, as he had delivered it but a moment before.

Then the crowd were inclined to be ironical, and remarks like these filled the air: "So you were entirely unprepared, eh?" "You hadn't devoted a moment's thought to the subject." "Next time you don't want to forget to fix up a little," and many others, but the president interfered and declared the discussion finished.

He regreted, he said, to find that no arguments had been offered by either side—that the members had acted like jackasses. He was in doubt as to whether they acted naturally or not, but inclined to think they had; considered that a hearty application of a stuffed club would tend to improve their reasoning qualities, and without wasting advice upon them, awarded the decision to the negative, allowing the collection of delivery. The result was very satisfactory to the messengers, who could not

repress their feelings of delight, and began shouting in a most distressing manner.

They suddenly appeared to recollect something, however, and ceasing their noise, went to a corner of the room and drew from beneath the operating table a bushel basket filled with oysters, which they respectfully presented to President Howard. He was astounded. Something lodged in his throat and choked his utterance. It was not an oyster. Calling for a No. 2 blank he wrote the following, and handed it to the secretary to read:

"By *valve*! young man, you must have *shelled out* liberally to purchase these things, and I appreciate your sacrifices. Usually your *roystering* disposition works harm, but in this act I see the *opening of a better era* for you all. I thank you sincerely. I would further thank you for a knife. I welcome the *roust*."

The remainder of the party, fearing they were to have none, asked: "Can't we have oyster stoo?"

"Take them as like," said the warm-hearted president, "I will not encourage a *broil*."

The messengers had silently departed during this excitement, and the remainder of the literary assemblage were attacking the oysters, which felt unusually light. The first one opened showed glue upon its pearly edges; the next and next ditto, and so on until no doubt existed as to the success of the messengers' trick.

"By Jove, boys," remarked Howard, "the oysters are *stuck*."

"So are we," replied Raymond, sadly.

"It will be long ere the wounds of such ingratitude be healed," said Howard.

"It is not long since we were *soled*," replied Raymond.

"We need comfort after such a shabby trick," said Russell.

The saloons close at twelve precisely, the dial now indicated 11:55, and they hurried out abruptly.

RUDDY.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Dec. 22d. 1876.

New Year Presentations to Telegraphers.

Quite a number of presentations to telegraphers appear to have taken place on New Year's. From the Poughkeepsie *Sunday Courier* we learn that on that morning Mr. Robert Wilkinson, night operator at the Hudson River Railroad depot in that city, was agreeably surprised on reaching his home to find awaiting his arrival a splendid gold hunting-case watch. The inscription on it told the story—"Presented to Robert Wilkinson by his friends on the H. R. R. R., Jan. 1st, 1877." It was a handsome compliment, adds the *Courier*, to a faithful officer and an agreeable gentleman. The watch is valued at \$175.

On the same day, according to the Omaha, Neb., *Republican*, the A. and P. telegraph operators proceeded to the residence of Superintendent J. J. Dickey in that city and presented him with a collection of photographs of operators who have worked on the Union Pacific lines, and of the managers of the Atlantic and Pacific offices. These photographs, about fifty in all, were artistically arranged around the picture of Mr. Dickey, which was in the center, and the whole group was set in an elegant frame. L. M. Pheem was selected to make the presentation speech.

The *Achison Patriot* publishes a column and a half of telegraphic correspondence which took place between the operators along the wire between St. Louis and Lincoln, Neb., and Sid. Fairchild, of the St. Louis Western Union main office night force. It appears that the boys along the line, during a lull of report, and cutting off St. Louis, concluded to make Fairchild, the sending operator, a present. Jake Levin, of Atchison, was appointed to get up the presentation message, and Jones, of Leavenworth, chosen secretary. We have not learned what the present was, but the address which accompanied it must have been very gratifying to Mr. Fairchild, for in his reply he says "the memory of your kindness will linger with me till I give you '30' for the last time."

The Domestic Telegraph Company of this city presented Messenger James A. Sheehan, No. 9, with a handsome silver medal, "as a first prize for a continuous year's service which has been faultless." Messenger John F. Wiley, No. 7, with a silver medal as a prize "for a continuous year's service, carefully and faithfully rendered." Wm. H. Dean, Sergeant Second District, and nine messengers receive honorable mention. This is a graceful compliment to these youthful employees, which we are certain will not be without good effect in their future conduct.

Was She Wrong; or, Electrical Courtship.

AN ENGLISH TELEGRAPHIC LOVE STORY AMERICANIZED.

PART THIRD AND LAST.

If not exactly "rooted to the spot," Cochrane was suddenly transfixed as he opened the door; for, on the table beside the heap of telegraphic love letters which Diana was so intently reading, lay a *carte-de-visite* of a young man! She would now and then glance from the slips to this portrait with a rapt and musing expression, as if trying to imagine "how he looked" when he transmitted those tender characters, the perusal of which had lent such an unwonted fire to her cheeks and glitter to her eyes. How pretty she was as she sat there, her heart beating probably for some fellow utterly unworthy of her, thought Cochrane. Some ricketty youth about the stamp of Tom Picker, a chap who spent his scanty salary in the first three or four days of the fortnight, and starved or borrowed until pay-day came again, when he identified himself with a "jolly good blow-out" and a regular rollicking spree from Saturday till Monday! A man with about one suit of clothes every year and a half, with boots frequently solesless, and whose linen, unlike Caesar's wife, was far from being above suspicion! His anger nearly melted into pity as he pictured to himself his peerless Diana being swindled into liking one so infinitely beneath her as he felt sure (in his wisdom) his country rival *must* be. It was all owing to the romantic nonsense this telegrapher seemed so full of (hang him), and which just suited his fair cousin's sentimental notions. Standing there, motionless, yet agitated, Cochrane thought he never beheld any picture half so fascinating as that bright, innocent face and sheen of golden locks. It was awfully galling that the treasure he had thought so surely his own should pass away from him in this maddening manner. He determined he would have a struggle for it first. All is fair in love, he reckoned, and he did not feel in the least ashamed of prying into his relative's secrets. By using the unscrupulous means which had put him into possession of the particulars contained in the electric love-messages, he at least held a powerful weapon to influence her withal, and he knew the sort of rival he had to fight against.

Now to use these advantages to his profit if he could! So deep was Diana plunged in "maiden meditation" over her absorbing task, that she had not heard the door open, nor was she conscious of the close proximity and observation of her young admirer. An awkward cough from him aroused her. She started up, concealed the portrait hastily, and flurriedly folded up what he now saw (with such a pang of jealousy!) was a long letter in a man's handwriting, and conjured that away also.

Bravely facing him, she remarked, in a hypocritical tone of *nonchalance*:

"I thought you had gone out, Cochrane. You have quite startled me. Were you making a complicated book on the 'Ledger' up-stairs, that you have been so unusually quiet?"

"No, Diana, I have not been making a book; but I have been writing a rather queer chapter in *your* life," he replied hoarsely, and enigmatically. "I've been busy on a translation from a lingo I've only just learned."

"Indeed!" Diana said, carelessly, "I suppose you've been going in for French again, Cochrane. That's right; but what chapter in *my* life have you been good and clever enough to write, may I inquire?"

"*That one!*" exclaimed, almost shouted, Cochrane, melodramatically displaying his bundle of telegraph slips, and the sheet of foolscap covered with disjointed but rather warm sentences. His blood was up; and feeling himself sorely aggrieved, and wantonly slighted, he didn't care about putting any rein on his tongue, so it ran away with him.

"Do you consider it a creditable or ladylike chapter?" he pursued, hotly, "you lead a fellow about, like a tame bear, for six months, considering himself, and thought by everybody else, to be your engaged lover. Your family accept me as such. I give up every other pursuit for your sake. I neglect my business, disdain my chums, on your account. No one could be more faithful and constant to a girl than I have been to you, Diana; and although you would never consent to a formal engagement, you know you have given me every encouragement, every reason to believe that you would be my wife, sooner or later. But suddenly you grew sarcastic, cool, and reserved. You shut yourself up from me at home. You avoid me out-of-doors. Nothing I can do seems to please you. When I am miserable

you look happy. Should I grumble, you smile. If I protest against your coldness, you chaff me. In fact, you've lately thrown me over altogether. And for what? Who is it that has suddenly passed me, and left me nowhere in your affections? Some poor half-starved country telegraph operator, who gammons you with a lot of sentimental bosh deliberately invented to make a fool of you, and sent on a rubbishy instrument in a dirty office ever so many miles off, where, likely enough, he's laughing in his sleeve at you, and showing your fine language to a lot of cads around him! And this fellow who has come between us you wouldn't know from Adam!" (Diana sprang up wrathfully, but Starter vehemently continued): "You have actually never seen a man who makes love to you, writes letters, and sends you his paltry portrait!"

"I will not submit to this insulting language," interrupted Diana, now pale and trembling, not with fear, but with fiery indignation. "You have no earthly right to talk to me like this, and I won't put up with it! Let me pass, sir, and never dare to speak to me again!"

She approached the door, haughtily waving him aside; but young Starter resolutely blocked the doorway.

He had come to "have it out" with her, and nothing less than an earthquake would stop him now.

"I have a right to talk to you, Diana," retorted he, savagely, "and you will just have to listen to the end of the 'chapter' I promise you. You see these slips and that sheet of paper? Every humbugging word this precious rival of mine has said to you here, is translated and written out fully there," pointing alternately to the "Morse" ribbons and foolscap. "And I have been studying the confounded alphabet for a fortnight to be able to make them out myself. Pleasant task to read the 'namby-pamby' nonsense he has had the cheek to address to you! But I won't allow it to go on! It isn't right! I'll tell—"

Cochrane was going to add, not very dignifiedly, "your mother," when the handle of the door turned, and that lady walked into the room. Woman-like, placid Mrs. Guileless could see at a glance that the demeanor of the young people denoted some "difference of opinion;" but, as a careful and discriminating mamma, and future mother-in-law, she thought it best not to notice what she deemed only a lover's quarrel.

Cochrane sank down, silenced, on the nearest chair. The "earthquake" bore a very gentle aspect, but it had stopped him!

Diana moved away to the window and stared vacantly out at the quiet street, her cheeks burning, and her mind a chaos of shame, indignation, and mortification.

"My dear," commenced her mother, in her ordinary calm accents, "I have just received a letter from your Aunt Sophia, from Cumberland."

Here Starter strategically beat a retreat. Family matters were probably about to be discussed, and Aunt Sophia did not concern him. He thought he had better wait a more opportune moment to renew his attack. So far, he was not at all satisfied with his prowess. Instead of bridging it, his impetuosity seemed to have distinctly widened the gulf between him and the enemy—that is to say, his sweetheart, as he still called her. To his room, therefore, fled he, there to deplore his hot-headed behavior, and compose other and more diplomatic plans of battle.

Starter was grievously mistaken. As subsequent events proved, Aunt Sophia did concern him, and he never made a greater mistake than when he fled from the discussion of that worthy lady's letter, thinking he was doing rather a prudent and clever thing in the way of diplomacy.

"Your poor dear aunt is not very well, Diana," Mrs. Guileless peacefully continued, pretending not to observe Cochrane's exit, "and writes earnestly requesting you to go down to her for a fortnight."

Diana started, without turning from the window.

Mrs. Guileless went on with her statement: "And as you have not had your holidays, perhaps you can obtain permission to go on Monday? It is now Thursday, and you will have plenty of time for preparation, if you can get away. You would like to go, wouldn't you, my child?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, very much," said Diana, eagerly, but still lingering in the shade at the window, "and I think there will be no difficulty in changing my holidays. But how shall I go, mamma dear? It is a long journey to Kemrith!"

"Your aunt says, if you leave Euston by the morning express, you will be with her by four o'clock, only requiring to change cars once at Hardwaretown, where you will be detained but half an hour."

"Hardwaretown! George!" murmured Diana excitedly. Aloud she merely assented, "Yes, mamma!"

"You need not be afraid of traveling alone, Diana. It will be daylight, and the journey will soon be over. Still, I have no doubt, if you are timid, dear, that Cochrane could arrange to accompany you part of the way."

"Oh dear no, mamma, I am not a bit afraid. I will not trouble Cochrane, thanks." This was said somewhat disdainfully. She added, in a rather constrained and uneasy tone, "In fact you would oblige me, mamma dear, if you would not mention my going to Cochrane at all. I shall tell him myself, if necessary."

The dear old lady smiled knowingly, and promised she would not inform her young relative. She thought she perfectly understood Diana's reasons for requesting her silence, and her daughter did not undeceive her.

On Monday morning, then, our heroine was whirled away, as she whispered to herself, "to meet her fate."

Everything had been arranged in a most satisfactory manner, her leave of absence granted at once, and Cochrane, unaware of her departure up to the previous Saturday afternoon, when he went into the country to stay with his parents till Monday. He left without seeing her (she had kept out of the way), and departed in a state of despondency, but intending to renew his suit on Monday.

Diana was not afraid that he would "tell her mother," as he, in his juvenile wrath, had threatened. He might be frivolous and somewhat slangy, but Cochrane was a gentleman. Still, she was convinced it was prudent to keep him ignorant of her journey, for she did not know how much those tiresome slips had told him. Poor fellow! she was sorry for him, and really thought more of him since his honest, if mistaken, burst of indignation. She had never seen him look so handsome (for he was good-looking, she admitted) and manly, as when he stood, tall and towering, denouncing her as deceitful!

But, she was going to see George! She had arranged to meet him at the Hardwaretown Junction, and pass the time she ought to devote to dinner and repose in personal conversation with the man whom she was sure was her beau-ideal of masculine power and grace. That the train would be an hour earlier on this, and even later on the other side of her stoppage, Diana earnestly hoped. For, according to the time-table, she would only have half an hour, a fleeting thirty minutes, for an interview which might determine the course of her whole future life.

The train rushed along at high-pressure speed, but not quick enough for the feverish anxiety which took possession of her romantic soul. Yet, when her watch told her she was drawing nigh to him, she felt as if she would fain hang back, and take time to reflect. What if Cochrane's jealous vaticinations proved, even in part, true? How would she act—how feel—if doomed to disappointment? Did she really love this man who had absorbed so much of her existence? And, if so, would he prove worthy of her love; would he reach the standard she had fondly measured him by, in her heart, but at a distance? But, no! she would not entertain such thoughts. His language "on the wire" his letters, and his portrait, all proved him to be everything she looked for in a man; and she would meet him; "trustingly and tenderly," as he had implored her to do, "forgiving," he said, "my defects for the sake of my great and faithful love."

Recalling George's letters and conversation, she now remembered, not without uneasiness, that he had often tried to impress upon her mind that she would discover some particular defect in him which she might, perhaps, find it hard to reconcile herself to endure. Whatever the nature of the fault he acknowledged (whether of the mind, manner, or person) might be, he had never indicated in any way. It was apparently something entirely beyond his control, and she could not believe it to be anything so serious as to change or modify the affectionate feelings which his kindness, cleverness, and eloquence had aroused in her too impressive little heart.

"Perish the thought!" she cried, heroically. "If there is a flaw in the diamond, it will only show by contrast the luminous brightness of his great and generous nature, his noble countenance, and manly bearing, to greater advantage!"

You see, Diana was very romantic and confiding, very enthusiastic, and very young!

What she expected to see in the personal appearance of the young man who had for weeks past formed her chief thought, her sole aspiration, who shall truly tell? In her inmost thoughts, during

the long electrical interchanges of sentiment and mutual poetic and high-flown asseverations, vows and visions between the widely-separated but closely-bound young couple, in her lonely musings at home in Sylvan Grove over heaps of blotted "dots and dashes," and charmingly impetuous love-letters written in a bold and vigorous caligraphy, Diana probably pictured George Byrne as a modern Bayard, a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*!"

Tall, powerful, well-dressed, elegant, of gallant bearing, refined manners, a sweet and tender, but deep and sonorous voice; bright eyes and white teeth. Such were the principal concomitants of the attractive appearance her longing heart and lively imagination had led her to represent him as possessing!

The train rumbled into Hardwaretown Junction fifteen minutes late.

She saw him waiting on the platform, even before the train stopped, or she moved from her seat.

Her heart went out to him at the first glance. There he stood, apparently almost the *fac-simile* of her mental portrait; tall, commanding, gentlemanly. He was glancing eagerly at the carriage windows as they glided past him. George Byrne has seen her. He hurries along the platform in the direction of her compartment.

What is it in him which causes Diana to sink back upon the cushions, deathly pale, a heavy feeling of sudden pain, a sensation of cruel disappointment, and acute wrong at her heart.

He had not in vain likened himself to Lord Byron, she rapidly reflected with a bitter pang.

George Byrne suffered from a marked deformity; similar to, but exceeding in piteous disfigurement, that of the illustrious author of "Childe Harold." One leg was so much contracted that, even with the aid of a stick, he could only hobble painfully and slowly to meet the girl who had travelled many weary miles to see him.

Diana struggled with all her might against the undefined feeling which had almost prostrated her. During the conversation which followed on that busy platform—his tender pleadings, her evasive and commonplace replies, the mechanical manner in which she answered words of love and devotion—one thought alone, one all-pervading idea, took possession of her soul. He had deceived her. He ought to have told her, and she longed to be alone to think, to reflect upon the untoward turn, which this meeting, so long looked forward to, and wished for, had taken. Still, she fought with that dread sensation. For his sake she tried to suppress all evidence of the tortured state of her mind. But in vain. Her language was cold and constrained, and Byrne saw it. He said, when bidding her adieu, looking, pained and wretched meanwhile:

"You will write to me, Diana? and, oh, when deciding upon my fate, keep your promise!—*Forgive my defects for the sake of my great and faithful love.*"

And thus they parted. He, depressed and miserable, hardly daring to hope; she, angry with herself, yet bitterly conscious that she had looked upon her telegraphic lover for the last time.

Three months afterward George Byrne left England forever. He died in the Persian Gulf, after the lapse of a year or two, of consumption.

Diana Guileless married Cochrane Starter within twelve months after her meeting with George. She is happy enough, and makes an excellent wife; but often, in the still dark hours of the night, she lies awake, recalling the incidents of that electrical episode; and the enigma she constantly propounds to her heart—never answered, always evaded, is—*Was She Wrong?*

J. M. M.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.—There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to Mike Kelly's—no, I mean to fortune. I am full of a scheme to-day to buy the Western Union Telegraph lines and run them upon the co-operative plan. There are few operators that have the mental calibre that I have, but they don't know it. As General Grant says, I go in for the greatest good for the greatest number. I may not be a very correct accountant, and I am no aspirant for Treasurer of the United States. But if we all saved our beer money and other unnecessary expenditures perhaps it might amount to twenty-five cents per day. Ten thousand operators at twenty-five cents would be \$2,500 per day. This as a bonus would buy Western Union stock on the Exchange. We could soon buy and sell it—bull and bear it. How is this, boys? Let's buy the line and run it. It's feasible. Think of it.

OLD PLUG.

THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY

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WHEN requesting a change of address, subscribers will please give their *former* as well as their present address.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, in front of the Western Union Building.

OUR next portrait will be that of Mr. E. O. Chase, Nuf Ced, and will appear in the issue of February 1st. We will be happy to send copies of that number free to any desiring to assist us by getting up a club.

IF your subscription has run out, or is about to run out, renew it now while you think of it. Remember we always stop THE OPERATOR promptly at the expiration of the time paid for. You will lose nothing by renewing. The new subscription will date from the expiration of your present one.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company shipped from Washington to its New York office, January 6th, several very large boxes containing the telegrams recently accumulated there. The employes of the company were at work night and day for two days in preparing these telegrams for removal to New York.

THE TELEPHONE SKETCHES.—The pressure has been so general for copies of these amusing caricatures that the artist, Mr. J. J. Calahan, of 197 Broadway, has been compelled to open a subscription book, which has been patronized by the president, the various superintendents, electricians, and others. There are nine sketches in all, and they will be photographed on one large card suitable for framing. Mr. Calahan has placed the price at one dollar a copy, which is certainly cheap enough. Those desiring copies can address Mr. Calahan, at 197 Broadway.

Alas, the Poor Plug.

There is so much talk just now touching the plug, and how the service is to rid itself of him, that the following, from a lady correspondent, demands attention:

"Last week a lady remarked to me that no less than eight telegraphers were victims of the Brooklyn fire, adding jocosely, 'a good way to exterminate plugs.' Horrible!"

How very strange it is that none of the anti-plugists ever thought of this simple method before. The suggestion is an excellent one. Plugs live so long that there is positively no alternative but to cremate them. Perhaps some one interested in the subject can offer practical suggestions as to the easiest and best means of transferring these bane of our lives to that beautiful land where "immediate" individuals cease from troubling, and sounders are at rest.]

Privacy of Telegraphic Dispatches.

Our Washington correspondent in another column furnishes a report of the action of Congress in relation to the production of telegraphic dispatches, which will be of especial interest to our readers. Mr. E. W. Barnes, manager of the New Orleans office of the Western Union Company, was arrested and brought before the House to answer for contempt in not producing certain dispatches called for by an investigating committee. Mr. W. M. Turner, manager of the Jacksonville, Oregon, office, was also arrested for a like offense, and on Wednesday last Mr. Wm. Orton, President of the Western Union, was placed under arrest in this city and conveyed in custody to Washington, to answer a similar complaint.

It is supposed that in some of the Southern States, especially Louisiana, and in Oregon, considerable fraud has been practiced during the late election. The House of Representatives appointed committees to investigate the elections in these States. These committees subpoenaed the telegraph managers at New Orleans, La., and Jacksonville, Oregon, to produce before them certain dispatches. Similar subpoenas were also served upon the Western Union Telegraph Company. The Executive Committee of the latter met to discuss the matter, and decided not to produce the dispatches, and, by removing them from the custody of the employes, to prevent them being furnished. The committee also determined that, should Congress insist upon calling for telegrams, originals should be destroyed as soon after being sent as the proper checking of business permitted.

Thus the matter stands. We don't ourselves see how Messrs. Orton, Barnes, and Turner can possibly be considered in contempt. They are merely employes of the company, and the Executive Committee having removed the dispatches from their control, and assumed the responsibility, it seems to us that the only course open to the House of Representatives is to place the Executive Committee of the Western Union under arrest and bring that august body before the bar of the House to answer for contempt. We have looked for this, and don't see how it can be avoided.

It seems to us strange that so many members of Congress should vote in favor of revealing the secrets of the telegraph office. We believe that the Western Union in shielding the secrets of its patrons deserves universal commendation. That fraud is practiced during Presidential elections, no one conversant with political life will for a moment dispute. Political managers are by no means saints. Some of the messages sent during the heat of the contest, if published now, would probably startle some of us. It is, therefore, one would think, to the interest of both parties to sustain the Western Union in the determined stand it has taken, for if the dispatches of one party are published, most assuredly those of the other will be also. The suggestion of our Washington correspondent that a refusal to compel the production of telegrams would be construed into a desire to shield their party from exposure, probably influences Congressmen to vote as they do. The press unanimously indorse the company's action.

A. Mr. Runyon, a banker and broker of this city, has also been arrested for contempt in refusing to reveal the name of the customer who ordered the firm of Martin & Runyon to send by telegraph \$8,000 to Oregon. The firm sent the money to Ladd & Bush, of Portland, and it was returned a

few days afterward, less a few dollars telegraphic charges, without having been used. The committee think that it was sent for the purpose of buying votes, and are making every effort to find out at whose instigation it was forwarded. The House must have a pleasant time of it with all these recalcitrant witnesses on its hands. If it obtains much information from them it seems to us it will require to use extraordinary efforts.

The Telegraphers' Ball.

We have received a complimentary ticket to the third annual reception and ball of the New York Telegraphers' Association. The hall is to be held at Trenor's Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, on Wednesday evening, January 24th, 1877, and promises to be a brilliant success. The ball will be opened at 9 o'clock, overture from Bernstein's orchestra at 9:45, dancing will commence promptly at 10. Guests are to appear in evening dress. A full report of the ball will appear in the next issue of THE OPERATOR.

The officers, Messrs. A. H. Watson, President, J. A. Ashhurst, Secretary, F. W. Baldwin, Treasurer, with Messrs. J. H. Dwight, A. S. Downer and W. K. Applebaugh, Vice Presidents, have taken a very hearty interest in the success of the enterprise, and, we think, can safely congratulate themselves upon having made a complete success of it. Of that, however, we shall be better able to judge on the evening of the ball. The following is a list of the committee:

Floor.

J. W. Burnham.

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| G. K. Wolcott, | J. J. Guthridge, |
| L. G. Clark, | Charles A. Willis. |
| E. C. Boileau, | J. R. Beard, |
| M. W. Doran, | D. Harmon, Jr., |
| E. J. Davin, | S. E. French. |

Reception.

W. P. Phillips.

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Geo. W. Roberts, | Clarence Cary, |
| J. H. Townsend, | P. Hauff, |
| Thomas Brennan, | Thomas P. Scully, |
| P. L. Watson, | Wm. Macintosh, |
| W. J. Doran, | J. H. Boynton. |

President Orton Arrested.

Last Wednesday afternoon, while Mr. Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was in his office, he was visited by a deputy sergeant-at-arms, who, on being shown into Mr. Orton's presence, produced a writ, which he proceeded to read. It was an official notification of his being in contempt of the House of Representatives, and after having read it the deputy formally placed Mr. Orton under arrest. Mr. Orton ordered a copy of the writ to be made, which was sent to his counsel, after which he said he would accompany the deputy sergeant-at-arms to Washington the following morning by the limited express train. Mr. Orton declined to converse about the subject of his arrest or the cause of it, saying he could not with propriety say what he would do before he had appeared before the bar of the House.

Mr. Orton left this city Thursday morning for Washington in custody of a deputy sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives. On his arrival he was arraigned before the bar of the House, charged with contempt. Officers of the company state that all lawful means will be adopted for the protection of persons doing business with the company, by insuring secrecy for their dispatches. The issue now raised will be fought with determination.

Canadian Telegraphers Insurance Association.

We have received a copy of the report of the Second Annual Meeting of the Canadian Telegraphers Mutual Insurance Association, held at Montreal, December 18th. We congratulate the association upon its healthy condition, and are pleased to see how energetic its officers have been in extending its influence and usefulness. From the report we learn that the number of members in good standing is 337.

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| Receipts during the year..... | \$2,469.00 |
| Balance on hand December 1875..... | 226.66 |
| Total..... | \$2,695.66 |
| Paid to heirs of J. Paradis..... | \$700.00 |
| D. Lawson..... | 608.00 |
| E. E. McCormack..... | 600.00 |
| Postage, Printing, Stationary, etc | 279.12 |
| Total..... | \$2,187.12 |
| Balance on hand..... | \$508.54 |

The officers of the association are Charles Bourne, M. T. Co., Montreal, President; Hugh Neilson, Superintendent, D. T. Co., Toronto, Vice President; B. J. Hickey, Train Dispatcher G. T. R., Montreal, Secretary; J. S. McConnell, M. T. Co., Montreal, Treasurer. It was unanimously resolved "that By-Law No. 3 be suspended for the space of three months from this date; and that, during that period, the Executive Committee be authorized to allow delinquent members to re-enter the association on payment of one back assessment and \$1 entrance fee."

Delinquent members should make a note of this. Telegraphers desiring to become members of the association can obtain full information by addressing the Secretary, Mr. B. J. Hickey, Train Dispatcher, G. T. R., Montreal.

The Bennett-May Duel.

It will be remembered that a short time ago we chronicled the fact that James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, had presented a sum of money to each of the employees of the Western Union at Newport, R. I., as a substantial way of thanking them for the prompt and efficient manner in which his telegraph business had been done during the summer.

Mr. Bennett was last week assaulted on the street by a Mr. May, and on Monday afternoon, at a small station on the Maryland and Delaware Railroad with the rather appropriate name of Slaughter, these gentlemen fought an old-time duel. May was slightly wounded, but Bennett escaped unhurt. Mr. Bennett was matrimonially engaged to Mr. May's sister, but a few days before the wedding was to have taken place he went off on a prolonged spree, and neither put in an appearance at the appointed time nor sent an explanation. This so enraged young May that he went to Mr. Bennett's club, waited until that gentleman appeared on the street, and, producing a cowhide, struck him sharply across the face, and then lifting him in his arms threw him bodily into the street—in fact stood him on his head in the snow.

Mr. Bennett is a very liberal patron of the telegraph. The Mays were his guests at Newport during the summer. When the yacht *Mohawk* capsized in New York harbor last August, it will be remembered that Miss May's sister was on board. When the news of the sad accident reached Newport, Miss May and her brother—the one who assaulted Mr. Bennett—were at the latter's house, and up to a late hour that night May was given liberty by Mr. Bennett to open his dispatches, which the latter had ordered, pertaining to the disaster. The office of the Western Union Telegraph Company was ordered to be kept open all night for their benefit, and Mr. Bennett paid all the bills, and up to daylight was in receipt of news of the accident. By ten o'clock of the following morning, principally for the benefit of Miss May and her brother, Mr. Bennett received by telegraph from New York the *Herald's* entire report of the disaster, which contained upward of 6,000 words, and for which he was obliged to pay full rates.

It seems that the new wires of the A. & P. Co. are being put up very substantially. The Portland and New York line, which was opened in the early part of October, has had less than one hour's interruption up to date, which is certainly a very creditable record.

More Bogus Telegrams.

Mr. Philip Potter, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., received December 26th, over the A. and P. lines, the following dispatch, purporting to come from his son in Sacramento, Cal.:

Got hurt. Wish to come home. Please send me some money by telegraph. CHAUNCEY P. POTTER.

Mr. Potter telegraphed his son inquiring how much he required. To this he received the following reply:

Mail one hundred and forty dollars to Reno, Nevada. Have enough to go there. CHAUNCEY P. POTTER.

Mr. Potter was about to comply, when he received another telegram from his son which stated that the former dispatches were forgeries. The money was therefore not sent.

A few days ago a letter was received from young Potter explaining all. It appears that he boards at the Eldred House in Sacramento, where a young man named George Palmer was also stopping, and that this Palmer was the author of the bogus dispatches. It seems that after he had sent the first dispatch he kept up a constant watch for an answer, so that it could not fall into the hands of Mr. Potter, whose name had been used. In due time the answer came, and in the absence of Mr. Potter was delivered to the proprietor of the hotel. Seeing this, Palmer stepped up to that gentleman and volunteered to deliver the dispatch to Mr. Potter, and it was handed over to him. When Mr. Potter came to dinner the proprietor asked him if he had received the dispatch, and he replied that he had not. An investigation followed, which soon revealed the correspondence that had taken place between Palmer and Mr. Potter's father in Poughkeepsie. Palmer was arrested at once, and subsequently confessed his guilt. He begged hard to be released on account of his respectable family connections, but he pleaded in vain. Palmer will probably get five or ten years' imprisonment for his crime. He is from one of the Eastern States.

The Wheeling Western Union Office.

The office of the Western Union Company in Wheeling, W. Va., has been removed to new quarters under the People's Bank. The *Intelligencer* of that city says that if this change is any indication of the prosperity of the Western Union Company, it must be doing a wholesome business in Wheeling. The room is not only large but elegantly fitted up in all respects. Everything is complete in the way of furniture and appointments. The entire telegraphic business of Wheeling used to be done in a dingy office, up a long and steep pair of stairs, in a room over the boat store of Booth, Battelle & Co., where Mr. T. B. A. David and a couple of boys dispensed all the lightning that was needed in Wheeling before the war. Since those days the company has made several changes of location, but never until now has it had an office that is so well calculated to draw business and accommodate the public. It has not only wires in abundance, a competent force of operators, and plenty of messenger boys, but also a central, accessible, and heartsome place of business.

The Term "Plug."

A correspondent in the *Diminon* says that it has long been matter for considerable speculation in his mind to determine the derivation or origin of the euphonious and expressive term "plug," so much in vogue among operators. He has made numerous inquiries and innumerable conjectures, but has been unable to arrive at any definite conclusion. He suggests that some of the older men—"old timers," for instance—may be able to enlighten him. He says he belongs to the vast and irrepressible army of plugs himself, and is extremely anxious to ascertain just what degree of heinousness attaches to the name, and to learn the baneful circumstances which gave birth to the term "plug," as applied to himself and brothers in affliction. The closing sentence, "Will some one kindly end this terrible suspense?" shows how much he takes the matter to heart. Perhaps some sympathizing brother will throw light upon the matter for the *Diminon* gentleman's special edification.

"Old Probs" is pretty correct, after all. Eighty-eight and three-tenths per cent. of his predictions have been verified during the past year, and next year he hopes to make it ninety.

Themes for the Thoughtful.

Youth holds no society with grief.

Keep true to the dreams of youth.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should get blunted.

It is inconceivable how much wit is required to avoid being ridiculous.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry, when what we search is excellent.

The saddest failures in life come from the not putting forth of the power to succeed.

Wickedness resides in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning.

Seek not proud wealth; but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and love contentedly.

The life of a man is like water poured out of a bucket, which the earth quickly sucketh up, and appeareth not again.

The first petition that we are to make to Almighty God is for a good conscience, the second for health of mind, and then of body.

Is not prayer a study of truth, a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.

The best and sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven, or key to let us into Paradise.

A restless mind, like a rolling stone, gathers nothing but dirt and mire. Little or no good will cleave to it; and it is sure to leave peace and quietness behind it.

It is an observation no less just than common that there is no stronger test of a man's real character than power and authority, exciting as they do every passion and discovering every latent vice.

As a looking-glass, if it is a true one, faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happily unevied, to be healthy without physic, secured without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in levying taxes on the next. "Future ages shall talk of this; they shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts shall be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

Common swearing, if it have any serious meaning at all, argues in a man a perpetual distrust of his own reputation, and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not to be worthy of credit. And it is so far from adorning and filling a man's discourse, that it makes it look swollen and bloated, and more bold and blustering than becomes persons of genteel manners and good breeding.

Insist on yourself, never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with cumulative gift force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is estatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of this sacred office, it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks in the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp, no height too exalted for its reach.

The Privacy of Telegraphic Dispatches

On Friday last the Senate, on motion of Mr. Morgan, proceeded to the consideration of the following resolution, reported from the Committee on Privileges and Elections, relating to the production of telegraphic dispatches:

Resolved, That William M. Turner is in duty bound under his oath to answer the questions that have been propounded to him, and that he cannot excuse himself from answering the same by reason of his official connection with the Western Union Telegraph Company as manager of their office at Jacksonville, Oregon.

The full report of the examination of the witness was read by the chief clerk, and consisted of numerous questions propounded by members of the committee, all of which Mr. Turner declined to answer, on the ground that it would be a violation of the law of the State, and also a violation of the rules of the company.

After quite a lengthy debate the question was put by the president on the resolution, and the result was announced, yeas thirty-two, nays three. No quorum having voted, the Senate adjourned. This vote, however, indicates with great clearness the feeling of the Senate in the matter.

On the same day the hour of two o'clock p. m. had been fixed for the presentation at the bar of the House of the recalcitrant witness, E. W. Barnes, who was accordingly produced by the sergeant-at-arms, the witness being accompanied by counsel. On being asked what excuse he had to offer for not producing certain telegrams called for by the subpoena, he produced his answer in writing, prepared by Mr. Lowrey, and requested that it be read by the clerk. The answer sets forth that there were several errors in the subpoenas served upon witness which, strictly interpreted, would not leave him in contempt of the House, as charged, and giving several legal decisions bearing directly on the sacredness of the telegraph. The rules of the company on this subject (Nos. 92, 93, and 94) were also quoted.

The answer altogether is a very able and exhaustive one, and was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report as soon as possible what action should be taken by the House.

The witness then left in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Barnes is in no way restricted in his personal liberty, and can go wherever he pleases, except out of the city. He is stopping at Willard's Hotel, his expenses being paid by the Government, and will receive, on his discharge, the *per diem* allowed a Congressional witness, which is \$3 a day. Not so bad after all. I could name several who are perfectly willing to be arrested on the same terms.

On Tuesday the Judiciary Committee discussed the case of Barnes and others in contempt for refusing to produce telegrams, but came to no conclusion.

An official report of the Louisiana committee putting William Orton in contempt was brought before the House, which passed a resolution to bring Mr. Orton before the bar of the House by a vote of 158 yeas to 33 nays. Mr. Orton's excuses for not answering the subpoenas served on him are taken here by many Congressmen *cum grano salis*, from the fact that he has forwarded no physician's certificate as to his sickness, and this may account in some degree for the decided vote in his case. Again, were it not for the political feeling in the matter many Representatives would no doubt vote differently, but under the present circumstances if they vote against pressing the production of messages, it is construed into a desire on their part to screen the party to which they may belong from exposure, and they are thus compelled to act against their sense of justice. Nothing more has transpired on this subject up to the present writing, but will keep you fully posted in future communications.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1877.

A Hog Train for Tilden.

About as good a joke as I have heard concerning the late election was on the operator at H., one of our Vermont villages. The operator, but a tyro at the business, is a rabid Democrat, and receiving election returns on the eve following election found them coming in rather faster than he could transfer them from his register paper for the large crowd in waiting. But he struggled manfully, and with intense earnestness determined to satisfy the public that he was a first-class operator. It troubled him not a little to keep the returns and the train orders and messages separated, and, occasionally, he would get them mixed together in an amusing manner.

At the time the returns came in so fast and favor-

ably for Tilden, our friend was brought to the highest pitch of excitement and good feeling. Every dispatch was written out promptly, handed to the crowd, and then he would join in the Democratic "hurrah!" "Connecticut for Tilden! Hurrah!" "Georgia Democratic, large majority! Hurrah!" "No. nine on time! Hurrah!" "Mississippi, Indiana, and Kentucky for Tilden! Hurrah!" "West Virginia, New York, the hog train meets number ten at Waterbury, all show, decidedly Democratic majorities! Hip, hip, hur—" The Republicans, who up to this time had been silent and sorrowful spectators of the scene, now joined in the excitement with a "he, he, ha, haw!" and the operator saw the point at once, but the announcement had gone out, and while the crowd was a roarious with laughter, he had drawn his hat down over his eyes and was devoting himself to the wires with a determined intensity which insures his speedy recognition as a first-class man.

GINGER.

The Omaha Western Union Office.

The Omaha *Republican* gives interesting statistics of the business of the Western Union Telegraph office in that city for the year 1876, from which we learn that the total number of messages handled during the year was as follows:

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| January..... | 15,819 |
| February..... | 16,347 |
| March..... | 25,826 |
| April..... | 22,081 |
| May..... | 21,586 |
| June..... | 27,059 |
| July..... | 34,713 |
| August..... | 41,805 |
| September..... | 44,656 |
| October..... | 44,121 |
| November..... | 40,273 |
| December..... | 37,669 |
| Total..... | 374,955 |

Average number of words of press report handled for *Call, Union and Bulletin*, San Francisco, monthly, 219,239. Total for year, 2,630,868. San Francisco *Chronicle*, monthly, 91,000. Total for year, 1,092,000. Omaha *Herald and Republican*, monthly, 98,000. Total for year, 1,176,000.

Grand Total for the year, 4,898,868 words. Wires to Chicago, 9; St. Louis, 3; San Francisco, 3; Kearney Junction (via B. & M. in Nebraska), 1; Sioux City and St. Paul, 1; Council Bluffs (special), 1; Omaha Barrack, 1. Total, 19. Total number miles of wire worked direct from the office on above lines, 7,232. Total number of cups battery used in the office, 941.

PERSONNEL OF THE OFFICE.

F. Lehmer, manager; W. Lehmer, cashier; F. B. Knight, chief operator; A. G. Drake, first assistant chief operator; E. B. Beecher, second assistant operator.

OPERATORS: C. M. Cunningham, F. B. Williams, J. S. Thompson, R. C. Hayes, G. McMahan, W. L. Reed, J. W. Hayes, O. H. Grey, T. W. Collins, W. J. Cook, J. H. Largay, C. E. Mayne, and F. J. Burkley.

MESSENGERS: R. C. McCandless and J. E. Connelley.

Geo. Gardiner, batteryman.

Albany and Vicinity Notes.

The work of building a new wire over the Troy and Boston Railroad from Troy to North Adams was begun December 15th, and it is expected will be completed early in January. The old wire will be devoted wholly to railroad business, and the new to commercial, thereby greatly relieving both the railroad and W. U. folks, as it has become almost an impossibility to do the business of both on one wire. Mr. R. J. Bennett, formerly operator at "Ms" on the above road, has been transferred to the general office in Troy, and now holds the reins as train dispatcher.

The W. U. office at Cohoes has again been moved. Manager House says he now has it fixed to suit him, on the ground floor and in a good location, therefore we need not expect to record another removal under six or eight months.

Mr. Frank Watson, formerly filing clerk in the W. U., is now holding a good position in the general office of the D. and H. Railroad Co., this city. "May you live long and prosper," Frank.

Christmas was made more merry for the office boys in the W. U. by a sum of money raised and given them by the operators. Their apparent appreciation of this was truly enough to make one feel that it is better to give than to receive.

Ersters for oysters is the latest and best.

X Y Z.

Annual Meeting of the International Ocean Telegraph Company.

The Annual Meeting of the International Ocean Telegraph Company was held on the 12th inst., in the Western Union Building. The net earnings of the company for the year ended Sept. 30th, 1876, were \$216,000. The capital stock is \$1,500,000, and the funded debt \$304,000. The company has paid no dividend during the past four years, except a bonus dividend of 25 per cent. on the preferred stock, which was paid last summer, and which was a final dividend of that character. The stock is now all of one class. The company has also retired about \$70,000 of its funded debt during the year. If all the earnings were applied to the cancellation of the debt, it is estimated, from the experience of the past year, that the liabilities of the company would be extinguished in about eighteen months. It has heretofore been the policy of the company thus to apply its net earnings, but at the stockholders' meeting on Tuesday the policy of applying a portion of the earnings to the payment of a dividend not to exceed eight per cent., and the remainder to the cancellation of the debt, was strongly urged. It was consequently thought on Tuesday evening that dividends to the amount above mentioned would be resumed in July, 1877, although the plan was opposed by some of the directors, who claimed that all indebtedness should first be paid, when the company would be able to pay a dividend of 12 to 15 per cent. a year. Of the stock the Western Union Company owns \$1,050,000.

The directors and officers were unanimously re-elected.

The Dominion Telegraph Company's Line

The following appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 4th inst., and will give a fair idea of what is being done toward completing the direct wires of the Dominion Co. from Montreal to Boston:

The Dominion Telegraph Company have erected poles, and strung wires from the head office in this city to Longue Pointe; thence two cables have been laid across the river to Longueuil, the work having been completed last evening, and from Longueuil to Highgate Springs, Vermont, where the connection is made with the American system. The poles are erected, and the wires will be strung before the close of the month. The work has been under the charge of Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Superintendent of the Eastern District, and Mr. Langhorn, foreman of construction. One of the cables was purchased from the Direct Cable Company, and is similar in construction to that in operation between Great Britain and the United States; the second was purchased in New York. To-day they were tested and found to be electrically perfect. The company, on completion of the line between Longueuil and Highgate Springs, will have a direct communication with Boston and New York, and, by way of Boston, with the Direct Cable Company at Rye Beach. Hitherto the only direct connection the company has had with the United States has been at Buffalo, and the press of business at that point has interfered with the transmission of messages to Chicago and other cities in the West.

Made the Connection.

The construction corps of the Western Union Telegraph Company arrived here with the third wire yesterday, and Superintendent Frank Bell is busy looking after its introduction to the Company's office. New repeaters, replacing those demoralized by an overdose of lightning compounded in nature's great laboratory, some time ago, are now in position, and the entire office is undergoing a process similar to that usually inaugurated in well regulated households about the first of May. The furniture of the office during the greater portion of yesterday, monopolized four sections of sidewalk in that quarter of the city, and the bedraggled operators in old cast off linen dusters crawled around under the tables, climbed up the stovepipe, and in their frenzied efforts to poke telegraph wire through every visible gimlet hole with which the building has been perforated during the lapse of years, absolutely hung on to the window-casings by their eyebrows, looking all the time as happy as a submissive Benedict who had just been lapped up by the fire-shovel. All the crippled furniture is receiving surgical attention, and as new sets of legs have been artistically adjusted upon the stove and chairs, the boys will now remove from their temporary quarters in the coal bin, and once more stand erect, assuming the easy attitude of freedom and men.—*Elko Nev. Independent*.

Echoes From 197.

John Calvert is the most modest man in the office. A repeating sounder has been added to the Hartford and Providence quad. The last bug has been utterly annihilated.

It has been suggested from many quarters that some Black Hills miner be engaged to dig for the originals of Jim Crute's jokes.

Mr. Charles H. Parr has been making a few weeks' visit to the interior of this State, and returns to us looking better than usual.

Mr. R. H. Morris was heard to remark that the only thing he got in his stocking on Christmas was his foot! Some of the boys think that was enough.

R. G. Stephenson has been transferred from the southern side to the Cincinnati quad, where he will continue to wait the lightning with his native simplicity.

McLaren Campbell turns up in Chicago dissatisfied with the tobacco speculation in New Orleans. We have not learned whether he was intimidated or bull-dozed.

All the boys will be glad to learn that H. S. Larcombe, who entertained them with his pleasant and truthful stories, is working for the A. & P. Company in Washington, D. C.

He signs Ea, and the lady Sy, and the mute appeal thus conveyed at the end of a message touches even the obdurate heart of Joe Wood in his swift flight through a pile of Boston biz.

The location of the Hartford and Providence quad has been changed, so that now it is on the first desk from the railing as you enter the operating room. It is worked by the two veteran Morse men of the office, Messrs. Hoyt and Allen, and if they are in a talkative mood you can find out how telegraphing was done in Jerry Borst's time.

The platform at the back of the switch, and which covered up the stairway leading to the sixth floor, has been removed, the stairway reopened, and a lighter and neater platform, surrounded by an iron railing, erected. The space between the floor and the top of the platform has been covered with glass, exposing the wires so artistically arranged by Prof. La Risse.

The stately figure of Mr. Thomas P. Scully again lends dignity to the printing circuits at 197. Years ago Mr. Scully was affectionately dubbed "The Duke" by his compeers. The phrase dates back to the days when Mr. J. C. Hinchman and Mr. Geo. B. Prescott used to "get in on the biz." The men of that period, judging from those who have come down to us, seem to have been physiologically noble specimens of men, and no doubt the development of the telegraph is in some measure due to this fact. Mr. Scully has been representing the W. U. T. Co. at the Centennial during the summer, and shortly expects to be sent to the effete monarchies of Europe to introduce the Phelps' Motor Quadruplex.

Extract from a letter dated Florence, Italy, Dec. 20, 1876: "I visited the Royal Roman Telegraph office this p. m. through the help of an operator who is a relative of a telegrapher in or near New York, named Booth. The office here has twenty-five wires, 2,000 jars Calland battery, twelve male and twenty female operators. The manager and three operators speak English, French, and German (compulsory). The Ladies' Department—ye gods!—twenty beautiful young ladies working the Morse—Wheatstone, as they call it, registers and transmitters—nothing by sound. The ladies are all about twenty-three to twenty-five, and have been taught by the Government, and are not allowed to marry—all must be single, and are pledged when they accept the place. How would this suit the young ladies in 197? Not very well, I imagine."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Eastern Province Herald* (Algoa Bay) suggests a plan by which the South African colonies may be brought, telegraphically, a week nearer to England than at present. What is wanted for the moment to fill the hiatus due to the failure of Hooper's contract, is merely a loop-line of cable between St. Vincent and Goree or Dakar, close to Cape Verd. A light line with heavy ends, about 600 miles total length, would span the space to the main land, at the parts indicated, which all mail vessels closely pass, and could manage to "call off" with very little delay for telegraphic dispatches generally. The Cable Company would probably execute the job straightway after preliminaries, and doubtless the French and British Governments and the Colonies would be willing to contribute to meet the trifling expense of this enterprise, which would bring South Africa within twelve days of Europe.

Dashes Here and There.

The A. and P. Co. commenced the new year by making several reductions in tariff to points west.

The Erie Railway Depot and Western Union office at Corning, N. Y., as well as a number of buildings, were destroyed by fire January 4th.

Telegraph Manager Barnes isn't having so hard a time of it at Washington. He stops at Willard's, and the *Philadelphia Times* says he "has the free run of the bar-room for his Jersey lightning."

THE New Zealand Government supports the proposal for a second cable line of communication with Europe, provided that it is completed by a second line through Australia; but it regards a Trans-Pacific route as out of the question.

An order was recently issued by the A. and P. officials that all their messengers should wear the company's uniform. At one of the "Granite State" offices there is stationed a modest young lady who acts as manager, operator, and messenger. She blushing inquired of the district superintendent whether she also must observe the order and wear the gray.

TELEGRAPHING MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECH.—The total number of words telegraphed of Mr. Bright's speech, delivered at the Birmingham Town Hall, England, December 4th, was 330,000, representing 165 columns of matter. The longest report sent was that to the *Times* and *Glasgow News*, consisting of 11,000 words. In addition to ordinary instruments, fifteen Wheatstone automatic instruments were worked.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Edward F. Lackner is manager of the A. and P., at Denver, Col.

Mr. C. D. Torrance wafts lightning, at West Alexandria, Ohio.

Mr. C. B. Goodale flourishes at Freeville, N. Y., and Mr. T. P. Reeder at Tioga Center.

Marion Klear, formerly of Tompkinsville, S. I., is now at the Grand Union Hotel in this city.

T. F. Donelin, days, and U. C. Palmer, nights, compose the force of Winnemucca, Nev., A. & P. Office.

W. L. Marsden is operator for the A. and P. Co., at Eureka, Nev., and Wm. Spinner for the W. U. at same place.

Commodore Vanderbilt, a director and large stockholder of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died in this city last week.

Mr. H. B. Garrison, agent and operator at Brinkley, Ark., was married January 1st to Miss S. J. Letson. A good way, we should say, to begin the new year.

The operators of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad presented their chief operator, Mr. John Suten, with a handsome gold watch and chain for a Christmas gift, and as a token of respect.

Mr. A. J. Swan, of Princeton, N. J., has resigned to accept the position of ticket agent and operator for the Bound Brook Railroad, at Pennington, N. J. Andy is a rapid and plain sender, and his former confreres miss him.

It is reported in Boston that James Roche, who has for the past eight years done the heavy work on No. 5 northern circuit A. & P. Co., is to work the receiving end of the Montreal duplex. Jim has the best wishes of hosts of friends, who regret the transfer deeply.

On January 2nd, Wm. McRavey, agent and operator for the C. P. Co., at Golconda, Nev., was shot and instantly killed by one Harry Huff, a drunken fiddler. The trouble between them was of a very trifling nature. Huff has been arrested and lodged in jail at Winnemucca, Nev.

Mr. Harry Hindmarsh, the C. S. R. agent and telegraph operator at Duart station, met with a painful accident on Sunday evening. He had been on a short visit to his relations, and was returning by the evening express—the understanding with the conductor being that the train should slow up at Duart to let him off. But the conductor appears to have forgotten to stop, and the operator undertook to get off in his own way. He leaped from the step, but was carried forward, and one of the wheels passed over his left foot, cutting off all the toes.

Mr. Jim Foley has been appointed to a position on the House wires in the Philadelphia Western Union office, and his hours changed from regular day to the twelve to nine trick. And yet he is not happy. He was heard to recklessly offer ten dollars and other fabulous sums to any day man who would exchange tricks. Mr. Swan succeeds Mr. Foley on the Baltimore wire.

Mr. John Little, well known on the line of the Canada Southern Railway and elsewhere as a telegraph operator, has been promoted to the position of Circuit Manager on the Canada Pacific Telegraph Line. His division extends from Fort Pelly on the head waters of the Assiniboine River, to Fort Edmonton on the North branch of the Saskatchewan River, a distance of 535 miles.

The C. S. & C. R. R. operators seem to have a sickly time of it. Mr. Smith, agent and operator at Georgesville, Ohio, has been quite ill. Mr. Nash, subbing for him. Mr. Wiseman, manager, London, O., is also sick. So is Miss Chase, at Clyde. Mr. Jo! Taylor, of West Liberty, is working in Miss Chase's place. Mr. Montgomery, of Carey, has been off spending the holidays. Mr. Royer, of West Liberty, is subbing for him.

RIVER men and other men from this valley will be pleased to find J. A. Wilson, formerly of this city, installed as manager of the telegraph office at the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh. Wilson is thoroughly acquainted with all points along the river, and his office being conveniently located, gives him facilities for transacting business for any of our Valley people of the most favorable character. Besides this he is most obliging, very prompt, and very careful.—*Monongahela Republican*.

Two young ladies of this city, skilled manipulators on the electric wires, and operators for the Western Union, seeing that a lady and gentleman in Plaistow had made 460 different words from the words "New Hampshire," determined to see what they could do. After a comparatively short trial they succeeded in making 605 therefrom in the following alphabetical order and number: A, 38; E, 44; H, 74; I, 22; M, 45; N, 28; P, 74; R, 52; S, 142; W, 86.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Times*.

Says the New York *Tribune*: Cornelius Casey, a Western Union telegraph messenger, only 12 years old, deserves a personal mention of a most cordial sort. He was employed in the office of the company at Brunswick, Ga., and during the yellow fever epidemic there in the autumn, while all the local operators and those sent from abroad were struggling with the disease, he took charge of the office and kept up the communication, without which the town would have been entirely shut away from outer relief. He sent and received dispatches correctly, although he had no instruction, and nobody in the office was conscious that he had picked up a knowledge of the art. He has been formally thanked by resolution of the Relief Association of the town.

MARRIAGES.

HIGMAN—LOWE.—At the bride's residence, Carleton Place, Ont., January 2d, by the Rev. W. Ross, Mr. Ormond Higman, chief operator M. T. Co., Ottawa, Ont., to Miss Lizzie Lowe, of Carleton Place, Ont. The happy couple proceeded upon a tour west amid hearty greetings from a host of friends.

BIRTHS.

December 26th, 1876, to A. F. Stickney, agent and operator D. and N. W. R. R., Hopkinton, Iowa, a daughter—third edition.

DEATHS.

HOAK.—January 5th, at Springfield, Ohio, Emma, daughter of James Hoak, repairman W. U. Tel. Co., in the twentieth year of her age.

FISHER.—January 3d, at Springfield, Ohio, of consumption, Geo. W. Fisher, operator, W. U. main office.

Mr. Fisher was a promising operator and very popular. Though unwell for some time, his death was unexpected. Just before that event he was standing by the stove, interested in the portrait of Fred Catlin in last issue of *THE OPERATOR*—being rather swift himself. He died suddenly, without a struggle.

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Catalogues or ordering articles advertised in our columns
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"Saunterings About Constantinople," by CHARLES
DUDLEY WARNER; "Out of My Window at Moscow,"
by EUGENE SCHUYLER; "An American in Turkistan,"
etc. Three serial stories are announced:

"NICHOLAS MINTURN,"

By Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor,

whose story of "Sevenoaks" gave the highest satis-
faction to the readers of the Monthly.

The scene of this latest novel is laid on the banks of
the Hudson. The hero is a young man who has been
always "tied to a woman's apron strings," but who, by
the death of his mother, is left alone in the world,—
to drift on the current of life,—with a fortune, but with-
out a purpose.

Another serial, "His Inheritance," by Miss TRAF-
TON, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o'
Lowrie's," by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT. Mrs. Burn-
ett's story, begun in August, has a pathos and drama-
tic power which have been a surprise to the public.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely
illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. HER-
RICK, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens, papers on

"HOME LIFE AND TRAVEL."

Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life,
village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists.

Mr. BARNARD's articles on various industries of Great
Britain include the history of "Some Experiments
in Co-operation," "A Scottish Loaf Factory" in the
November number, and "Toad Lane, Rochdale," in
December. Other papers are, "The British Working-
man's Home," "A Nation of Shopkeepers," "Ha'penny
a Week for the Child," etc.

A richly illustrated series will be given on "American
Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and
each on a different theme. The subject of

"Household and Home Decoration"

will have a prominent place, whilst the latest produc-
tions of American humorists will appear from month to
month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and
other sketches, etc., is a long one.

The editorial department will continue to employ the
ablest pens both at home and abroad. There will be a
series of letters on literary matters, from London, by
Mr. WELFORD.

The pages of the magazine will be open, as hereto-
fore, so far as limited space will permit, to the discus-
sion of all themes affecting the social and religious life
of the world, and specially to the freshest thought of
the Christian thinkers and scholars of this country.

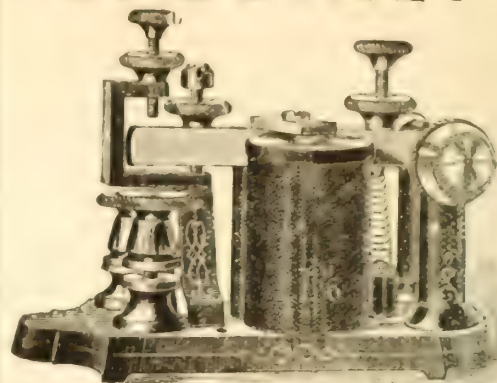
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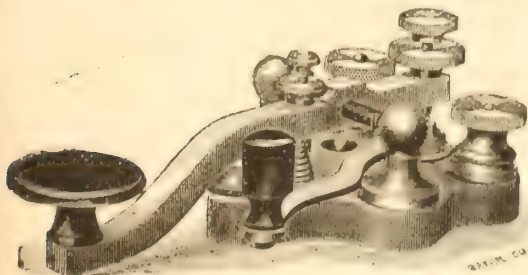
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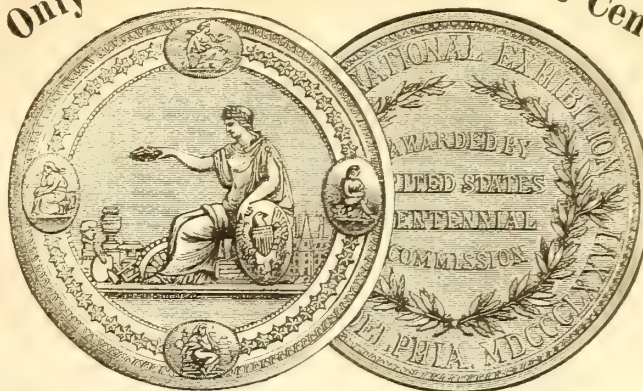
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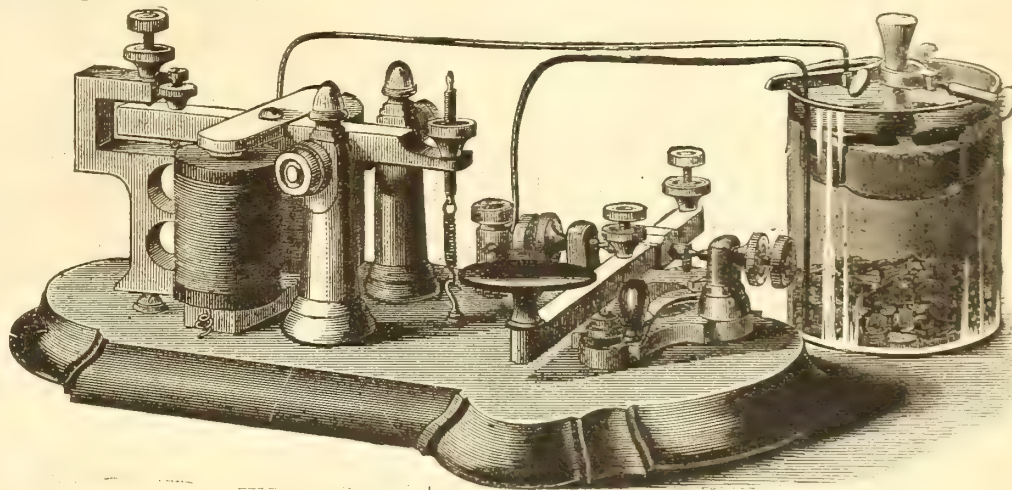
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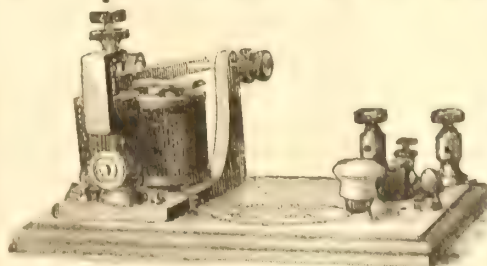
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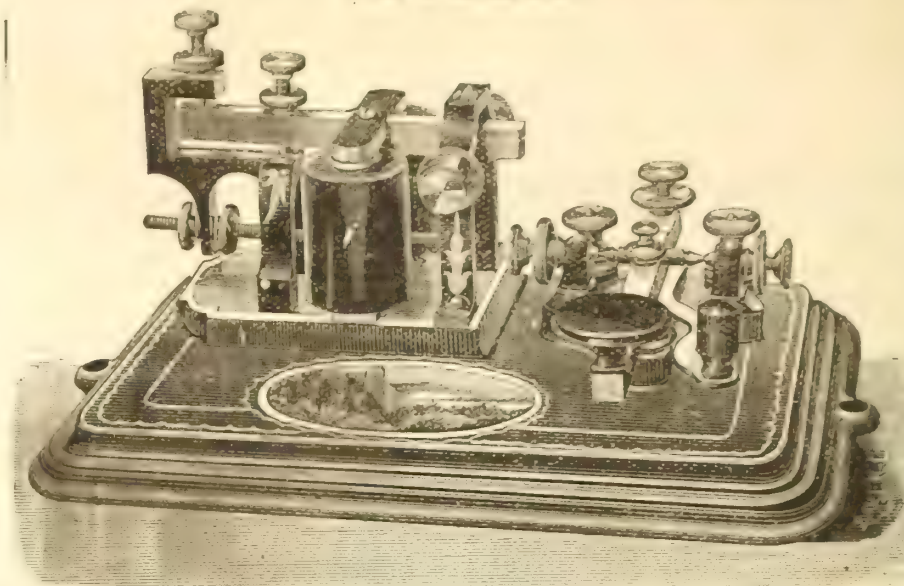
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A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1877.

No. 11

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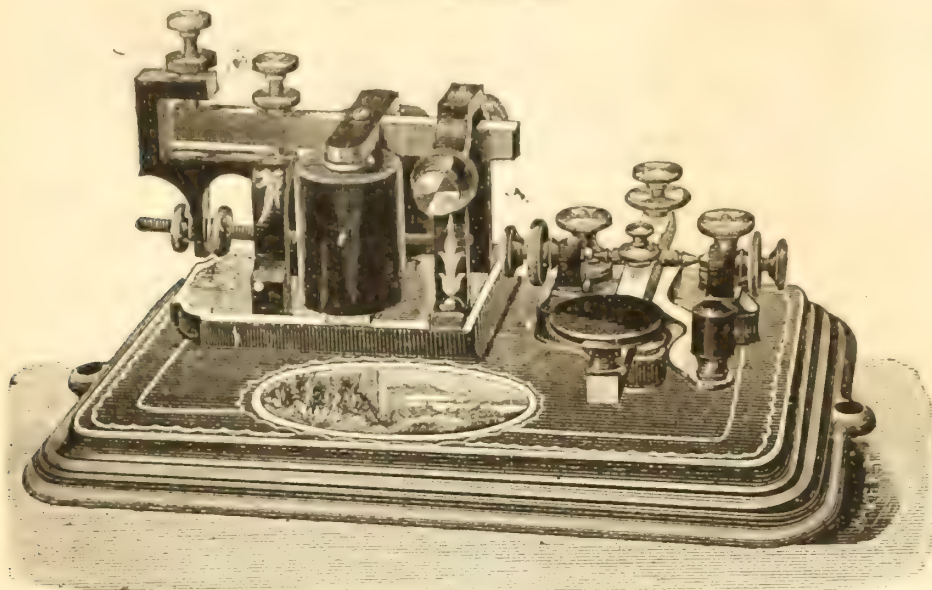
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THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

February 1st, 1877.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 71.

The Song of the Plug.

With thumb and fore-finger worn,
With expression of infernal glee,
A country plug sat in his place of toil
Plying his dare deviltry.

Break! break! break!

As contented as cats on the rug,
And, still on a key of excellent make,
He warbled the song of the plug.

Break! break! break!

While experts grow mad and profane.

Break! break! break!

Till they think I'm a terrible bane.

Blaspheme and abuse me and swear,

Swear at, abuse me, blaspheme,

Till they're forced to refrain since no words
remain,

To build dams for profanity's stream.

Oh, plugs! this vast country o'er!

Fellow friends of a calling so dire!

It is not your fingers you're wearing out,

But the patience of kings of the wire.

Break! break! break!

As contented as puss on the rug,

Breaking on duplex and single strings too—

On all kinds considered a "bug."

Break! break! break!

My toil seems never to cease.

And what are its wages?—a cushioned chair

And a post of endless lease.

This best of wires, that longest trick,

And favors so many and great,

That my written thanks would fill all the blanks

The printers could ever create.

Break! break! break!

They often wish me dead,

And schemes devise to extirpate

All plugs that o'er earth are spread!

But 'tis vain to speak of death,

We never, never die.

'Tis merely a waste of experts' breath,

They must only endure us and sigh.

Oh! but to break on a wire

Where rushists are happy and glad!

On a circuit so easy to break,

Where experts so lightly get mad.

For only one short month

To break as I used to break,

Before my fingers were stiff and old,

And my break-thirst so easy to slake.

Oh! but for one short month—

A month however short!—

(E'en February would suit me well.)

To increase my wicked sport.

A little practice would serve me much,

But to get it my work would flag;

And I could not provoke the expert folk—

No, I can not and will not lag!

You may swear and howl and shout,

You may shout and howl and swear,

But my tribe will live and thrive and grow.

(Ah! I see you with horror stare!)

We shall live to ever afflict.

We shall thrive to perpetuate breaks.

We shall grow—increase; you shall have no
peace,

Until Gabriel's trump the world awakes.

With thumb and fore-finger worn,

With a look of infernal glee,

A fiendish plug sat in his place of toil

Plying his dare deviltry.

Break! break! break!

When currents are weak and when strong,

And still in a style that never knew Morse—

Would it might know a healthy remorse—

He merrily warbled his song.

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RUDY.

Balancing the Quad.

Plug, boys, plug with care,
Plug in the absence of the manajare,
Hundred Ohms hole to make it square,
Five hundred Ohms when it 'gins to raire,
Ten thousand Ohms in rank despair!
Plug, boys, plug with care,
Rake out the Ohms when the boss ain't there!



Edward O. Chase (Nuf Ced)

Was born in Philadelphia. He first turned his attention to telegraphy while employed on the engineer corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1865. In the summer of '67 he joined a party of United States engineers, and with them went to Nebraska to make a geological survey of that Territory. Returning home the following winter he then began the actual business of telegraphing, securing a position as operator and clerk for the Pennsylvania Steel Company at their works at Baldwin Station near Harrisburg, Pa. He remained at this place during the winter months, but in the early summer of '68 a recurrence of the fever and ague, contracted the previous season in the region of the head waters of the Missouri, compelled his resignation and obliged him to go north. He next turns up as operator in Portsmouth, N. H., on the line of the now defunct International Telegraph Company, which was absorbed by the Western Union in 1872. At the close of the year he was promoted to the main office of the same company in Portland, Maine, and next went to Augusta as report operator, engaged in transmitting to Portland and Boston the reports of the State Legislature.

Returning to Portland at the end of the session, he soon after resigned his position and accepted the managership of the summer office of the W. U. at Crawford House, White Mountains. At the close of the season he was ordered to Portland W. U. office, and late in the fall of '68 was sent to Bangor, Maine, as night manager and press receiver, which position he filled to the satisfaction of all concerned until July 5th, 1872, when night work having resulted in failing health, his resignation took effect and he left the business to return home and accept the assistant secretaryship of the American Iron and Steel Association of Philadelphia, where his duties consisted chiefly in the editorship of the bulletin of the association during the absence of the secretary. In the spring of '73 he had a relapse of the old uneasiness and returned to his first love, this time as operator at the Ocean House summer office of the Western Union at Newport, R. I. At the close of the season he entered into the manufactory of machinists' tools and light machinery, as manager of his father's factory in Newark, N. J., which position he still occupies, only having left it to assume the position of chief operator at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Western Union office during the seasons of 1874 and '75. In '76 he declined many telegraphic offers to attend the Centennial as exhibitor in Machinery Hall and correspondent of THE OPERATOR.

Mr. Chase is widely known among the fraternity as an amiable gentleman of much culture of mind, and possessing social and literary talents of a high order. As a telegrapher he is recognized as a first-class man in every respect. May his original and humorous articles long continue to grace the columns of THE OPERATOR, and may his shadow never be less.

Tripping It On the Light Fantastic Toe.

The Third Annual Ball of the New York Telegraphers' Association took place at Trenor's Lyric Hall, this city, on Wednesday evening, January 24th. The hall, without being at all crowded, was well filled, there being 233 present. Dancing commenced at 10:20 and was kept up continuously until three A. M. Everything went along with smoothness and satisfaction, and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. To dive recklessly into poetry:

"Hundreds of hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, —
And all went merry as the marriage bell."

A saunter through the hall before the ball commenced showed that admirable taste had been displayed in decorating the room. Bernstein's band on the platform at the west end of the room was surrounded by a profusion of handsome flowers; behind the band were painted scenes similar to those on the stage of a theatre, giving a pleasant and romantic effect. Above and in front of the musicians were also suspended baskets of flowers, and above these the words "Welcome" in evergreens, and "Telegraphers' Association, 1877," in different colored flowers. On the floor on the north side of the room were more flowers. The florist, H. Boldtmann, deserves much credit for the very satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties. The taste displayed in arranging the flowers was excellent, and the effect produced as gratifying to the officers of the association as it was pleasant to their guests. On the south side of the hall there is a small gallery. From this, in a wreath of evergreens and surrounded by an American flag, hung a fine picture of Professor Morse. Over the door leading from the ladies' room was decorated by dried fern in the shape of a star. A number of large oil paintings at different places on the wall completed the decorations, and it is hardly too much to say that a neater or more tasteful ball-room is not seen more than once in a lifetime.

We may be permitted to say that the ball was not as distinctly telegraphic as it might have been. The great majority of those present were not telegraphers, and purely knights of the key were as scarce as hundred dollar a month positions. Considering the name of the association and its object, this hardly seems right. The ball was a very brilliant and enjoyable one, however, very select, and everybody social and good natured. We should like to give the names of those present, but, of course, it was impossible to obtain a complete list. Among the ladies, however, we noticed Mrs. Hall with T. J. Egan, Miss Richards and Miss Stack with E. J. Davin, Miss Gertrude Rafferty with Charles F. Kirschbaum, Miss Schenck with the Marks brothers, Miss Walsh with Ed Wilson, Miss De La Montaigne with A. Timmermann, of L. G. Tillotson & Co.'s, Miss Ryerson with W. J. Johnston, Miss Le Fevre with W. K. Applebaugh, Mrs. Morgan with Captain Horatio Nelson. We also noticed the following lady telegraphers, but are unable to say whom they accompanied: Misses Dailey, Lavine, Morley, Sykes, Laughlin, Salisbury, Rossman, Williams, Joslyn, Short, and Mrs. McCormick. Among others present we saw Hon. William Orton, two daughters and son, Cyrus W. Field and daughter, J. H. Emerick, Supt. N. Y. Fire Alarm Telegraph, and wife, Captain McGowan, 12th Regiment, and wife, E. F. Ludwig and wife, P. L. Watson and wife, R. G. Stephenson and wife, Geo. Moore and sisters, Robt. G. Br. wn, sister, and Miss Foster, Hon. Geo. Walker, Superintendent Ward, of the Direct Cable, J. O. Green, Judge O. H. Palmer, Superintendent Bedlow, Portland, Manager Robinson, Philadelphia, Manager Hubbell, Hartford, Manager Cary, Jersey City, Transfer Agent Garfield, Philadelphia, C. G. Howard, New London, E. O. Chase, Philadelphia, Commodore Cheever, E. N. Dickerson, Lieutenant Kirby, T. L. Simonton, Superintendent Childs, of the Law Telegraph, Captain Macintosh, R. H. Rochester, J. D. Read, W. P. Phillips, H. W. Pope, Manager Downer, chiefs Dwight and Brennan, and Messrs. McAncey, Ashburn, Baldwin, Leslie, Watson, Holmes, Singleton, Kearney, Walcott, Boileau, Beard, Louis Kirschbaum, Harmon, French, Brown, Lowery, Jones, Willis, Lockwood, Smith, Doran, Hauff, Labonte, Dennis, Casey, Weed, Tobin, Conklin, Webb.

And now we come to the important questions, "Who was the belle of the ball, and who wore the handsomest dress?" Conscious of our own inability to do this perplexing subject justice, we invited a lady, competent to decide in such intricate matters, to accompany and advise us. She kindly consented. John Oakum and Nuf Ced were also present, and we smiled blandly as we thought of the complete and exhaustive report of the dresses and of the ladies we should receive from this brilliant trio. But we were disappointed. John said he was a married man and didn't wish to create a coldness in the Oakum family, and Nuf Ced he expected to be, and reminded us that Miss Ferrier, a Scotch writer, had once said that "no woman could ever hear another highly commended by her lover without feeling a slight sensation of jealousy." Not long afterward, standing in a lancers' set, while the heads were balancing and turning, we remarked confidentially to our only remaining reporter that a particular lady to whom we pointed had a sweet, interesting face, and we thought was positively handsome; but our friend turned up her nose in so enthusiastic a fashion that we made up our mind at once that the lady was one of the most homely women we had seen in years. Thus were we baffled at every turn.

Nor were we more successful in regard to the dresses. When we came to compare notes we found that we had fallen in love with a pink dress, while our friend had gone into ecstasies over a cream-colored one. Then we felt a little blue, and acknowledged that we were green at this business. She said she had not expected that from one so well read. And as she bowed, as if to apologize for the compliment, it struck us that that was intended for a "goak." The subject was not revived again until during the ride home. We then inquired what we should say in regard to the belle of the ball. "I think," she replied, with charming *marvele* and the most refreshing coolness, "that you had better say nothing about the belle. I never like to see my name paraded in print!" In the face of this modest declaration, and remembering that at best "comparisons are odious," perhaps we had better pursue that course. We might remark, incidentally, however, that there were some very beautiful and expensive dresses, and many fair and graceful as well as charming and agreeable ladies present, and that everybody seemed to have spent the very pleasantest kind of an evening, and to have quitted the hall at last with regret. The fact of the matter is, that—

"Of all that did chance, 'twere along tale to tell,
Of the dancers and dresses, and who was the belle;
But each was so happy, and all were so fair,
That night stole away, and the dawn found them there."

Although the ball was an unqualified success, the supper was not. The quality of the viands was excellent, but there was a lamentable lack of waiters and accommodation. It is said that those who went early fared better, but that is small consolation to us who found not even a chair to rest our weary limbs upon, and had to "grab" for what we wanted, and then found no table to place it on. If the lady you have with you be the bright particular star you perhaps hope to wed, of course you will consider no labor or sacrifice endured for her sweet sake too much, but whether that coveted smile and musical "ever so much obliged" adequately repays the anxiety and misery of walking all around the table twice in a desperate attempt to get something you think she will particularly relish, being jostled by the surging and increasing crowd engaged in the same labor of love, bump against a man with a cup of coffee in one hand and a dish of oysters in the other, muttering to himself, "All for her," tread upon the dresses of three or four ladies, and finally flounder up to your place red in the face and feeling as cheap as a first-class man working for thirty-five dollars a month—whether the smile and the assurance that you have won her gratitude adequately compensates for this and for being compelled yourself to stand like hope on a monument smiling at—a ham sandwich, we leave each of those present to decide for himself. Miss Thackeray says: "There are times when one feels that no amount of failing is failure, no succeeding, success." She must have attended a ball and been compelled to "grab" for her supper. Those who deferred making love until supper-time, on the assurance of George Eliot that "one can say everything best over a meal," found that it depends considerably upon what kind of a meal it is, and whether there are any waiters within call. The men were good natured, however, and bore it heroically—even smiled at witty remarks from their partners. But "saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack, and Montezuma smiled on burning coals."

Nuf Ced on the Ball.

The evening was one of those bright, clear, and sparkling ones that lend a fresh charm to in-door life, a brighter color to glowing cheeks, and life and strength to flying feet, and at an early hour the stream of carriages drawing up and depositing their cloaked and hooded and clustered human freight, showed most conclusively that the fraternity was determined to make this, what it certainly proved to be, the crowning success of their three years' efforts.

Certainly no better selection of locality could have been made than Lyric Hall. Its cozy appointments and elegant dressing and ante-rooms shone forth in a glow of genial comfort and welcome noticed by all as in striking contrast to the more spacious but less cheerful rooms engaged on previous occasions.

At ten o'clock promptly the grand march was begun, and the hall and ante-rooms were soon filled with the finest and most *rechere* assemblage which the wire manipulators has ever drawn together, and presented a scene of mingled colors, figures, and faces which might well defy the painter's art. Not only were the telegraphers themselves out in full force, but their invited guests were also present in goodly numbers, and a more social and happy party of a hundred couples or so it would be difficult to bring together without doing just what it was evident the members had done in exercising the strictest care in the issuing of invitations.

That the music was of the best need not be mentioned, for Bernstein led the orchestra, and from the grand march through the "Centennial," "Mme. Angot," and "Genevieve Lanciers," the "Telephone," and other waltzes, the galops and redowas, the "Quadruplex," and "Nine-pin," quadrilles, and all the rest of the well arranged list of twenty-two dances, which wound up with the sad and familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home," the gay party balanced and crossed, swung and whirled in the very poetry of motion, and would neither be tired nor dismayed.

The supper, like all the other accessories and appointments, was in the best of taste and elegant in its limitless bill of fare and florists' and confectioners' displays, while the bar, which had been an unpleasant accessory on former occasions, was, for once, thanks to the committee, very acceptably conspicuous for its absence. As there was no intermission in the programme, and the guests sought the supper room as their inclination prompted them, there were no speech-making or ceremonies; but those who ate did so with the added enjoyment of the strains of music floating up from the ball below as an addition to the feast as well as a gentle reminder that dancing was the business of the evening and must not be neglected.

Besides the music, flowers, dresses, and all the glories of such occasions, there were other scenes to be gazed upon which we wish we possessed the facile pen to picture, little glimpses of flirtation and tenderness between those who were blissfully unconscious of other eyes, and tableaux in the ante-room as fair to look upon as the ball itself; but we are treading on dangerous ground and dare not tell all that we saw!

Suffice it to say that nothing could have been wished in the arrangement or carrying out of the programme to enhance the pleasure of the evening, and we know that all were sad when the final chords of music died mournfully away at three A. M., and the ball of '77 had become at last a thing of the past.

To the committees of the association, who were so ably seconded by the efforts of its members, all honor is due, and we feel sure that we but echo the general sentiments in heartily wishing them as great a measure of success in the future as they have shown themselves capable of in the past, and that their shadows, whether at the desk or on the waxen floor, may never be less.

NUF CED.

It seems that the name of the firm is Freeman & Gillies, but when it reached the lady it had been transposed into Freeman & Jellies. After O K had been given, he spoke his little piece thusly: "It seems to me that they've got that *jammed* up somewhat." Then he opened his key for a moment, and after keeping her in a state of anxious suspense, continued: "And I think under the circumstances the best thing I can do is to *preserve* it for future reference." She did not faint, but plaintively asked her neighbor if she had such a thing as a sugar-plum about her.

What Constitutes a Plug.

A LUCID ANSWER AND A WORD TO LITERARY PLUGS.

In your last issue were two requests for more light on the plug question; one of the inquirers—a candid and observant, but evidently abandoned, Canadian addicted to breaking—offering himself for investigation. If it is imperatively necessary that the Kanucks should know what a plug is, let them ask the late millionaire who has been rendered a homeless wanderer by the plug's work; let them ask those ethereal beings—first-class men—who send eighty messages inside of an hour, read forty-five words behind, come late, and give other evidence of superior intelligence; or let them read the back numbers of *THE OPERATOR*. I may venture a few fresh surmises, and if I am wrong in any of the theories evolved, the plugs of Canada can set the matter before Lord Dufferin and have me extradited; failing in which they are at liberty to salt me in effigy on the phantom lines of their imaginary Pacific Railroad. The origin and habits of the solid plug are buried somewhat in private seclusion, nor are they as worthy of serious thought as is the problem of his extinction; but from the number of curious facts and discoveries diverging from a study of his habits, the earnest student will find it quite interesting as a subject of philosophical research.

As to the origin of the name, or the etymology of the word itself, a piece of knowledge which your Canadian correspondent seems to particularly thirst after, there are many versions given. Signor Saltem, in the *Boletino Telegrafico*, says with a good deal of truth that a particular brand of operator is called a "plug" because he is always in a hole. He is capable of crawling into any kind of an aperture, square or round, and when a corporation discovers a leak in its treasury it discharges a costly man, and after locating the hole puts a plug in it for economy's sake. Like all inanimate plugs a living one is impervious to epithets, and profane managers find him a convenient plug to swear at, his mild replies being confined to the conventional "pa, ha" in bad Morse, and other non-committal remarks. His creation and genealogical descent is somewhat of a mystery, as the only ones who could give reliable testimony on the subject (his victims) are moldering beneath the green sod—laid low by an untimely and premature demise. Our good and beloved patriarch, Mr. J. D. Reid, says that O. S. Wood, of Montreal, was Professor Morse's first student. Through this medium we might possibly ascertain some information about the first plug, although we could not legally expect the gentleman to give testimony which might tend to criminate himself.

Regarding his habits, the plug, as we find him today, is one who has been generally employed at some more respectable avocation—shoemaking or plastering, may be. But he has unfortunately listened to the wiles of the bland college professor, and paid his cash for a "diploma" under the common delusion that "tallygraffin" will prove an easier and far more fun-inspiring occupation than flourishing a trowel on a two-story scaffold, or manipulating sole leather with a wax-end; or even funnier than acting as a shovel engineer at the gas works. After "graduating," some plugs have been known to content themselves with sending wrong numbers and checks by way of getting their hands in, but such thin subterfuges are promptly frowned down by the upper ten of plugdom as unworthy of a plug's profession. His first duty to his kin is to fix his eye on some unfortunate patron of the company who occupies an important position before the public; being careful that such position is one, unlike the plug's own, depending entirely on the incumbent's reputation for sobriety and common sense. Having carefully selected his victim, he may perpetuate his maiden joke by lugging the unhappy man's name before the public in such a questionable manner that it appears in the public prints as "Hon. L. Q. C. DeWolfe last night headed a mutiny in this town," etc.; and when they come to hunt up the original message, the uproariously funny part of it will be patent to even the plug's bitterest enemy to find that it should have been "headed a meeting." From this slight effort he can progress toward the other facetious accomplishments of the plug. An error in a market report, for instance, quoting whiskey ten cents cheaper than the actual price for years, will get the entire State of Kentucky into a frenzy of wild excitement and joy. A telegraphic announcement to an expectant father of "a fire box" when the sender telegraphed "a fine boy" is very creditable to a plug in early life. He can win the lasting esteem of his fellow plugs by ordering "cooked hams" in the telegrams of pompous Cana-

dian officials when they telegraph for "cocked hats;" while a peremptory warning to an excited physician "don't come too late," will hurry him off in the middle of his breakfast for fear he *might* be too late, and when he has ridden seventeen miles horseback, with the thermometer below zero, he can appreciate the vast fund of humor in a lively plug to find that the telegram originally read, "Don't come; too late." Intriguing plugs have been known to give Congressmen an unpleasant notoriety among their constituents by stating in "specials" of Congressional proceedings that Democrats voted on the Republican side, and *vice versa*, but the side-splitting originality of the joke which mocks a sick parent with a message from his son, a minister, to "cog hog at once," is reserved for the more inventive genius. Still, this is considered only an inferior kind of sport, although to wing a gloomy parson or to bring down an economical superintendent by a well-aimed "bull," is admitted to be extremely funny. The foregoing accomplishments, however, would hardly earn a reputation for originality for a plug, nor would they entitle him to the inestimable right of having his salary mentioned in bad writing in his discharge paper; for any manager with half an economical eye in his head would see at a glance that such accomplishments are of daily occurrence, and do not embody one-half of the requisites of a first-class cheap plug.

To attain this latter standard the aspirant must naturally be passionately fond of practical jokes, and have a time-honored and reliable character (or as they say now, a "wreck-ord,") for innumerable and destructive bulls, and, in view of the salary expected, a faculty for thriving on atmospheric diet. His confidence in himself must be such that he can sit down unblushingly to a first-class wire and break, break, break with serene indifference; and if the man at the other end keeps a break-sheet, he must break twice as much as at ordinary times merely to put on record the completeness of his education as a plug. He must also have his grosser passions curbed and well in hand, and above all he must be under the wholesome restraint of innumerable promises to pay everybody. He must, in addition, be well able to owe fabulous sums of money, and to owe it indefinitely—the consequences of hilarious bull-making. And when the damages have piled up to any sum above ten thousand dollars, he is expected, by his *alma mater*, to smile benevolently as he writes out more promises to pay and makes another score of costly bulls, merely to show an opulent and frivolous community with what supreme contempt and indifference a well trained plug can gaze upon the spectacle of his town most abject financial ruin. It has been said that a first-class cheap plug has made seventy-five errors in one day, but from my own observation I am at liberty to say that a dozen of pills instead of a "dose" for a sick patient, two fist fights with the chief operator, four repudiated tailor's bills, two trains off the track, and twenty-four boxes of perishable haddock, sent to the wrong destination, is considered a fair day's work for an enterprising amateur; although, a steamship ashore and a prominent stock broker irretrievably ruined would give a decided *exalt* to the close of the day.

The time was when a ruined community was considered as the highest recommendation of a cheap plug, but latterly a mere financial bull has come to be looked upon by the higher circles of plugs as only a tame sport, and not half as funny or exciting as causing bodily suffering and distress on their misguided patrons. Nor is the influence of the plug confined to telegraphic circles. The world is full of him; the world is too small to hold him: the very air is luminous with his presence, and the scarlet nose of the reckless California plug is as destructive to savings banks and stock transactions as the blue proboscis of the Calvinistic Nova Scotian. He is the grasshopper of the telegraph, and the record of his ravages is world-wide. A plug out west, suffering, of course, from a lack of pin-money, made the rather monotonous bull of spending the wrong person's money, and finding that such an error precluded any honest attempt to distinguish his own private cash from that of the Adams Express Company, summarily set all doubts at rest by walking off with the whole pile—a small matter of ten thousand dollars. He subsequently committed perjury and fled, a series of infelicitously funny incidents in the life of a poorly paid plug. At a later day, falling under the influence of Mr. Moody's eloquence, he returned, conscience stricken and anxious to salt somebody else. He is now pegging shoes in the penitentiary—serving out a three years' sentence with all the good grace which a plug could be expected to display on a merely nominal

haul of ten thousand dollars. Still later, an animated female plug, with a much keener appreciation of the humors of the telegraph than the average Jersey plug, made a bull by which a train was run off the track, and a poor man, on whom was dependent a large family, was killed. There was nothing original, for a plug, in such a performance, but it was afterward that she showed her peculiar merits and her determination to excel as a plug, or, at least, to introduce a novel feature into the usual cheap system of blunder and devastation. While the inquest was still pending, she visited a public institution in Northern New Jersey in company with an admiring friend, and before leaving the place she registered her name in the visitor's book thus: "—, train wrecker," but filled in the lines with her correct name, which I think it is due to a modest female plug to leave blank.

Then we have the classic plugs—a more harmless breed—whose ravings are chronicled from time to time in our live journals. There, down South, for instance, is the total abstinence plug who writes to THE OPERATOR asking his brother vandals to save their beer money, and in a certain period (which he accurately calculates) buy up the Western Union Company, release its officers from a Washington Bastille, and shipwreck the grand old concern at one fell swoop. You haven't taken the bearings of this craft correctly when the sculpture plug heaves in sight, and shivering everybody's timbers in nautical language characteristic of a countryman from the New England fisheries, demands a statue to ascertain estimable young lady who unfortunately distinguished herself by being struck with lightning, a circumstance clearly proving that she held nothing in common with the modern plug.

WERNER.

A Pleasant Affair.

A social gathering of Western Union operators was held at No. 90 Sixth Avenue on Saturday evening last, to extend the hospitalities of the city to three visiting telegraphers, Messrs. Eitemiller, Wheelock, and Groff.

The cloth having been removed, Mr. Denis Brown rapped for order. He said that it gave him great pleasure to welcome the guests of the evening, and he would be pleased to hear from those gentlemen themselves on the occasion. (Cheers.)

Captain Eitemiller heartily thanked the New York telegraphers for the honor they had done him. He said it had been reported in the telegraphic papers that he had "lost his grip." He appealed to Mr. Stephenson who had worked opposite to him during the past summer for a vindication of this charge.

Big Steve, who upon rising was received with loud cheers, said the only taut upon Captain E.'s character is that he set fire to the first Chicago quad while subbing at 197. Perhaps even this stain is obliterated by the manly avowal Mr. E. made at the time to stand by the wreck until his life was extinct. (Applause.) George Wheelock, of Boston, being loudly called for, arose and begged to be excused from making a speech. He, however, was willing to add his mite to the festivities of the evening and sang the "Old Armchair" in fine style.

When Mr. W. H. Groff arose he was received with deafening applause, lasting for several minutes. He bowed his thanks and said it pleased him to see so many of his "National" friends around. He had been in Philadelphia for several months past, but hoped soon to be back in the New York main office with the old boys. (Cheers.)

Mr. E. F. Welch arose and called upon Messrs. Lown, Baldwin, Morris, or Allen, for either a speech or a song. He took the opportunity to deny emphatically that the notice recently posted on the bulletin board in regard to capitalizing referred to him. He had always spelled Welch with a big W. (Laughter.)

When Mr. Lown addressed the meeting his voice savored of melancholy. He remarked that his time in the telegraph service was nearing an end, and soon the switch board would know him no more forever.

Harmon, *sotto voce*, brace up, Bob, and put a little more science in your coat tail. (Smiles.) When Mr. Allen arose he was visibly affected. He said he would borrow his speech from the example of Moses in the bulrushes by saying, "Ah, ha! ah, ha! but it's good to be here."

Mr. E. W. Gibbons said he had seen the old year out and the new year in, and in consequence the touching legend "less three days' absence" adorned his voucher on the following pay-day. Not wishing a recurrence he moved an adjournment, which was carried, after giving three cheers for THE OPERATOR.

Some Grave Thoughts.

When you are dead, what then? Will the deafening clatter of the little busy instruments at 197 or 145 Broadway die away? Will the quad and duplex be suspended and the automatic and combination printers be hushed as your former *confreres* gaze sadly upon each other and tenderly whisper that a great and good man, a model operator, and a faithful friend, has passed to his long home? Will the flag on the Western Union building be lowered to half mast, and the elevators cease to run because the funeral bell rings out the solemn fact that one we knew and loved will walk with and among us no more forever? Will merchants close their stores and pedestrians leave the streets to sorrow over the passing away of one whom the telegraphic profession held dear?

"When I am dead" some one will grieve. A father and mother, a sister or brother, a particular friend, perhaps a distant fellow operator whose face I have never seen, and one or two may feel a twinge of genuine sorrow at the heart as they see the crape on the door, or hear the low thud of the earth as it falls upon my coffin in the lowly grave. Great New York will not know it, or knowing will forget it in an hour, and I shall not be missed. Another will occupy my desk in the office, and few will remember that I ever even worked there. If one man turns off Broadway the passing throng does not seem the less in number; if one vehicle turns aside the monotonous roar continues just as loud. Messages will be sent and received as before, operators go on duty and return as now, and the man who carves my name upon the marble stone will remember me longest.

There are dead whom we remember as we sit in the twilight and muse—there are no dead whom we remember as we sit at our desk in the office or walk the busy streets. Passing away they left no foot-prints by which they can be traced while daylight lasts. The feet of the living press on as before and obliterate all trace that one ever walked up and down ahead of them.

"When I am dead" in a village, men will come and look soberly and sadly upon my closed eyes and pale face. Death will seem so near to them that they will feel awed and silenced. Women will come in and shed tears as they leave a flower on the lifeless breast. Children will walk in on tiptoe, whispering softly as if a word loudly spoken might bring me back to battle with the world for another lifetime. Neighboring operators and railroad employes, whose acquaintances I had formed, will look over the edge of the coffin upon eyes that never again will open and upon lips that will never again be parted, and they will be afraid of me even while they sorrow. Hundreds will gather to follow me to the grave under the young oaks, and as the man of God opens his arms and whispers, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," every face will wear a look of grief and every eye be moistened. My memory will live green in their thoughts for weeks and months, and a quarter of a century after grim death shall have told me in his leaden arms perhaps some old man, sitting in the summer shade and waiting for the watchword, will recall my name and remember the far-off days when he and I worked a telegraph wire together.

But "when I am dead" in a great city people will miss me only as the ocean misses the shell dragged up by the fisherman's net. The tide of humanity will ebb and flow without pause, men and women and children will laugh and smile as before, and even telegraphers with whom I was familiar will fail to remember whether I left their midst to accept a position somewhere in the Far West or to engage in other business; and acquaintances, whose hands I have pressed, will forget whether I sailed away to some far-off country or was laid in the silent grave. I hope, however, that, in the words of William Cullen Bryant, I shall

So live, that, when my summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, that moves

To that mysterious realm where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

I shall not go, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and sooth'd

By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave

Like one who draws the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams

THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Publisher.

February 1st, 1877.

When requesting a change of address, subscribers will please give their *former* as well as their present address.

The demand for copies of our issues of Dec 1st and Jan. 1st has been so great that our reserve supply of these numbers is exhausted.

AMONG other places THE OPERATOR is regularly on sale in this city at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, in front of the Western Union Building.

THE *Daily Graphic* of this city published on Tuesday, January 30th, a half-page illustration giving a very good idea of the appearance of Lyric Hall on the occasion of the late telegraphers ball.

If your subscription has run out, or is about to run out, renew it now while you think of it. Remember we always stop THE OPERATOR promptly at the expiration of the time paid for. You will lose nothing by renewing. The new subscription will date from the expiration of your present one.

MORE MONOPOLY.—We understand that the wires of the Manhattan Telegraph Company in this city have been leased by the Gold and Stock, and that the two companies will be consolidated, the transfer taking place February 1st. This gives the Gold and Stock undisputed sway in the city, the Manhattan being its only rival.

If anybody not a subscriber receives a copy of this issue of THE OPERATOR, will he please remember that the paper was sent him that he might read and examine it, and, if so inclined, become a regular subscriber. The subscription price is only \$1.25 a year. See instructions how to remit, page 13. After reading the paper through, oblige by re-forwarding to somebody else.

In another part of this paper will be found a very full report of the third annual ball of the New York Telegraphers' Association, which it is hoped will prove of interest not only to those who were present, but also to out-of-town readers and others who could not attend. Little remains to be said here unless it be to congratulate the officers of the Association upon their very brilliant success, and to wish them an even larger measure in seasons to come. We are always glad to encourage anything looking toward drawing telegraphers together in social intercourse, and would suggest that other cities might with advantage follow New York's example in the matter of giving annual balls. Chicago gave a very successful one last year. Why cannot Boston, Philadelphia, and some of the other large cities do the same?

IS THE TELEGRAPH BUSINESS DETE- RIORATING?

The country is passing through a season of financial depression. Times are hard, business stagnant, and work and money scarce. The dull times affect even the telegraph, which depends for patronage upon general business. Many diverse opinions exist as to the best remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs. In our opinion the great trouble with the country is that the people have lost courage—their energies are paralyzed and their characteristic "go-aheaditiveness" forgotten. In the years following the war enormous prices were paid for everything, money was plenty and everybody happy. But the country was running in debt, and now that "hard times" come, and we find that we must economize, the reaction for the time stuns us. But it is encouraging to remember that this cannot last forever. We believe that as soon as the Presidential middle is definitely adjusted—which we earnestly hope will be speedily—courage will revive and business improve. All the country needs, in our opinion, is a competent pilot at the helm in whom the people have confidence.

Telegraphers who talk of the deterioration of the business are suffering from precisely the same disease. They have simply lost courage. Of course the telegraph, like every other business, has suffered from the hard times, but not nearly so much as hundreds of others we could name. It is very probable that, had times been better, more improvements and extensions would have been made; but when we consider what telegraphy, notwithstanding the universal depression of business, has accomplished during the past year, we cannot consistently complain. The business has really made very gratifying progress. The Western Union, it is true, took advantage of the hard times one year ago to precipitate a general reduction on its employees, but the condition of business did not warrant it. The finances of the company were then, and have been since, in a very satisfactory condition. There was some talk of another reduction at the beginning of the present year, but in the face of a very encouraging increase of net profits the directors, very wisely, we think, refrained from stirring up another hornet's nest.

The telegraph business is not deteriorating. It was never in a more promising condition than at present. Telegraphy is only in its infancy, and offers opportunities to men of ambition not equalled by many other branches of industry. Therefore let us not put our hands in our pockets and sigh for a return of the "good old times," but be up and doing. Deserve to attain a position of trust and responsibility in the service. Show your aptitude for it, and that you really merit it, and see if you do not obtain it. The Western Union, we are aware, does not always treat its employees as it should, but it is to its own interest to appreciate deserving operators, and it does. Did you ever see a really first-class man out of a job whose conduct was even fair, and who desired to work? No; nor you never will. The difficulty is that few operators take as much interest in the business as they should, and consequently few attain the positions they might.

There is no good reason why a young man of fair education and good practical common sense, with even ordinary business ability, starting at

the very lowest round of the telegraphic ladder, if possessed of the perseverance and grit and determination to succeed, may not one day fill the position of District or General Superintendent. Some will sneer at this and insist that there is too much "favoritism" in the telegraph business to permit a common operator, unless he has considerable influence to back him, from ever attaining anything much higher than his present position. This is a delusion. Try it and see. Fit yourself for the position and, take our word for it, you will sooner or later attain it.

An agent of THE OPERATOR in California writes us that in soliciting subscriptions he came across two men, one had just subscribed for two sensational New York journals, and had neither the money to buy nor time to read the papers of his own profession. The other was so engrossed in the intellectual game of "seven-up" that he could not spare the time to read a telegraphic paper. It is quite evident that such gentlemen as these will never attain any very exalted position. There is no reason why men may not improve their condition in the telegraph business, but they cannot do it without more or less study and hard work. They must endeavor to thoroughly master the business in all its details, and should be ashamed to acknowledge that all they know about telegraphing is merely that a certain number of dots and dashes represent a particular letter. There are so many good books on the subject, and so much valuable information to be obtained from telegraphic newspapers, that telegraphers need not be in the dark upon matters which so vitally interest them. This thing of not being able to afford to subscribe for a telegraph paper is all moonshine. The hints received from a telegraphic paper in one year will repay the price of subscription a dozen times over. And besides this, you have entertaining reading, and are kept informed upon all matters relating to telegraphy that may transpire in any portion of the globe. It is eminently proper that every telegrapher should subscribe for a good telegraphic paper, should study telegraphic books, and do all in his power to improve himself in the business. Rest assured he will find the knowledge thus acquired very valuable on many occasions, and when an opportunity presents itself of giving him a more important position, his superintendent will not forget him.

About Private Lines.

The advertisement of Messrs. L. G. Tillotson & Co., in another column, referring to a new form of Learner's Apparatus, appropriately termed the "Home" Telegraph Instrument, is a striking illustration of the advance which has been made in the art of manufacturing telegraphic apparatus. It is evidently the intention of this enterprising firm not only to supply the outside world and every household in it with a telegraphic "outfit," but also to do it at a price within the reach of nearly every school boy who is favored with even the smallest allowance of pocket money. So great and widespread has the interest in learning telegraphy become, and so extensive its practical application to everyday business and social uses in connection with private lines, that there has grown up, outside of and entirely separate from the regular commercial and railway telegraphic business of the country, a vast army of telegraphers and net work of short lines, serving the pur-

poses of private communication between business houses and factories for their everyday convenience; between the houses of friends, desiring therefrom simply personal pleasure and social entertainment, and for systematic, practical instruction in the art of telegraphy.

Contrary to the opinions of many telegraphers, who would prefer to see more exclusiveness in the matter of initiation into the art, we are of the opinion that the wider the field the better. The more there are who learn telegraphy the more generally will telegraphs be used, and the greater number of opportunities will there be for the entry of telegraphers into all departments of commercial business—where the opportunities for profit and advancement are far greater than those presented in strictly telegraphic circles. Business men in charge of important enterprises are everywhere finding and utilizing the advantages of telegraphic communication with their various departments, and "private lines" are now commonly used wherever complete facilities are employed in the conduct of extensive business. All this widens the field for the operator. These lines have to be superintended by capable telegraphers, who can give the necessary supervision with but a fraction of their time, devoting the balance to the general business, and earn salaries higher than those of managers of many large offices. These lines must be operated; but as the business is usually limited, although important, the operators also have much spare time to devote to their employer's interest and their own profit, thus paving the way to a future advancement, which offers a far more lucrative prospect than does a position in the best of telegraph offices.

It has also become a fact that applicants for positions as bookkeepers, clerks, etc., with business houses, frequently find it to be an advantage to have a knowledge of telegraphy to assist their eligibility to the desired position. In view of these considerations we are of the opinion that the more general becomes the use and knowledge of the telegraph, and what can be done with it, the better for the business at large.

Announcement.

We have in press a new book, to be called "Lightning Flashes and Electric Dashes." We think it will be one of the most entertaining telegraphic works yet issued, not excepting the now out of print, "Short Circuit." The size of the page is a little larger than that of *Scribner's Monthly*. The book will be copiously illustrated by such artists as J. J. Calahan, New York, Joseph Christie, Philadelphia, and many others, the illustrations, which are both numerous and fine, being drawn and engraved especially for this work. The articles will be from the pens of such well known writers as Oney Gagin, John Oakum, Werner, Nuf Ced, Chops, Ruddy, and many others. Nothing except of a very high order of merit will be admitted into its pages. Besides telegraphic writers, we have already secured from Mr. Benson J. Lossing, the well known historian, a very interesting article entitled "Prof. Morse and the Telegraph." This article covers ten pages, and has the following illustrations: Samuel F. B. Morse; Morse's first recording telegraph (now in possession of the W. U. Tel. Co. in this city); fac simile of the first daguerreotype of the face made in America; fac

simile of the first telegram, with a fac-simile of Prof. Morse's indorsement of it; Morse's residence at Locust Grove, Poughkeepsie. We are also negotiating for another illustrated telegraphic sketch of about the same length from an equally well known and graceful outside writer. The book will be issued as soon after March 1st as we can get it ready, and will be sold at as reasonable a price as the cost will permit. We shall devote space to really good bulls, jokes, etc., and would thank any having such items on hand to forward them to us at once. Any desiring to be informed when the book is published, price, etc., will be notified by sending a request to that effect to this office.

Personal.

We are very grateful to the numerous friends who have so generously assisted us during the past few months in the matter of circulation—many without accepting premiums. They will be glad to know that our efforts to furnish a first-class paper have been appreciated, and that our circulation has recently increased several thousand. But there are yet many telegraphers throughout the country who have perhaps never seen *THE OPERATOR*, who would not only subscribe were the matter brought before them, but thank you for drawing their attention to it. If each of our present readers will recommend the paper to at least one person, and endeavor to obtain and forward us his subscription, we shall consider it a very great favor, and be glad at any time to reciprocate. After you have read this copy through you will greatly oblige the publisher by sending it to some telegrapher who you think is not now a subscriber, soliciting his subscription, and requesting him to re-forward the paper to somebody else. This we hope will not be very much trouble to each individual reader, and yet what an assistance it would be to us! Won't you do it? Now is the time for new subscriptions and renewals. Let us see how many you can secure.

INSTRUMENTS BY MAIL.—The Western Electric Manufacturing Company, in order to save its customers located at great distances the heavy express charges usually accruing on the shipment of its celebrated private line instrument, has devised a method of packing suited for the mails, whereby the instrument, without battery, may be transported to any part of the United States for eighty cents, securely packed in two boxes, the whole weighing five pounds. Nothing more than a screw driver is required to put it together on arrival at destination. Other goods will be sent by mail in the same manner. See advertisement. The Western Electric will make a point of manufacturing only the very best quality of goods, and anything received from them can be depended upon as being strictly first class, as this new arrangement brings them practically within the reach of all. We hope those at a distance will give the Western Electric a trial. If they do they will not regret it.

Get up a Club for *THE OPERATOR*. See premiums

Themes for the Thoughtful.

Friendship is full of dregs.—Shakspeare.

Pity, the tenderest part of love.—Yalden.

Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful.

Poets are too frequently merely poets.—Disraeli.

Things past may be repented, but not recalled.

Ye stars that are the poet Byron.

Some are too wise, or too difficult, to be pleased.

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

Passions are as easily evaded as impossible to moderate.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.

Embark in no enterprise which you can not submit to the test of prayer.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure and teaches the luxury of health.—Tupper.

The higher the rank the less the pretence, because there is less to pretend to.

Be reserved in discourse; it never can be hurtful, and it may prevent much mischief.

Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him.—Bayard Taylor.

The mind revolts against certain opinions as the stomach rejects certain foods.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

The air is full of farewells to the dying, and mournings for the dead.—Longfellow.

Great characters are their own heralds, though they have thousands to announce them.

The only sin which we never forgive in each other is difference of opinion.—Emerson.

Benefits too loosely bestowed, and too frequently, are commonly attended with ingratitude.

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

We can not conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

Every man has something to do which he neglects, every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

Our enemies deserve our greatest attention always, sometimes our extreme respect; from them comes amendment and correction.

Scorn not the advice of an inferior; the underling of fortune may be, in merit, your superior. Situation never determines ability.

National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice.

The Athenians erected a large statue of Æsop and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all.

You may discover tribes of men without policy, laws, or cities, or any of the arts of life; but nowhere will you find them without some form of religion.

A good name is properly that reputation of virtue that every man may challenge as his right and due in the opinions of others till he has made forfeit of it by the viciousness of his actions.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it. Men commonly take great pains to put off the little stock they have; but they take little pains to acquire more.

Do always what you think right, and let others enjoy the same privilege. The latter is a duty you owe to your neighbor; and both of them are duties you owe to your Maker.

Great characters are seldom known; great merit is as seldom understood. Greatness is, in fact, only a term of comparison, though it is not always allowed to see what is greater than itself.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful rillery and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

Mother Goose for Grown Folks.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

DEDICATED TO MORTON.

There was man in Washington
Who thought himself quite wise,
And valiantly attempted to
Throw dust in people's eyes.
Before the public found him out,
With all his might and main,
He thrashed most manfully about,
Some secrets to explain.

He shouted, Fee! fi! fo!
I'll go for the W. U. Co!
Upset all old presages,
Read all their messages,
And kick up the dust now I know.

Then he set about calling for papers
To help him in cutting his capers.
Sent for Barnes, from the mouth
Of a river down south,
To come up and produce all his papers.

Barnes put up at Willard's Hotel,
And set up no end of a swell.
Had free run of the bar,
Smoked a dollar cigar,
But, alas! not one word would he tell.

Then cried he, "Well, I will be—blessed
If I don't get some news from the west."
For from thence he knows
Came the man with the nose
About which the papers can't rest.

So next answered Manager Turner, M
"You see, I am only a learner;
In fact, but a plug,
But I'll go to the 'jug'
Before I'll be renegade Turner."

Both said, "We are sorry to cross
Your ambition or put you to loss,
But the fact is well known
We're both dumb as a stone,
And you really must go for the boss."

So this valiant old Senator Morton
Proceeded to sail in for Orton;
But Orton took sick,
And to New York did stick,
And laughed in his sleeve at old Morton.

"Come down with the papers!" cried Morton.
"I'll be blowed if I do!" answered Orton.
"They are under tight locks,
In the Executive box,
And you can't get a scrap out of Orton!"

So next he called for the committee,
Which really was almost a pity,
For there isn't a doubt,
That he thus hustled out,
The solidest men of the city,

Now, although he may be very keen,
And anything, rather than green,
What he learns from this source,
As a matter of course,
It yet remains to be seen.

But there is not a manager to-day
Who is not quite ready to say
Not a thing will he know,
If he only can go,
To the tune of three dollars a day.

NUP CED.

Pacific Coast News.

DEAR OPERATOR:

The old Centennial year bows itself out with royal grace, and beckons the new one on with a glorious welcome. The new year glides in with pride and beauty, and takes the seat of the old with honor and dignity, although it brings with it many pitiful tales of woe and sadness. I sit listening to the prattling, tell-tale tongues of my set of "Hicks," which are now rattling away at a lively rate, hastily carrying all kinds of murderous news to the public press, and telegrams of sorrow to friends and relatives at a distance. Nothing but murder here and murder there. Cutting scrapes there and foul play here. The next morning one sees in the first issue of his

daily paper for 1877 a long list of black and mournful headings of "A man shot dead in New York," "Murdering scrape in San Francisco," "Two men shot and instantly killed in Virginia City," "Bloodshed in Idaho," and so on. One might almost suppose that New Year's Day was purposely set apart for this vile and horrible purpose. Indulgent nature has not exempted this part of the globe from those evils which are so frequent and fatal throughout the eastern part of the world.

Over the whole country the winds that blew from the bosom of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts on New Year's Day seemed impregnated with death and bloodshed. A dread of murder is the epidemic terror which now prevails all over the Pacific Coast, and the people are at present groaning under the malignity of its horrid influence. But now comes the saddest of all sad murders, and to me it is a sad and sorrowful tale to chronicle, but will no doubt prove interesting to the many readers of THE OPERATOR.

On the afternoon of January 2d the office of Wm. McRavey, agent and operator for the Central Pacific Railroad Company at Golconda, Nevada, was found locked by those who called on business. Nothing was known of the whereabouts of the agent, although he had been seen several times during the forenoon attending to his duties as usual. When the western bound passenger train arrived the office door was still locked, and the conductor was unable to open it to leave a report of his train. Shortly after the departure of the train the people began to get anxious for their mail—McRavey being postmaster—and it was decided to make a second search for the missing man. An entrance was effected through the freight house to the office, and to the horror and surprise of the citizens the lifeless remains of William McRavey were found lying on the floor, with his large black eyes widely opened, staring upward, his right hand clasping his heart. His face and mouth indicated severe and sudden pain. The news spread like wild-fire all over the country. It was at first thought he had poisoned himself, as no blood could be seen either on the floor or clothing, and an empty cup which was placed on a desk near by seemed to confirm this belief. A messenger was quickly dispatched to this place for the coroner and sheriff.

Those who had seen McRavey at the dinner table did not believe that he had committed suicide. The citizens assembled and discussed the sad affair. Some thought that he might have been murdered for his money—the pay-car having passed through the day previous. But no strangers or suspicious looking characters had been seen in the vicinity during the day. A Piute Indian informed the citizens that he saw a man walking from the station toward the river. Two men started immediately in the direction indicated, and about a mile from the town came upon a young man by the name of Harry Huff, who had been stopping in the town for some time, and had been for two or three months past supported by McRavey. As the two men approached Huff, the latter drew a pistol and pointing it at them, said:

"Keep away from me; I did not shoot McRavey."

The men feigned ignorance of McRavey's death, and all three started back to the station, where Huff was immediately arrested and taken to the Winnemucca jail. On examining the dead body a pistol wound was found, the ball entering the left breast, severing the main artery leading to the heart, causing instant death. When Huff was arrested, search was made and a pistol found upon his person with one ball missing. He had stolen the weapon from behind the counter of a saloon during the day. All evidence proves him to be the guilty party, and the coroner's jury, without dissent, fastened the charge upon him. No cause can be assigned why this low and degraded piece of Nature's workmanship could have wanted to take the life of this poor, inoffensive young man and cripple, who was unable to defend himself. It is said they had of late had some angry words, and this is supposed to be the cause of the murder. Of course, naturally enough, Huff pleads ignorance and denies the charge. On being questioned by your reporter in regard to the murder, he said, "I did not shoot McRavey, but borrowed the pistol for him, and saw him shoot himself."

He tells several different stories, all of which are very conflicting and do not hold together worth a cent. His examination comes off to-morrow, and it is the candid opinion of the people in general that he will "swing" for the crime.

Mr. McRavey was an honest and energetic young man, always attending to his own affairs and to the

business of the company in a creditable manner. He was a native of New York, and had been employed by the C. P. R. R. Co. for several years, and was for a number of years employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company as manager of their office in this city. He has a father and a brother living near Syracuse. Deceased was a very fair operator, and all who knew him will regret to hear of his demise.

The body of the deceased was respectfully buried at this place this afternoon. Mr. McRavey was a strong advocate and old subscriber of THE OPERATOR, and on the very day of his death he promised to remit to your agent the price of subscription for the new year; but alas, he's gone! and much too soon.

This is the way the proud new year begins. How it will end time will tell. Oh, year of years! speed quickly on, when peace and unity shall reign throughout this wicked world. Oh, day of many days! do come, when the great and heavenly spirit will bless and enlighten this degenerate and troubled age, and cause all men to act toward men like brothers. COIN.

WINNEMUCCA, NEV., JAN. 3.

Washington Notes, Congress and the Telegraph

The past ten days have been full of interest to telegraphers. The Executive Committee of the Western Union Company were served individually with subpoenas from the Senate Committee investigating the Presidential election, and ordered to produce all telegrams sent by both parties concerning the management of the Presidential Campaign. This was taking the wind out of the sails of the House Committee, as the latter had served their subpoena on Mr. Orton, as President, and had only called for the telegrams sent by the Republicans. Mr. Orton was at the time under arrest by the House for failure to produce the telegrams called for by their committee, and had declared, in the most positive manner, that the messages were not in his custody, but in the possession of the Executive Committee, and not under his control.

The Executive Committee held a meeting at the Arlington House upon their arrival here, and resolved to give up the messages "under protest," as soon as the question was settled as to whom they should be surrendered, many of them having been called for by both committees. Upon Mr. Orton making answer to the House to this effect, he was released from custody, as was also the Executive Committee by the Senate. Mr. Barnes making similar answer was permitted to return to New Orleans accompanied by a deputy sergeant-at-arms, Barnes promising to secure all the telegrams called for then to be found in the files of the New Orleans office, and produce them before the committee. It is expected that the delivery of the telegrams to the different committees will begin in a few days, and they will probably be made public at once.

The present session of Congress will be a memorable one to telegraphers from the great number it has succeeded in "gathering in" from all parts of the country. Barnes, from New Orleans, Turner, from Oregon, and last week, Superintendent Brenner, of Augusta, Ga., Hutchins, of Tallahassee, Fla., and John Galbraith, of Jackson, Miss., and now to-day come Dyer, O'Neill, and Gross from the W. U. Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, office summoned before Proctor Knott's Committee on the judiciary.

The action of the Western Union Company in giving up the telegrams has been severely commented upon by the press of both political parties, it being considered a backdown, as the company had the best of the fight up to that time, and it was hoped would stick by their first answer and fight it out on that line. It is supposed that the Executive Committee concluded that they had made a good fight and had gone as far as was prudent in their refusal, especially as unfavorable legislation was imminent. No doubt the course taken by the Executive Committee was the best for the interests of the company, but not the best for the public or for the protection of the customers of the company, who would have been glad to see the company fight it out and win. The possession of the telegrams, however, will prove a "white elephant" if there is the large number stated by the newspapers, and the committees will have a "roast" before they clear their books. This action of the W. U. Co. will settle the controversy so far as this call is concerned, and it will now be interesting to note whether Congress won't become sick of their job before they are through with this batch, so sick, in fact, that telegraph files will be safe for the remainder of this Congress.

During this fight the Atlantic and Pacific Com-

pany have remained very quiet, and if any officials of that company have been subpoenaed or have responded or refused, the matter has not been made public. The latter company's office in this city has been decorated with very large and handsome signs, almost overshadowing those of the W. U. Charlie Sands has been compelled by ill-health to give up the post-office and return to the main office, and Tom Stewart takes his place temporarily, until some other arrangement is made so that a comfortable office can be fixed at the post-office. McArthur has been sick a week with his old complaint, the asthma, but is out again. Burhans, the special artist of the W. U. office, promises to rival Callahan in the excellence of his cartoons. Call on Burhans when you want a speaking likeness of some of our telegraphic celebrities. Charlie Mothershead, the W. U. receiving clerk, who was burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, is improving slowly, but is not able to be out yet. Glen Eckert, son of General Eckert, officiates at the receiving window at the A. & P. office. Following the visit of the Executive Committee to Washington are rumors of a new office, but they lack confirmation.

Gardiner G. Hubbard is again agitating the subject of a postal telegraph. He should strike up a partnership with Reavis, the Capitol mover. Senator Whyte, of Maryland, introduced in the Senate last week a bill incorporating a new Atlantic Cable Company naming as incorporators, John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company, and other prominent citizens of Baltimore. It authorizes the new company to lay a cable from Baltimore to some point in Europe, forbids consolidation, and fixes the maximum tariff at one shilling sterling per word.

One night last week 97,000 words of specials were transmitted from the Western Union Washington office.

Samson vs. Werner.

It was not my intention when I wrote "The Other Side of the Plug" to cross swords with the voluble Werner. Neither did I meditate championing the plug as a plug; but I can not stand by and see my fellow man mercilessly scourged, and that, too, when he is down, though he be the lowest in the "sliding scale" of reasoning beings. I have no charity for the plug, but I sympathize with the humanity in him, and all the more because it has been so unfortunate as to be incarcerated in so despicable a prison. I simply desired to assist him to his feet that he might make an effort for his liberty. I felt confident that he would be immediately pounced upon by the insatiable Werner, and would, in all probability, go under again; but I hoped that Werner's rapacity had been somewhat appeased, and that his magnanimity would not allow him to "strike a man when he is down" the second time. "The plug is not a man," says Werner. I would remind him that "The wish is often father to the thought," and when this is so things seem what they are not.

I have another reason for not wishing to grapple with the redoubtable Werner in wordy combat. I was charmed with the genius and military strategy with which he marshalled his horde of avoricious plugs, and, by a single word of command, let them loose upon the doomed south with more impetuosity and destructiveness than Sherman's bummers and all the carpet-bag politicians combined. I stood amazed at the power that could control this greedy cannibalistic element, and with one wave of his electric wand turn them about and scatter them over the western plains like a cloud of Colorado grasshoppers. My admiration was raised to its highest pitch when I beheld him grasp his bugle, and with one prolonged blast turn his devastating, rag-tag, and bob-tail army about, march them home to the "City of Brotherly Love," and quarter as it were upon the free lunch restaurant for the winter.

These maneuvers were truly wonderful, but they sink into utter insignificance when compared with his latest feat. With no other guide to my whereabouts but the simple "sig," Samson, he sits in his sanctum sanctorum in the far east, surrounded by clanking sounders, his soul harassed by breaking plugs, and with an assurance—I had almost said audacity—unparalleled, proceeds to "tread on my toes," away off here in the sunset land. What are you? A materialized spirit putting on mortality and putting it off at your pleasure? A kind of hippopotamus living on land or in the water, on the earth or in the air, as best suits your convenience? How do I know that your shadowy form is not even now looking over my shoulders reading every word as I pen it, and chuckling over the ad-

vantage thus obtained? He must have a bold heart and a strong arm that dares to face visibility and invisibility, life and death; nevertheless, I shall attempt to right some of his wrongs though he "Lash me naked round the world."

I will not say that there never have been plugs on the Pacific Coast. Werner has doubtless been here himself, and knows whereof he speaks. But I think I may safely say that if there be a plug west of the Sierras to-day he is invisible. We can forgive our eastern "brass pounding" friends for envying us our good fortune. Show me a telegraphist here from "Dutch Flat to Sacramento," and "Red Dog to Yankee Jim's," and I will show you a gentleman superbly dressed, with a two hundred and fifty dollar gold watch in his vest pocket, his breeches' pockets groaning with double eagles, and every pocket in his coat puffed out with California, Consolidated Virginia, and other valuable mining stock certificates. He scorns a "bit" cigar, and looks upon a ten cent drink as poisonous. His knowledge of the Barbary Coast does not extend beyond the paper wherein he has learned of it, yet he doubts not but it is approached by stairs and step-ladders, for Werner has said so.

One more reflection, as the minister says, (you see I have been to church) and I am done. I quote from Werner: "When ye men of austerity and gloom greet every half-considered, slipshod, jovial expression of ours as rebellious fact," etc. Here is wherein he deceives himself. Can a mortal, such as I have depicted the California operator, be gloomy, and that too under the ever shining golden sun, fanned by an atmosphere so pure and balmy that history records that "new life the dead receive" when brought here from a foreign clime for interment? No.

"Let the wide world wag as she will,
We'll be gay and happy still."

SAMSON.

A Shining Example of Disinterestedness.

Where it came from I know not. It drifted, a stray waif, into my possession. Not a whit, however, does this mysterious feature detract from its rare value and peculiar significance. In the words of a sapient correspondent, "The country has fallen upon sad and troublesome times." Confidence is staggered. Corruption stalks leering and defiant through the land. Crimination and re-crimination taints the air. The most dyspeptic and bilious species of skepticism prevails. The dawn of the Millennium seems afar off, and man's fallen estate is enormously magnified in this Centennial epoch of American republicanism. The people, *per force*, have turned physicians and lawyers—they peer and pry beneath the rotten surface of things. Peace and serenity of mind are banished, and the popular conscience shocked and scandalized at the noisome diseases of the body politic. But, at last, the black darkness of this almost universal demoralization is released! The dreary prospect is lit up—it becomes even refulgent. Let no doubting Thomas, who reads the following communication, blindly aver that virgin disinterestedness has died out among us. New Jersey is the source whence emanates this ray of phenomenal light. It comes in the dual form of a benediction and revelation. We read, yes, we devour it, and, so to speak, the dying spark of faith is renewed. More than that, it is kindled into a conflagration. Whomsoever writes this must surely be bursting with the milk of human kindness. By no imaginable necromancy can it be possible to convert the blood of such an one into vinegar. Though the medium of his expression be faulty, the style a shade turgid, the punctuation unsatisfactory, the heart of the writer swells mightily with a noble impulse:

"To AGENT: I was conversing with a lady operator at R— N. J. this A. M., and she spoke about the paper called OPERATOR. She had sent on to New York for a copy of it the first time she ever got a paper or knew there was such a paper and I would like you to give her a puff in THE OPERATOR she has just been getting married but is to hold her position she is operator at R— and has been there 3 years she is a beautiful woman and was a widow and now married a conductor as nice a man as the RR has employed she is one that is always kind and pleasant to everyone that comes to her office and is liked by the W U and RR very much and it is to be feared will give up her place which we (!) regret but she told me this A M she should re-

main at her place and she also told me by getting that paper she should join our Mutual Insurance by that paper giving full accounts of it please give her a puff in our next issue

Respt

OPERATOR.

"PS She is something you can speak about very fine in her qualities and very respectful."

There is an episode in human experience both unique and touching! Gallantry can not be other than a staple product of New Jersey. This young man has the top root of it in him. Here is enough raw material in the hands of a literary craftsman for a captivity romance. If the editor of THE OPERATOR doesn't search out this "diamond in the rough," give honor to whom honor is due, and make the bright columns of his paper even more brilliant with the name and fame of the author and finisher of the above epistle, I fear that he will be voted an ingrate.

RUFUS NOVUM.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 1876.

Oakum Pickings in England.

American books are not always appreciated in England, but we are glad to see that "Oakum Pickings" has been well received. The following, from the London *Telegraphist*, is a graceful compliment to an American telegraphic author, for which our English cotemporary has our thanks:

"When we have been accustomed to associate a certain amount of 'tall talk' with things American, whether telegraphic or otherwise, it is refreshing to come across a writer like Mr. Phillips, a gentleman of considerable standing in the American telegraph service, who, possessing literary powers of no mean order, uses them to a great extent in the endeavor to put down, or, at least, to discountenance, the bragging spirit of which, he owns, his *confreeres* are not altogether guiltless. 'Oakum Pickings,' the first separate book of its kind, contains some few essays not directly appealing to telegraphic sympathies, but the majority of them do, and among the latter none are more amusing or interesting than those embodying the histories of 'Old Jim Lawless' and 'Tip McClosky,' the former being a grim satire on telegraphic 'feats,' and the latter containing the following moderate and sensible advice, as given by 'Tip' to a youngster who had been schooled to think that no good telegraph operator ever stopped the sender, or 'broke,' as the Americans say, '* * * and let me give you a little advice, my boy: don't go too much on your reputation. I have got a big reputation myself, and I must sustain it. * * * But you can learn wisdom from my experience. Try to become a good, reliable operator, steer clear of liquor, and you will win. And remember, above everything, that it is as impossible to do good telegraphic work correctly without occasional intergration in doubtful instances, as it would be to print a book or newspaper correctly before the proof-reader improved it by his emendations.' Our space prevents us referring to a great portion of the book. We would merely indicate, among others, the piece entitled an 'Old Man's Exegesis,' which has the smoothness and pathos of one of Elia's Essays. Some, of course, depend for their interest on local matters, but to all our readers who wish for a little well-written and amusing initiation into telegraphic matters over the water, and who desire to encourage literary merit in the telegraphic fraternity, whether in the old world or the new, we think we can safely recommend 'Oakum Pickings.'"

WITH regard to the relations between the telegraph and the press in England, the London *Saturday Review* remarks on the way in which newspapers which exhibit great enterprise and subject themselves to heavy outlay for prompt and original news are plundered "by the direct connivance of a Government department." Some London papers, *e.g.*, the *Times* pre-eminently, are at great expense and trouble for telegraphic news. What happens when this valuable news, which has cost so much to obtain, is published? It is at once seized upon by various agencies, who by surreptitious means obtain early copies, and is telegraphed all over the country, so that it may be published there before any parcel from London can arrive. "It cannot be said that this is morally an honest system, and at any rate a Government Office ought not to foster it by special facilities at a nominal and unremunerative price." The writer also points out that these press agencies tend to deteriorate and corrupt the supply of intelligence, by undertaking to supply a vast number of different newspapers at a very low rate, which the present system enables them to do. Newspapers use the same "copy," and independent and original reports are discouraged.

Talton (Colored) Tells Some of His Grievances

MR. OPERATOR

I sets up in the battry room (when I got time), which is powerful seldom, an' reads your paper, an' I finks a heap ov it. It's a monstus nice paper. But when I reads 'bout these here young men in Augusta ofis, I ses to myself, 'Talton you nos a heap more bout dese here young men than da do da self. Dere ain't no body nos as much as Talton 'bout whats goin on. Talton nos where evy one ov em hides his bottle in de battry room—specially Mr. Mac Potter. But I ses nothin, if I sees a heap. Well, as was gwine to say, I ses to myself, 'Talton you write a letter to THE OPERATOR. I ax Mr. Joe Hurlev what it ud cost to print it, an' he sed 'bout 35 cents. I ax him to len me de money, but he sed he done bin "linched" outen all he had.

I was gwine on to say da is a mity nice set ov young men in dis here ofis, ginnerally speakin'. But you no deres a black sheep in evy flock. Now deres Mr. Spracklen, he's a mity nice man; he don't sa much, but he goes to church evy Sunday an' sings in de quir. Now, my judgment ov a man is good when he sticks to his church. Mity few ov dese young men has spierenced religion. Deres Mr. Seward, Mr. Ashberry Potter, and Mr. Jhon Potter, da weares good close an' puts on a heap ov stile; da's always got somethin' fur Talton to do, but 'Talton ain't seen de color ov dere money yet. I always did 'spise a stingy man. But talk 'bout men! deres two here dats past de hope ov redeemin' grace! Deres Mr. Tom Boyle, he's a funny man, an' he's a powerful smart man, but he's so devilish; de devilment dat man kin tink up is stonishin'. I likes Mr. Boyle, an' I wouldn't say anything 'bout him, but he's bin owin' me 25 cents since last summer, an' I raly think he ort to pa it. I'll ax him fur it to pa you. Deres Mr. Benton, I dunno what to make ov dat man. He'd a made a good preacher. He's a monstus smart man, an' he comes up in the battry room in the morning first thing, an' he sings hims like a class-leader. The other da he axt me—'Talton, do you think immersion is essential to salvation? How I know? I think he kinder leans to the Babtists, 'cause he immedigly went an' soused his head under the water-pipe. I 'clare to goodness it's stonishin' how dat man kin talk scripiter. But I fraid he ain't treadin' de rite path.

Deres Mr. Yarberry, he's a nice young man; he's jest got married, so you can't 'spect much ov him. He's started out on a long road.

Deres two or three mo here I would like to tell you 'bout, but Mr. Crowley is down stairs a jerkin' dat bell off de wall. I 'spose he wants some mo fire. Dats de way da do; I bids a big fire an' gets de room warn, den Mr. Steward or some ov 'em pull down all de winders, den da all gits cold and wants mo fire.

Well, deres a deal ov trouble an' trials and tribulations in dis life, and I 'speets it's all fur de best, but I hope ole Marster up yonder will find me squar when I'm done in de battry room.

TALTON (colored).

P. S.—Mr. Boyle done paid me dat quarter.

Another Experiment with Professor Bell's Telephone.

An experiment was made yesterday with the new telephone, recently invented by Professor A. Graham Bell, on the telegraph line used by the Eastern Railroad Company between Boston and Salem. Professor Bell was assisted by Mr. Wright and Mr. Nutting, telegraphic operators at the Boston end, and by Mr. Thomas A. Watson, an associate of Professor Bell, assisted by Miss Webb as operator at the Salem end. There were present at the Boston end, as witnesses of the experiment, the President of the Eastern Railroad, General A. P. Rockwell, with his wife, Miss Stearns, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Eustis Hubbard. A battery for the occasion was kindly supplied by the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Conversation was carried on with Mr. Watson at Salem by all those present, in turn, without the slightest difficulty, even the voices of the speakers being easily recognized. Whispering was found to be perfectly audible, but was unintelligible. After a time, instead of grounding the wire at Salem, it was connected with North Conway, a distance of 143 miles from Boston, thus leaving Salem as a way station. After this change had been made there was a slight diminution in the loudness of the tones, but no difficulty was experienced in carrying on conversation. Another change was made, whereby the electrical current was sent

to Portland, and back by another line to Salem, thus making Salem a terminal station at the end of nearly 200 miles of wire. The result of this change was that the tones of the speakers could be heard, but so faintly as to be unintelligible. With electromagnets of a higher resistance, Professor Bell is confident that the sounds would have been perfectly intelligible, the magnets used, it must be recollected, being only intended for a twenty-mile circuit. The experiments were made on Sunday, from the fact that on other days the lines are all engaged with their regular business.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Echoes From 197.

George Warren has returned; he is as modest as ever.

Baltimore has recently been provided with a quad.

W. H. Jackson has been restored to his day trick and is happy.

Miss Brier assists Miss Charlier on the Albany quad during Miss Emory's absence.

"I am not very 100," for "I am not very well" by a city line artist is the latest.

Fred Catlin has gone into the snuff business; he dispenses samples without regard to cost.

Mr. Morrow has resigned from 197 and returned to Memphis to engage in the cotton business.

"Hold the Fort" for "Yield the Point," is one of the results of the Moody and Sankey Campaign.

"Mr. Leslie was the beau of the ball, my dear," was what we heard on the elevator Thursday morning.

The country is safe. Lineman Trenaman asserts that the presidential problem will be solved by "arbitration."

One advantage, and a very decided one, of the quad is that it rules out the chief operator at the switch and his cheery "9."

A little rill of water trickled through the ceiling on Friday last, over the Boston Morse quad, and made more work for the frescoer.

Frank Rae will leave us at an early day to accept a position under Superintendent Gamble in San Francisco. He has the best wishes of the operators for his success.

Visitors are not allowed inside the operating-room now; they ascend to the platform behind the switch from the sixth floor and get a fine view of the room without having a chance to bulldoze the operators.

A walking match between R. G. Stephenson and Bob Morris is to come off next week. The distance to be walked is from the main office to Fulton Ferry, and the prize, a cake. Much interest is manifested in the result.

Dashes Here and There.

Chicago is now "duplexed" direct with the Board of Trade office of the Western Union at Kansas City, Mo. Messrs. Derval and Feh work the "Ch" end, and Chaney Wright and C. M. Davis the "Ks" end.

The A. & P. line from Omaha to Kansas City is completed, and an office opened at the latter point. The manager is Mr. J. E. Lewis, with George M. Myers as assistant. Rates reduced and business rushing.

The offices at Winona Junction and Gravel Pit on the Lax division of the C. M. & St. P. R. R., have been closed, and a reduction of five per cent. has been made on the railroad boys' salaries in Wisconsin, owing to exceedingly dull business.

Although the science of telegraphy is yet in its infancy, this thought has no consolation to the husband who receives a message from his wife in a far-off city, saying, "Lost money—telegraph me fifty dollars."—*Detroit Free Press.*

At Clapham Junction, near London, no less than 952 trains pass daily, their rate of succession, during the busiest part of the day, being seventy-five trains per hour, or one every forty-eight seconds. At this point there are thirteen lines of railway, and one alone has thirty-five "points" or switches, with thirty interlocking signals, all controlled from a single "box."

Will you please inform us through THE OPERATOR the name of your agent in the State of Georgia?

BOYS ON LINE C. R. R. OF GEORGIA.

ANSWER—Mr. W. A. Benton, W. U. Tel. office, Augusta, Ga.

The other day some of the boys induced a young man from Flint Creek to take hold of the handles of a galvanic battery. As it puckered him up he roared: "Jiminy Criminy, let up! Who ever heard of a thing that could make you taste green persimmons with your hands before? — *Burlington Hawkeye.*

NEW TELEGRAPH WIRE.—The Western Union Telegraph Company has just completed the erection of a fourth wire between Reno, Nevada, and Salt Lake. This wire is No. 6, the largest gauge used for telegraphing, and is intended for the use of the quadruplex instrument, whereby four messages can be sent over the same wire simultaneously. The length of this wire is about 600 miles. The new wire was completed just in time to do good service in the transmission of the President's message.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN CALIFORNIA.—The transmission of the President's message across the continent over the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company was one of the most remarkable telegraphic feats on record. Every word of it was sent between 11:05 A. M. and 2:26 P. M. The performance was remarkable not only for speed, but for accuracy, showing skilled manipulation on the part of officials and operators all along the line.—*California Paper.*

"Now, you see, Sam, s'pose da was a dog, and dat dog's head was in Hoboken and his tail in Brooklyn." "Go 'way, da ain't no such dog." "Well, s'pose da was." "Well, s'pose da was." "Well, den de telegram is jest like dat dog. If I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, what he do?" "Dunno." "Why, if I pinch that dog's tail in Brooklyn, he go bark in Hoboken. Dat's the science of it."—*Harper's Drifter.*

I HAVE read many accounts in your paper of amusing bulls, and think I can contribute one. The sheriff of one parish in Louisiana telegraphed the same officer in an adjoining parish "Stop J. O. King; I have a warrant for him;" but the sending operator made it "Stop joking etc." Captain D. brought it back to the office for explanation, utterly at a loss to comprehend its meaning. After much fun among the plugs it was finally made clear, and the guilty runaway arrested. Not long since the operator at a repeating station in receiving a message intended for 58 Esplanade Street, New Orleans, wrote it "58 and 60 Anade Street." He claims that an extra dot crept into the letter P., and thinks it was a very natural error. **JOHNIE BULLDOZER.**

TEARING DOWN TELEGRAPH POLES.—The injunction suit of the Merchants' National Telegraph Company of Pittsburgh, against the Western Union Telegraph Company, to restrain the latter company from removing or interfering with the poles, wires, and fixtures of the former company, was decided, January 27th, by Judge Ewing in favor of the plaintiffs, the injunction being continued until further notice. The lines of the Merchants' National Telegraph Company are now in possession of the Western Union under a lease which expires March 1st, 1877, at which time they will fall into the hands of the Atlantic and Pacific Company under a working arrangement recently entered into, and to prevent the control of the lines passing to its competitors, the Western Union attempted to tear down the lines, leaving the Atlantic and Pacific Company to sue for damages as their remedy.

DRIVING HORSES BY ELECTRICITY.—The French papers tell us of a wonderful invention, which will enable the feeblest among us to "witch the world with noble coachmanship." The horse of the future is not to be driven by ordinary reins, but by electricity combined with them. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by means of a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit, and another to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and however vicious, is "at once transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the very opposite result may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be suddenly endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable, and even the *Rosinante* of Don Quixote would gallop like a Derby winner. What is the effect upon the condition of the horse is not stated, but the *Siècle* finds itself able to congratulate M. F. Fancher upon "an invention equally original and salutary," and one which places in the hands even of an infant a power over the horse which is as sovereign as it is invisible.

Congress and the Telegraph.

Quite a number of telegraphers were before Congressional Committees since our last issue, and some of them gave rather startling testimony in regard to telegrams passing between Zach Chandler and Governor Stearns of Florida. J. D. DeBerry, operator at Tallahassee, testified that he received a message from Chandler to Stearns containing the words: "We must have Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida by fair means or otherwise." Gilbert D. Mills, operator, and C. H. Bush, manager of same office, were also examined, and gave similar testimony. The Western Union having decided to give up the dispatches, these documents are now being examined in Washington. Whether they will give the country what the *Sun* would call "more damaging developments" remains to be seen. The letter from our Washington correspondent will be found very interesting.

Surrendering the Dispatches.

The newspaper press was loud in its approval of the action of the Western Union so long as the company resisted the efforts of Congressional Committees to pry into the secrets of the telegraph office. The general public, vitally interested in the matter, indorsed the position the company had taken, and there seemed to be no doubt but that for once intriguing politicians and party managers were in a fair way of being thwarted. But all at once, after repeated assurances from President Orton that the rights of the patrons of the telegraph would be jealously guarded, and that the issue now raised would be fought with determination, the Executive Committee of the Western Union without, so far as we know, any special efforts being brought to bear upon them more than their being subpoenaed to Washington, held a council of war in that city, and decided to give the messages up "under protest." We think the committee should not have given way, at least, not so easily. As it is, their action must be looked upon as at least very inconsistent. When they found that it was absolutely impossible to do anything else surely it would have been time enough to surrender the dispatches. The following from the *Washington Star* shows how the press generally regard the matter.]

The Western Union Telegraph Company had it in its power last week to settle forever the question of how far Congress has the power to gratify personal spite or make party capital by throwing out a drag-net and placing the private correspondence of the whole country in the hands of blackmailers and irresponsible committee clerks; but when the test came it flunked most disgracefully, in the face of the large promises of its president that the rights of the public in the premises should be maintained to the last extremity. Whether the pompous money-bags who control that corporation and grow rich by manipulating its stock in Wall Street were afraid that their honor and financial and social standing would not survive the disgrace of being placed in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, or whether they feared unfavorable legislation at the hands of Congress some time in the future in case they carried their point in this instance, is not quite clear; nor does it matter much. They have illustrated the force of ex-Senator Sprague's witty remark that "there is nothing so cowardly as a million dollars except it be two million," and, by their disgraceful retreat, have succeeded in earning at once the contempt of Congress and the ill-will of the public at large.

In this connection it would be a relief if something could be said to the credit of its ambitious rival, the Atlantic and Pacific Company; but its record in this respect is no better than that of the old monopoly. Its officers were guilty of the infamy of exposing the secrets of its customers to the whole world by selling their dispatches to a junk dealer, as waste paper, for the miserable pittance of five cents per pound, instead of burning them up, as they should have done, and as any less greedy corporation having a decent regard for the rights and feelings of its patrons would have done.

Congressional Investigating Committee.

Ben Bilton sworn.
Chairman: What is your name?
Witness: Bilton.
Stenographer: Your initials?
Witness: I sign "F."
Chairman: What is your first name?
Witness: Oh! Ben.
Chairman: How long have you operated in Florida, Mr. Bilton?
Witness: Well, first in the spring of 1855 me and Schemerhorn went from—
Chairman: We don't want to hear about Schemerhorn or '55 either. Did you work there in November, '76?
Witness: Yes, sir; I subbed in Tallahassee that month.
Chairman: While subbing there, did you see or hear of a message from Chandler to Stearns, mentioning money and troops?
Witness: Yes, sir; I received it myself, and asked about those two words.
Chairman: Asked who?
Witness: Oh, you don't "13"; I mean I *broke on money*. It's not unusual for operators to do that.
Chairman: Was this message delivered promptly?
Witness: I don't know; I think the money and soldiers were.
Republican Member: Please confine yourself to answering questions. Do you know Mr. Stearns?
Witness: Stearns, the duplex worker?
Members together: No; Gov. Stearns—Governor of Florida?
Witness: Not intimately.
Republican Member: How long can an operator remember a message?
Witness: That varies according to circumstances. Some remember a "bulled" message eighteen months, when they could not repeat an ordinary message a day old.
Chairman: How long does the company preserve the originals?
Witness: I don't know; but judging from the date of changed checks and other errors, I should say they preserved them forever.
Chairman: That will do.
Republican Member: One moment, Mr. Bilton. What influenced you to come so far to give this testimony?
Witness: The eloquence of the deputy sergeant-at-arms and the morbid desire to scoop in that mileage business. But I didn't count on such a "roast" as this, and I'm glad it's "30."
Chairman: Bring in Mr. Orton again.
When leaving the room, Mr. Bilton completely put his foot in it, by asking the door-keeper the way to the "bar" of the House.

Frank L. Gordon, late operator at Suffern, N. Y., died at his home in Jersey City last Friday morning at nine o'clock, of consumption, aged nineteen. His funeral took place last Sunday and was largely attended.

PHILADELPHIA W. U. ITEMS.—The services of Messrs. Odenwelder and Sherer, owing to the great depression in business, have been dispensed with since January 1st. Mr. Ed Duffell was officially de-capitalized on the 27th. Mr. John Vollrath, and probably some others, have received notice to quit on the first proximo. One of the oldest men in the office says that during many years' service he has never seen anything to equal the present stagnation in telegraphic business. Tom Clinger has been on leave of absence for a couple of weeks, and made good use of his time by taking unto himself a helpmeet. On his return he was detailed to the Washington wire, Hartman to Baltimore, and Swan to Harrisburg.

WISCONSIN VALLEY PERSONALS.—This line of ninety miles in length has the following telegraphic force. Miss Kate Townsend holds up the north end at Wausau with a great deal of credit. L. W. Davis is railroad operator same place and is an old timer. C. J. Cawley, the "market man," does the fine work at Weston. J. A. Hamlin, at Moinee, and L. M. Nash, at Centuria. Knapp, at Port Edward, looms up like a dollar store. S. F. Stoughton, at "G," keeps the line repairer constantly at work on insulators. D. C. Cheney is the "fly" manager of Tomah transfer office, and is assisted by Col. Stone, who is a favorite with all. C. H. Warren is train dispatcher on valley line; is much liked by his operators, and is somewhat assisted by Mr. Bushfield, an noted railroad operator. Mr. Narton, agent for C. M. & St. P. R. R., is a retired member of the fraternity, and tries his hand occasionally to give the boys a chance.

BUFFALO DIVISION ERIE NOTES.—Mr. J. A. McDuffie is chief dispatcher and division operator. Nowhere is there a division operator more generally respected and better liked by the boys. The other dispatchers are B. Humphreys, C. R. Hadley, O. A. Slocum, and E. H. Millington, excellent dispatchers and courteous gentlemen. Attica boasts of three operators, T. Fitzgerald, manager, with Geo. Smith days and Ed Durban owl. L. B. Brace holds sway at Warsaw, with C. F. Swain at the down-town office. Miss Clara Harrington, at Gainesville, is the only lady on the wire. She is also a very fine operator. Mr. G. A. Jenks, the agent, is an old timer, having been in the telegraph business about twenty years. W. W. Brace, brother of L. B., is manager at Castile. Though young in years, he carries himself with the dignity of an M. C.—splendid operator and superb penman. Mr. Woodward is the assistant. Mr. Hull looks after things at Nunda. At Hornells-ville, the end of our journey, Mr. Brown is chief. Mr. H. H. Rockwell, the fast man of the division, is here, as well as Messrs. Lord and Ford and the smiling "Ch," all first-class men.

CAMDEN STATION, BALTIMORE, NOTES.—Allen M. Pennock, of Philadelphia, is the new arrival here, and works the city wires to 5 Clare and Tocust Point. No change in the regular force. Mr. C. W. Clarvoe is the manager, and does it as cleverly as ever. C. P. Adams assists him. H. Hastings takes care of No. 1 West, while H. O. Steltz looks around for K's. Thomas Farley is the owl. Tom is a happy mortal. Why should he not be? Didn't know he was a "parient," did you? If he does leave an interesting family circle every night, he does it in time to be "q" tig at the "office." Mr. Charlie Farringer is our book-keeper, and waits on the customers, most of whom are smoked Irishmen. Don't know what a smoked Irishman is, eh? That's what they call the niggabs in this section. One of our extra men made a nice one the other day. It read L. Hoot. When put in shape it made a good Liverpool. Bet a West Virginia stogie it came that way. C. W. Woolford, a lad of sixteen summers, distributes the fluid at Bailey's Station. Our office boy wishes to know how he can have his photo put in *THE OPERATOR*, how much it will cost, etc. Won't the editor enlighten this dime novel devourer? Ta ta. Xs.

A BATCH OF PERSONALS. John H. Aitken wafts the electric fluid at Port Sanilac, Ed H. Davis at Almont, and E. P. Lombard at Plymouth, Mich., W. D. Speck at Janesville, Wis., W. S. Mack at Akron, William, S. Smith at Springboro, and P. E. Mootz at Kelley's Island, Ohio, P. C. Palmer at Streator, J. L. Lomison, Burr Oaks, and L. H. Thomas, Chenoa, Ill., R. F. Armstrong at Delphi, R. L. Harrison at Knightstown, and P. M. Russell at Centreville, Ind., John S. Abercrombie at Burlington, and Arthur W. Garrett at Pultaski, Iowa, C. W. Groos at Miller's Landing, and W. J. Howden at Louisiana, Mo., D. B. Carson at Johnsonville, Tenn., J. D. Wallace, Glade Spring, Va., Thomas Welch, Bartonsville, Vt., Joe Colehan, Port Morris, N. J., D. K. Wilcox, Pine Island, N. Y., Henry C. Bott, Seven Valley, M. M. Wilson, Blairsville, F. M. Clark, McElhattan, and Anson H. Woodward, Waterford, Pa., and W. H. Adamson, Stayner, Ontario.

THANKS.—Messrs. J. M. Hogan, Milwaukee H. Y. Bresee, Binghamton, N. Y., Ury C. Palmer, Winnemucca, Nev., Tracy Barnes, Clinton Iowa, George W. Fowler, St. Thomas, Ont., J. S. McClelland, St. Catharines, Ont., C. C. King, Albany, N. Y., T. S. May, Delano, Pa., P. A. Rowe, Elko, Nev., L. F. Moores, Millwood, Ky., W. D. Hanchette, Watertown, N. Y., H. J. Quigg, Woodside, L. I., M. D. Yager, Reading, Pa., W. A. Gibson, Logansport, Ind., A. E. Louer, Brooklyn, N. Y., A. D. Thompson, Owego, N. Y., H. C. Winland, Brownsville, Texas, C. C. White, West Brookfield, Mass., E. A. Chenery, Kalamazoo, Mich., and others have our thanks for favors.

Although we devote almost ten pages of reading matter, we are compelled to hold over the following articles until next issue: Miss Div N O St L & C R R Notes; Eastern Div M C R R Items; From C & W Branch P & R R R; Letter from N. O., Clickings from Long Island, etc.

PERSONALS.

Freddie Parker takes night report at Madison, Wis., in first-class style.

Ellis Holroyd still has the 12 till 10 trick at the Clinton, Ia., W. U. office.

Mr. John J. Hines is agent and operator at Nanticoke, Pa., C. R. R. of N. J.

Mr. B. N. Trout is the manager of the Western Union at Independence, Kas.

Eddie Lawrence is operator at Willseyville, N. Y., and George Heller at Swartwoods.

Ed Fullum, of the Western Union at Kansas City, has resigned and departed east.

Mr. Otis E. Wood, one of the oldest telegraphers in the State, is agent and operator at Freeville, N. Y.

J. C. Swartout, agent and operator at Ithaca, has just moved into the new depot, and is happy.

W. B. Rundall, train dispatcher of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, has removed his office to Wamego, Kansas.

Patsy O'Neil, an Italian from France, has been appointed night operator at Union Depot, Kansas City, Mo.

J. T. Odell, telegraph superintendent of the K. P. Railway, has removed his headquarters to Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. J. E. Story, of Pittsburgh, has accepted a position in the Kansas City, Mo., office of the Western Union.

H. C. Painter is agent and operator for the W. M. R. R. at Owing's Mills, Md., and manager of the W. U. office.

Mr. R. Harvey, operator G. T. R. R., Dunnville, Ont., wants the present address of J. W. Gardner, formerly of Komoka, Ont.

Miss Ella Holtlander is operator at Missouri Valley Junction, Iowa, and is one of the finest lady telegraphers in the fraternity.

Mr. Clate Rowley has resigned his conductorship on the U. I. & E. R. R., and accepted a position as agent and operator at Cortlandt, N. Y.

Harry Torg officiates at Fairfax, Iowa, as agent and operator for the C. & N. W. R. R.; probably the youngest agent in the State.

Miss Annie Dougherty blooms and blushes on the S. F. and N. P. R. R., at Donahue, Cal. Miss Dougherty makes a very neat copy.

Bill Hall, of Milwaukee, leaves for a two months' furlough on the 1st of February. Tom Langdon is taking night press for the A. & P. same city.

Mr. J. B. Connors, formerly of the L. S. and M. S. presides over the Londonville, Ohio, office. The boys are jealous of Con's copy. It discounts print.

Mr. George G. Depuy now has full control of the business at Mott's Corners. His office has lately been made Western Union, and is doing a very fine business.

The Dominion Telegraph Company has opened an office in Halifax, N. S., under the superintendence of Mr. B. D. McQuarrie, with Mr. H. Pingle, late of Toronto, in charge.

Miss Snere has accepted the position as night owl at Watertown, Wis. Lew Boyles has been appointed day man at Sparta, in place of "Sandy," who now fills the position of agent and operator at Bangor.

C. F. Meek, who has had charge of the Davenport, Iowa, office of the C. R. I. & P. R. R. for the past year, has been appointed assistant train dispatcher at Des Moines, Iowa. Frank is a good fellow, and deserves the promotion.

The Eufaula, Ala., office, is ably managed by Mr. John C. Thomas—a perfect gentleman and a fine telegrapher. He is assisted by his nephew, Master John Thomas, Jr., who is but twelve years old, but sends exceptionally well and seldom breaks.

At the Second Annual Ball of the F. N. S. & C. R. R. employes, held at Poppenhausen Institute, College Point, L. I., January 25th, the lightning manipulators were well represented by Miss L. Robertson of "Hi" office, Flushing, and Mr. P. A. Fanning of Whitestone.

On the night of the ball, that very efficient telegrapher, Mr. L. E. Weller, had charge of the city lines. As the marine chief proceeded through the office at five p. m. all dressed up his deportment was excellent, and he created a very favorable impression on both ladies and gents.

Mr. Charles W. Thompson, familiarly known as "Tom," is working for the Western Union at Hempstead, Texas.

C. Corbitt, Michigan Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in view of the conflict between Congress and his company, has selected an assistant to aid him in keeping his affairs secret. The assistant's name was Miss Teresa Corby. She has changed it to Mrs. Teresa Corbitt.

W. H. Thayer, agent and operator Clark's Summit, Pa., died at that place Friday, January 19th, aged twenty-nine years. His remains were conveyed to Nicholson, Pa., his former residence, where they were interred on the following Sunday. Deceased had been in the employ of the D. L. & W. R. R. Co. a number of years, and was greatly esteemed by the operators along that line, many of whom attended his obsequies.

GRAND TRUNK PERSONALS.—Tom Flynn is operator for G. T. R. R. at Shakespeare. Mr. F. Kraws, operator, took sick lately and was relieved by Mr. Kelly. Mr. Farmer rushes biz for G. T. R. R. at Georgetown. Operator George Jackson has been transferred from Hamburg to Brampton. He was succeeded by Mr. Beyer. Mr. N. H. Miles is operator for G. T. R. R. at Hamburg—a first-class fellow, always on hand and obliging.

The following dialogue occurred in one of the telegraph offices recently: "Faith, and is Mr. Gaff in?" "Mr. Who?" "Mr. Gaff in, shure." "Who is Mr. Gaff?" "In troth and I don't know, but I have a load of cawl there below for Mr. Billy Gaff's office." "You mean the telegraph office?" "Be jabbers and it is not Terry at all, his name is Billy or Willum or something of the sort." The coal was left in the telegraph office.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

John Moble, of Dunnville, Ont., an old timer on the M. T. Co.'s lines, and who figured prominently as an operator at New Orleans during the American War, has taken unto himself a partner to soothe the pangs and vexations with which he has to contend in his intercourse with the plugs on No. 6 wire. Although rather advanced in years, he has still the spirit of his boyhood left, and as a gentleman and operator has few equals. The boys wish him every success and happiness in his new line of business.

The Montreal Telegraph office at Bowmanville, Ont., under the management of Mr. J. B. Fairbairn, who for the last twenty-five years has held that position in addition to the postmastership, has of late been doing a very prosperous business. Jim and Arthur Wyllie are the operators. Tom Yellowlees, a very promising young man, is agent for the Dominion Co. Jack Elliott has charge of the M. T. Co. at Hampton office, and "Sandy" McLeod, at Enniskillen, and Miss Bessie Welch, a fascinating young lady, holds forth at same company's office at Tyrone. R. Prust distributes the electric fluid at Cartwright. Billy Woods is operator and ticket agent at the G. T. Railway Station.

The Galveston, Texas office, under the able management of Mr. David Hall, flourishes immensely. The following gentlemen are the faithful few: Messrs. Daniel, Campbell, Fisher, Russell, McNabb, Newton, and Taylor. Messrs. Daniel and Taylor are old timers and have grown gray in the service. Mr. Milton Morris is in charge of the office at Girardin House, while Mr. Farley holds forth at the Grand Southern. Mr. B. R. Franklin is manager and operator at Brenham, Texas. Mr. John Petley is operator for the Texas Central Railroad at McDade, Tex., and Mr. William Petley, his brother, for the same railroad at Austin. Mr. Thomas Samuels has been appointed agent and operator at Clinton, Ky.

BIRTHS.

January 11, 1877, to P. A. Wheeler, operator W. U. Tel. Co., Collinsville, Conn., a daughter—eight pounder, third edition.

January 8th, at Mott's Corners, N. Y., to C. H. Bumstead, dispatcher G. I. & S. R. R., a son.—first edition.

DEATHS.

January 9th, at Augusta, Ga., after a year's illness of consumption, Samuel J. Noble, operator and clerk of the W. U. T. office.

All Persons sending for
Catalogues or ordering articles advertised in our columns will do us and our Advertisers both a great favor by mentioning that they saw the Advertisement in

"THE OPERATOR."**1877.**

Buy my PATENT RELAY CUT-OUT, and be happy through the long winter days. Can practice with Main Line Key and Sounder at any time, and not interfere with Relay while working on Main Line. It is wonderful. Can hear all business while practicing. Can attach it without cutting out. Safe, reliable, and instructive. Acts as a local cut-off; also worth its price for that alone. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded, and no questions asked. Try one.

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The Operator and Oakum Pickings.

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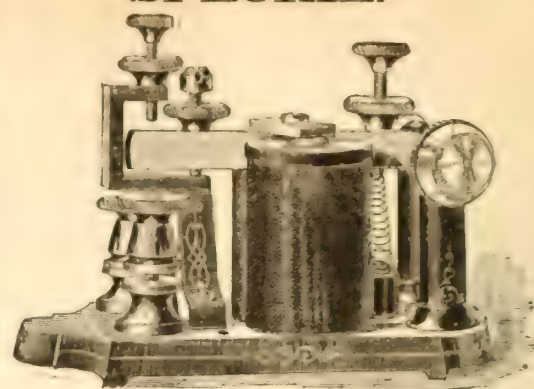
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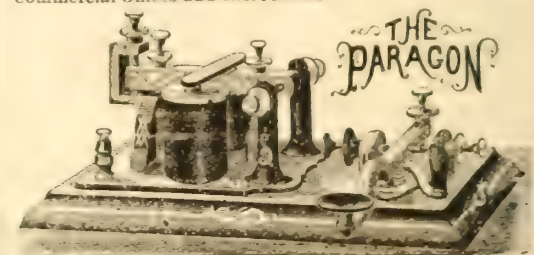
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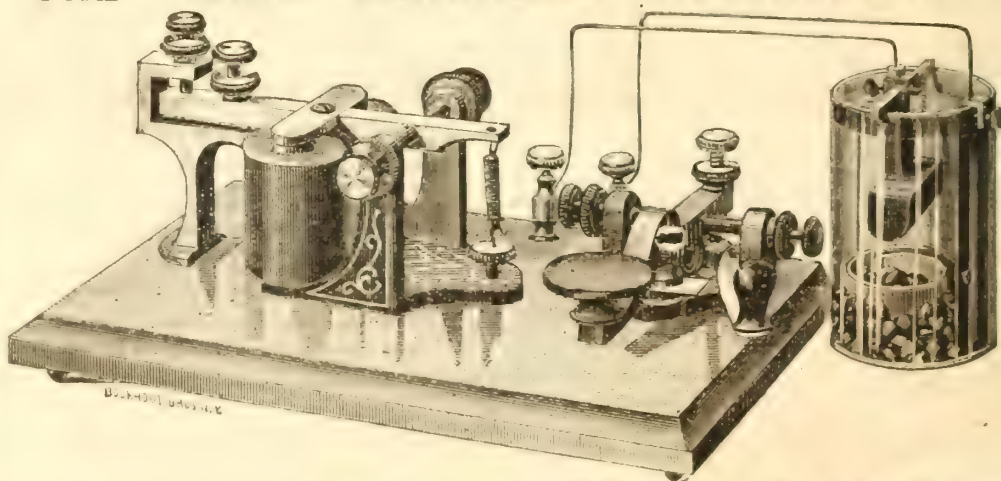
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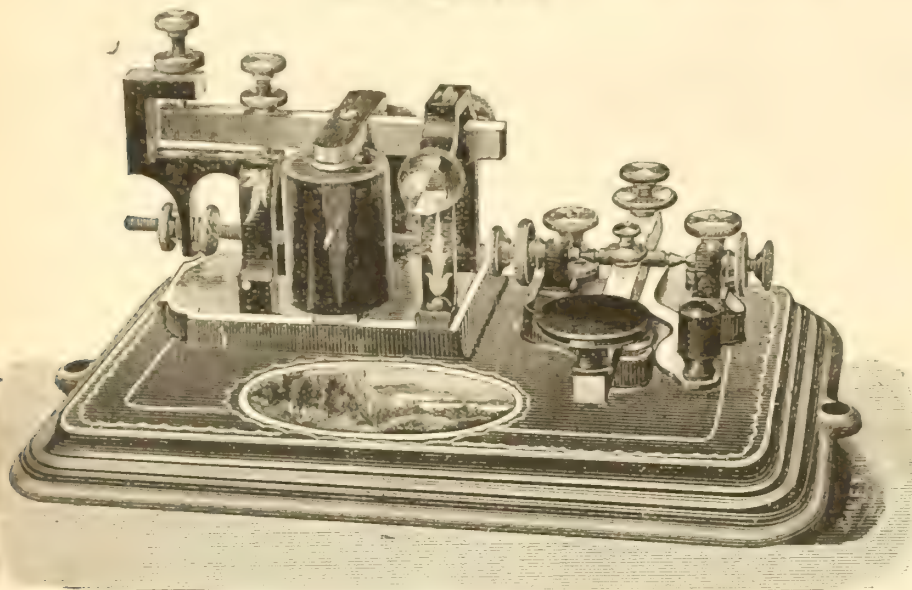
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THE OPERATOR A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

February 15th, 1877.

Volume VI.

Whole No. 72.

A Plug at the Ball.

The telegraph men gave a ball,
'Twas a very successful affair;
John Oakum, Nuf Ced, and, in fact,
All the stars telegraphic were there,
As each greeted the other and smiled,
Like lightning joy flashed from their eyes;
All were decked in the neatest of tastes
With their coats swallow-tail, and white ties.

The grand march and the lancers were past,
And the company formed for quadrille,
The music began to strike up
When a shriek that was terribly shrill
Rang forth o'er that gay, festive throng,
And a man made a dash for the door,
Crying loud in a voice filled with pain,
"Oh, boys, there's a plug on the floor!"

In an instant the music was hushed,
And the men loudly cried "Where is he?"
Each looked at his neighbor and glared,
He was there, but oh, where could he be?
They thirsted to drink of his blood
At the thought that a plug should presume
To intrude his vile presence; but where
Was that plug—in what part of the room?

They said to themselves "It ain't me;"
They looked at each other and thought,
"I wonder if that can be he?"
I hope that at least he'll be caught.
So they shouted and madly ran round
Hotly screaming, "That plug he shall die!"
They thought little of dancing just then,
There was murder and war in each eye.

The room seemed like Bedlam let loose,
They forgot they had given a ball,
Their thoughts were now only of plug,
When a voice loudly rang through the hall,
"Here he is, brothers; quick!" and they rushed
And surrounded a man on a chair,
Who, raising his voice to be heard,
Said in tones that were tinged with despair:

"At last, brother ops, I have found
The accursed plug; see, look at that!"
Pointing under a chair as he paused,
They beheld—an old battered plug hat!
A sheepish look stole o'er each face,
And they laughed but a sickly "Ha! ha!"
Then the band softly played a slow waltz,
'Twas "I Want to go Home to Ma Ma."

"Enough is as good as a feast,"
And with just one word more let me close,
When they say of a man "he's a plug,"
Don't contemptuously turn up your nose,
But remember we're all apt to err,
And the best of us sometimes will "break."
There's a moral to this little rhyme
And the idea I hope you will take.

TIME.

G. W. Cribb's Telegram.

It was a small messenger boy that took out the midnight signal reports that night, and they told him to hurry, to run and deliver them at the Observer's office at No. — South Second Street. The promising little fellow *did* run, ran all the way—with the exception of a slight deviation in the direction of his home to partake of a little lunch—but, true to his undying aspirations as the telegrapher of the future, he ran to the wrong place, and brought up at No. — South Street—the correct number but the wrong street. This place, instead of being a Government weather office, proved to be a cellar occupied by a colored gentleman of some 114 years, or less, by the name of George Washington Cribbs. That proud aristocrat being temporarily absent, together with the other dusky members of his subterranean household—probably on a nocturnal foraging

expedition—and everyone thereabouts assuring the small boy that that was undoubtedly the proper place, he pushed the weather reports—which, as all operators know, are written in a most outlandish cipher—under the aged George Washington Cribbs' door, and looking again at the number thereof to satisfy his conscience, departed.

Now, if there is any one thing which pleases a colored man more than another, next to carrying a tin watch with a California brass chain attached, it is the receipt of a letter. It will thus be understood that when George Washington Cribbs, aged 114 years or less, returned home at 2 A.M., with a recently deceased chicken slung over his shoulder, that he was exceedingly gratified to find the United States Signal Service official weather reports awaiting him; and it was only after many an ineffectual attempt to decipher the same that the broad grin vanished from his face and made way for a very forlorn expression, as his natural suspicions of a horrible fate in store for him dawned on his mind. Could it be the bull-dozer's.

It was just previous to the election, and George Washington Cribbs not only belonged to a colored political club, but was also president thereof, and despite his advanced age, had registered a public vow that, should Tilden be elected, on the morn which followed such a night Mrs. Martha Washington Cribbs should wear the widow's weeds. Although George was a very humble individual to the world at large, he appeared before his political friends at the club in his official capacity as "The Grand Exasperated Quadrilateral (the Chair)"—quadrilateral being peculiarly symbolic of his eminent position as "the chair," and exasperated doing duty as a standing menace to all inquisitive members of the club who might take issue with their exalted G. E. Q. on the subject of official finances.

At the first blush one would hardly suppose that a vigorous nigger of such prominence, whose head had successfully withstood many an uncompromising bombardment of bludgeons and cobblestones, could be frightened with a paltry cipher message; but, it must be remembered, that the man who was born not for war but to hoe the corn and hunt the 'possum, who would scoff at a judicial warrant for his arrest for hen-roost depredations, or who would gaze with cynical disdain on a written summons to pay his tithing to the church, or a tailor's bill, or any other document which he could understand and point at with the finger of scorn with impunity, is totally annihilated by an ominous cipher message bearing all the evidence of the bull-dozer's high art and fell determination.

The more George Washington Cribbs tried to make sense out of that Signal report, the more dispirited did he become, for he felt that although there might possibly be a misunderstanding somewhere, there was still something extremely evanescent, something unutterably diaphanous—something too subtle for a mind of purely Simian origin to grapple with—in a communication containing obscure references to the chief "Signal" office, etc., and surreptitiously injected into his domicile at midnight. He felt that a rational colored man, aged 114 or less, with a tender regard for his own personal welfare, ought in these troublesome times to draw the line of war risks somewhere; and, therefore, with wonderful sagacity he concluded to draw it at such obscure and anonymous communications as:

"Savannah, Noiseful, Alias, Budge, Cabin,
Ginlet, Earnest, Giance,"

written in the form of blank verse, and thrust under his door by unseen hands at unseasonable hours. No conscientious colored man aged 114 or less, staggering under such an official title as the Grand Exasperated Quadrilateral (the Chair), could be reasonably expected to keep cool with a White Leaguer's communication awaiting him at 2 A.M., since the merit of an undecipherable note—considered in a political sense, and pushed under a nigger's door about election time—suggests to that "genman" the imperative necessity of an immediate trip westward—and, in most cases, a foot.

Under this view of the case, at daybreak, while a cracked hand organ outside was playing the Dead March in Saul, and other dirges, fancying that he already heard the tat-too of Watterson's drums and the spontaneous roar of a hundred thousand (unarmed) men, George resolved to commence his westward journey at once; and for the purpose of exciting no undue attention among the higher classes of the occidental regions—California, Oregon, and other foreign shores—he gave himself a coat of whitewash, donned a cheap red shirt with pockets, and painted his nose with a brilliant vermilion pigment, that he might still more resemble the aborigines of those arid wastes. With scalding tears

trickling o'er his calcimined cheek, he bade farewell to his pail of lime and artist's brush; his wife put up his lunch for the last time, and, muffled in his linen duster to keep out the wintry blasts, he crept in silence toward the region of sundown; but, on second thought, concluded to confine his operations to groping through the trackless forests of the 24th Ward, rather than brave an intolerable existence amid the monstrous growing carrots, the colossal radishes, the Herculean turnips, and the Samsonian controversial essays of the Pacific coast.

Sorrows—even the outcrop of bulled Signal Service reports—after the first shock always purify us and make us bolder and nobler; and the sweeping flood which threatens to overwhelm us frequently brings down on the breast of its own irresistible torrent the floating log which we clutch to save us. It was so, at least, with George Washington Cribbs, aged 114 or less, the fugitive Grand Exasperated Quadrilateral (the Chair). He carried the dreaded "threatening letter" in his pocket—where California plugs carry their burdensome mining stock—and, one day, in a fit of reckless courage, took it to a police station. The Mayor, who was somewhat of a municipal plug, thereupon issued a call for a large force of special police, and summoned an extra session of City Councils; and it was only after the document had been lithographed for Forney's Press that it was by chance discovered to be a telegraphic weather report, and delivered to its proper destination.

And now, George Washington Cribbs, aged 114 or less, having resigned his position as the Grand Exasperated Quadrilateral (the Chair), is back at his old civil post, filling an important office as janitor in a Walnut Street commercial house. He never talks very much about the bull-dozer's, although he missed getting in his vote for Hayes, but when questioned on the subject he goes right on sweeping out the vestibule, and, without raising his head, merely remarks that it was a tolerably funny affair, but that "those telegraph folks do everlastingly mix things up."

WERNER.

"Hark! From the Tombs a Doleful Sound."

The above would be an appropriate title for what is to follow were the writer of it where he perhaps belongs, but he is out at present—whether on "ticket of leave" or discharged as incurable I am unable to say. However, listen to what he says:

— Feb. 2, '77.

MY DEAR NUF:

In deep tribulation I seek you. My heart is heavy, my head aching. The consciousness of a great wrong done me and mine is blighting my young life—and the corps of writers for THE OPERATOR are responsible for it all! It is the heartless abuse of the plug that is doing the business for me! Will they never realize the fact that they are driving the plug into the ground?

Every edition of that "truly valuable, religious, and family journal," THE OPERATOR is filled with articles denunciatory of the plug. The bitterness varying according to each writer's knowledge of the condemnatory words contained in an unabridged dictionary. Now, my boy, you have done "Justice to Railroaders," confer a like favor on us plugs! Make yourself famous! If you don't do this I shall take occasion to appeal to certain of the fair sex, and the influence of woman (God bless her!) is always on the side of the weak and down-trodden. She will make you do it!

Beseechingly thine,

Now, "who could resist the sweet voice of the child?" Such appeals come seldom, but when they do they hit hard, and should have due effect without the addition of such insidious hints at threatenings dark and dire as contained in that last paragraph. And, as I was always tender-hearted, (!) it is no wonder that I prove vulnerable now, and, at the risk of bringing down on my devoted head the flood of condemnation and reproach which I well know lurks in the brain of the "first-class" far and near, I calmly weigh the consequences and join issue on the side of the down-trodden plug! For, is there not still lingering among my old reminiscences that ever-recurring phantom of "Box to E. Booth" which the sender insisted should have been "Box-toe boots" which *will* crop out on memory's horizon every now and then, and stretching forth its giant fingers grasp and claim me through its connecting link as a straying member of the great and much abused fraternity of plugdom?

The fellow feeling which makes us so wonderful kind is ever ready to assert itself, and, if the truth be told, there's many a "first-class man" to-day who can't help remembering the errors of his youth and looking more leniently on the escapades of his younger but more aspiring brethren than etiquette will allow him to show.

And where, let me ask, would your first-class

men be if there were no plugs to fall back upon? Who would acknowledge the paternity of the bulls which will continue to turn up so long as customers *won't* write copperplate and receivers *will* "take chances" on obscure spaced letters?

Down on your knees, ye first-classers, and thank your lucky stars that plugship yet exists, and that those who swell its ranks are endowed by nature and long hammering with shoulders broad enough and cheeks metallic enough to bear all that is heaped upon them! We have all had our day, all passed through the same experience, and should remember it with a more forgiving spirit than we are apt to show. But the old college rule of "every sophomore haze a freshman" still holds good and will continue to, I fear, until the upper classes can be taught that this constant hammering only makes men callous and *prevents* their rising out of their awkwardness. And it will, indeed, be the Millennium when the happy day comes when patience and forbearance will be shown toward learners, who will then, having a fair chance to climb as their elders have done, soon conquer their awkwardness, learn to avoid mistakes, and gain confidence and skill, and reduce the term of plugship to months instead of ages, to the added comfort and profit of all with whom they work or have to do. I acknowledge that the plug, as a plug, is an "institution" which will not be frowned down, and much less abolished, but a little help and patience works wonders with him, and helps amazingly in his efforts to throw off the cocoon and come forth as the full blown butterfly who "never breaks," takes anything and everything, and draws and spends the largest salaries that the law allows! But there I am perhaps mistaken, for are there not many plugs who "never break?" and would they not soon become what they now only pretend to be, "first-class," if they *would* now and then? Let the tracers and tell-tale bulls which come home to be reluctantly paid once in a while, testify to the truth of the assertion. Indeed, when you find a man—and they are not by any means so scarce as they should be—who draws \$100 a month and boasts that he "never breaks," but find that he *does* "take chances" on obscurities, you are safe in setting him down on a par with the veriest tyro of commercial college graduate in the ranks. A man in our business, no matter who he be, has no right to "take a chance" on anything. If he sends or copies only so that he could swear to the correctness of every word and letter, he is safe; but anything short of that is a failure. Break when you require to, ask questions and interrupt whenever necessary, no matter how "rushed" you may be or how your hooks are filled, and then let your employers and not your envious neighbors be the judges of your right to a reputation, and have no fear of the result.

Of the plug *in esse*—the pure, unadulterated article, and the only one to whom the term should be applied—the one who won't learn and can't learn; who is not adapted to the business, and could not be an operator if he labored till doomsday for it, I have little to say; and for him, alas, I can make no defense.

There are such in every business, and it is only by a fair distribution, I suppose, that we must have our share of them; and though it is lamentable and hard to be born, no hope can be given of his ever getting his just deserts—extermination. For as long as the world wags some men who were built by nature expressly for first-class farmers or blacksmiths, *will* try to be lawyers, doctors, ministers, and telegraphers, do what we will to prevent them. But for the larger class of plugs—those who wish to learn and try their best to do so—let us have only kind words and helping hands, assured beforehand that all the crumbs of comfort thus cast upon the waters will come back as leaves of satisfaction and contentment, even if it be not till "after many days." There! how's that for a sermon? But lay it all at the door of my eastern correspondent—the applier from the land of eternal snow.

NCF CED.

The message was written in Spanish, and although great pains had evidently been taken with it, still some parts were rather obscure. The lady requested the boy to take it back and have it made clearer. When it was returned it was printed in letters almost half an inch high and a memorandum on one corner to this effect: "I hope it is now as clear as *Mudd*," and it was. If it is one of the characteristics of great men to make blunders, should we not logically conclude that there are a great many inept giants in the telegraph business?

Mr. Springer's Address Before the Chicago Electrical Society.

Those who were so fortunate as to be present at the last meeting of the Chicago Electrical Society, January 18th, and heard Mr. Springer, the worthy night manager of the W. U. main office, enjoyed a real treat. It was something different from the usual routine work—something which, if not so plain at first sight to the casual listener, grew in interest as the gentleman proceeded. So many here who were unable to be present manifested a desire to know what was said and done, and the remarks and illustrations being something that would interest and instruct your readers, I have prevailed upon Mr. Springer to let me have them for publication. They are as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHICAGO ELECTRICAL SOCIETY—You will no doubt be surprised before I again take my seat that I should request you to "lend me your ears." While thinking upon the subject to be presented to you to-night, the very frequent recurrence of the little pronoun "I" has led me to doubt which will prove the most prominent feature of the exhibition, "I" or "ear." However, as I have no motive for appearing before you in the character of a speaker except the interest I take in this society, and a desire to add my mite to its advancement and the advancement of the art in which its members are mainly engaged, you will please do me the justice to believe that whatever I may say will be, under the circumstances, the very best I am capable of. I therefore crave your indulgence.

It is customary with public speakers—ahem!—to launch out with a statement of fact or a supposition which will gain the assent or arouse the opposition of their hearers, and which, while thus securing their attention, serves as a groundwork for what is to follow. The "bottom fact" to which I wish to call your attention is one that every school-boy has declaimed and every older boy has asserted or admitted a thousand times, namely: "What we are is mainly determined by our education," and yet it is to be feared that few of us give due weight to this almost axiomatic truth. Webster defines education as moral, intellectual, and physical training. It requires no effort to understand that the acrobat or gymnast owes his wonderful strength in a great degree to long and rigid physical training, and an observance of proper rules, but do *we* enough consider that what we are in this respect is due to our observance or neglect of these same laws? True, a person might, without any help from others—without what we call education—learn to walk, or even do more than that. A story is told of a Southern planter who, in the long ago when negroes were considered property, had doubts on this point. Selecting three or four little negro babies, he placed them in a hogshead where they could have no opportunity to observe others. After having made them as comfortable as possible, and fed them properly for a few months, he heard an unusual racket one morning in the hogshead, and on looking in was astonished to see the little fellows "all hands round," and engaged in a lively shindig. Whether this story is true or not, it is not evidence that these little darkies without education would have grown into even average telegraphers.

In all sincerity we owe to the commonwealth and to our profession a duty which cannot be discharged without a proper regard for our physical condition, to say nothing of what we owe ourselves—what errors, neglects, and failures are directly attributable to a lack of physical stamina, and what a dead weight upon the hands of all connected with him, is he felt to be who, through ignorance or neglect, or vice, has wrecked the very foundation of this wonderful trinity. The man who comes honestly by an impaired physical constitution excites our pity, but he who is brought to this condition by vice, is simply loathesome. Who would engage a man as orator, teacher, lawyer, physician, or any capacity where education through the intellectual faculties is a prime requisite, if that man were known to be but second rate and a better could be obtained. And have we as telegraphers and telegraph employees no need to be educated intellectually? Why is it that telegraph offices, as a rule, are filled with men of only second rate education, and many of them third or fourth or no rate at all? Manifestly not because education would unfit us for the position.

I know of no employment in which men engage where the powers of both mind and body are so

intimately associated and so constantly taxed, and where a wide scope of education and general information can so frequently be made useful. Any one of us can call to mind an endless array of blunders and delays caused by a lack of that general information which is within easy reach of all, but just above the grasp of the man who will not strive for it. In nothing is this lack more apparent than in the acquaintance with and through knowledge of the machinery and appliances with which we have to do directly in our capacity as telegraphers.

There are some hopeful signs of improvement, of which this society, I am glad to believe, is one. I was asked by one of the boys the other evening, while he stood by one of the instruments and tapped with his finger upon the relay armature, thereby closing the local circuit—the main circuit being open at the time—whether this could be heard at the other offices along the line. I took pleasure in explaining to him as well as I could why it could not be heard. Probably a part of my interest was caused by the vivid recollection this little incident recalled of a time in my own infancy in the business when I was in the habit of calling "F" in the same manner by the half hour, and telling him to close his key and answer me, and when I had no person or book to go to to ask the same question. At any rate, I considered the question a hopeful sign, and shall not be surprised if one day I find this boy grown to a giant's stature in electrical science. I am more interested in this subject of education than I knew before I began the preparation of this article. Do not understand me as saying that telegraphers will average lower in the scale of intelligence or learning than an equal number of those in any other similar occupation. Still Mark Twain's description of the ancients fits us only too well. He said, "The information which the ancients lacked was voluminous."

The study of this subject has brought me many pleasant thoughts, some grand and some ludicrous. The marvelous rapidity with which the telegraph system has been extended and improved until, within the space of one short life, it has enveloped almost the whole civilized world in a network which may be compared to the nervous system of the human body, and is sufficient to carry the impress of thought from mind to mind across continents and under the sea with as much certainty and speed as that with which the human nerve conveys the impress of a blow, is a subject for a more skillful pen than mine. How any one can sit idly by the lever of a machine which may at any moment be used to save car loads of human life or millions of money; how any one can stand within the laboratory where forces are developed and utilized which outrun the wind, the light from which rivals that of the sun, the heat from which is seven times hotter than the fiery furnace, and be content to remain only a "helper," without striving with all his might to be a master artist in that great laboratory, is something beyond my comprehension.

I had a vision of a far-off friend—a mother—sick unto death and longing to see her boy. The doctor had said that she cannot live twenty-four hours. The distance is hundreds of miles, and it seems impossible that they should meet again in this life. But there is the telegraph and the railroad. It is Saturday evening. The last train of the week passes the station at six o'clock. There is still an hour to spare. A dispatch addressed to the son is sent to the telegraph office. In due time it is placed before the operator, who, during a lull in business, sits discussing some trivial matter with his neighbor. His attention is called to the message. He sees nothing to hinder its being sent at once, but chooses to finish his conversation. By-and-by he essays to do his duty. He opens the key. There is still sufficient time, but something is wrong. The sounder fails to respond to the movement of the key, and without further thought he calls out that his "local" is off, and resumes the conversation. At length a "chief" happens that way, and perhaps with some asperity inquires why this message has not been sent. With an injured air the operator informs him that he reported his local battery off some time ago. The train is nearing the distant station. The son has arrived home, and is wondering whether the next word from the mother will be of hope or of sorrow. The mother is looking forward to the hour of nine o'clock in the morning with an eagerness she has never known in regard to any earthly thing before, but while the chief examines and finds that a careless movement or a slight accident has deranged the parts of the instrument—a derangement which any one could have righted in a moment—the train arrives, stops a minute or

two, and passes on, taking with it that one last opportunity for a son to receive his mother's dying blessing. Who knows what he has lost? Perhaps explanations were to be made which can never now be made. Perhaps he was to be assured of forgiveness for unkindness, the effects of which have been rankling in his bosom for years, and which may never be outgrown. Who knows what hardness and bitterness may enter his heart, or in what degree the incident may affect other lives beside his own. You may call this fanciful or overdrawn, but the instances in which this drama has been enacted are too numerous, and until they become less frequent we shall fail to appreciate what the telegraph should be.

You are probably wondering by this time what I came here to speak about. I came to tell you that I believe the future of the telegraph is to be even more marked by the rapidity of improvement and extension than has been its past; or at least that the uses of electricity and electro-magnetism will be more varied, and the subject claim more and more the attention of thoughtful minds as time advances. Although we have great advantages arising from our necessary familiarity with electricity in some of its manifestations, those advantages are not fully appreciated, and men from other walks of life are stepping in and reaping the benefits which, but for our want of energy, should fall to us.

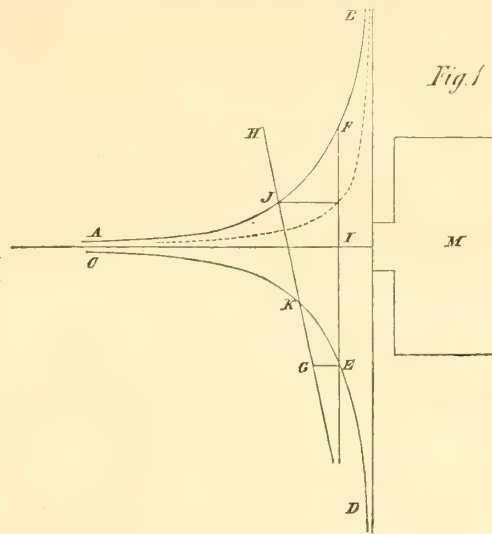
If I could tell you all that will be known of the electro-magnet and its uses in the next fifty years, or even what is now known, and could put it into an attractive form, I could interest you for an hour without speaking of other things. I once made some experiments with an electro-magnet, and, as is usually the case, those experiments and the thoughts they induced taught me many things which I had not known before. I very soon learned that in order to measure the amount of magnetism developed it was necessary to have a certain mass of metal to be attracted, and that after you had reached that sufficient quantity any addition was useless. Just as in testing the strength of a rope, you must have a proper resistance to tie to, something that will not place the strain unequally upon the several strands, and yet will be sufficient to receive the strain of the whole rope at once. A thin piece of iron, say a sixteenth of an inch, was not sufficient, but after reaching three-sixteenths, or possibly only a quarter of an inch in certain cases, I found that any more would not show any increase of magnetism. If a piece of iron of sufficient thickness were taken it appeared to make no difference whether the poles of the magnet were covered by the armature or only the edge of it approached them. In either case the magnetism was the same. On observing this I had hoped that a second piece of iron brought near the poles and placed beside the first would receive an equal amount of attraction, and that if the two should be attached to the same lever thus side by side and insulated from each other, double the effect could be produced. This was an error, and is explained by supposing that the power of the magnet resides in itself rather than in the armature, and that when a magnet has something to attract which is "worthy of its metal" it pulls with all its might, whether that something is in one or a dozen pieces.

We read in books that the attraction of a magnet is inversely proportionate to the square of the distance. This is probably not quite true, because if we take a point at some distance from a magnet, where we have an appreciable amount of attraction, then approach the magnet to within half that distance, we should have four times the attraction we had at the first point, and if we continue to approach the magnet each time by half the remaining distance—which we may do indefinitely—and each time multiply the attraction by four, it is plain that, as the number of divisions are infinite, at least in theory, the magnetism should be also infinite when contact has been reached. This we know to be false, and must prove the falsity of the premises. The proportion is, however, near enough the truth for our purpose.

Suppose we draw a figure bounded partly by a perpendicular line in contact with the poles of a magnet and the double hyperbolic curves A B and C D. If a perpendicular line be drawn cutting this figure at any distance—1—from the poles, the portion E F between the curves will pretty truthfully represent the relative amount of attraction at that point. See figure 1.

Taking so much for granted, it is easy to show the error into which operators fall when there is a heavy escape on the wire, and they throw the magnet back much farther than usual from the armature. It is plain that the more the magnetism at the receiving apparatus, controlled by the sender's key,

the easier it will be to adjust, other things being equally favorable. It requires a certain amount of power to overcome the inertia and friction in the armature, and close the local circuit, else why do we prefer a strong main battery to a weak one.



Any less than this is manifestly inoperative. Any additional strength we can gain by placing the magnet close to the armature, without meeting other obstacles, is an advantage. Suppose that the magnet M, figure 1, is placed in a line upon which there is defective insulation, causing a leak of three-fourths of the current from the receiving station's battery. Then the sending station may be able to control only about one-fourth of the magnetism in the magnet M. Let that portion be represented by the space between the dotted line and the curve A B—the proportions between quantity and distance holding good in this portion the same as in the whole. Now, if at whatever point the armature is placed, the portion of the magnetism at that point, which is permanent and which the sender cannot control, be balanced by a spring of proper flexibility, then the portion which the sender does control is as available for working purposes as though there was no escape on the line, and the batteries were reduced to one-fourth their present size, and in either case, for the reasons above given, we should place the armature as close to the magnet as possible. This is strictly correct, however, only when we consider the armature inflexible, and the movement so slight as not to affect the conditions of magnetism by change of distance. If, when the sender's key is closed, the magnetism should be sufficient to spring the armature, it might approach so near the magnet as to be held by that part of the magnetism which has been designated as permanent, even after the key were again thrown open, and if the backward movement, when the circuit is opened, be sufficient, the sum of the permanent and controlled magnetism at that point may be less than the permanent magnetism in its position against the forward stop, and therefore not enough to again move it forward. I have found by experience first, and reasoning afterward, that the proper place for the armature is very near the magnet, and that its movement should be as slight as possible, and still admit of breaking the local circuit every time it falls back. I found it necessary in the years 1861-2, when for many months I was compelled to receive Associated Press dispatches through a very defective cable—to put these principles to a very severe test. During much of this time I found it necessary to give the armature so little play that it required very close attention to either hear or see it move, and after trying various experiments to facilitate the breaking of the local circuit, adopted the expedient of putting a drop of oil or a morsel of tallow on the platinum points. This proved almost a perfect success. Probably the oil bridged across the space between the points, and while it allowed the current to pass sufficiently to prevent a spark and fusion of the metal which takes place when a perfect break is made, still, on account of its much greater resistance, caused such a reduction of the current as to practically amount to the same thing as a break.

Operators are frequently requested to write firm when sending through repeaters or on a wire where the insulation is poor, and they respond about as frequently by bearing down hard on the key when closing it, or by hammering upon it with almost enough force to break it without paying much attention to the relative length of the intervals in

which the circuit is open and closed. What is meant by "firm" writing is that style which will give the most margin for adjustment. A relay magnet is not fully charged in making a short dot, nor fully discharged while the circuit is open for the same length of time. The armature moves with a speed not in proportion to its inertia, but in proportion to the relation between its mass and the power which moves it. That is to say, with a given armature, the greater the power in the magnet when charged, the greater the speed and certainty of its closing the local circuit, and the more perfect its discharge the more certain it will be to open the local circuit. In order, therefore, to have the greatest margin in the adjustment, it is necessary to have the longest time possible for each of the operations of opening and closing, which is accomplished by dividing the time equally between the dots and their spaces. While this is the best possible method of writing, it is not all-important, for the reason that shorter dots and longer spaces, if they be regular—that is, the dots of exactly equal length throughout, and the spaces, of like character, also equal to each other—will give almost the same margin for adjustment, though the spring will necessarily be looser in that case than when the spaces are short. If the characters are even and regular an adjustment which will catch one will catch all, but if uneven, no adjustment can be satisfactory.

A good deal has been said and written about a change of alphabet on account of the "spaced" letters. In reference to this subject I will make two or three remarks. There are no spaced letters in the Morse alphabet as used by the sound operator; or if there are any, the letter L is the one most entitled to that name, and the so-called "spaced letters" are as easily read as any others when properly formed. Suppose the paper in a register be placed in a perpendicular position in respect to its width, instead of horizontal, and the pen standing horizontally in such a position that, while the lever is playing vertically and the paper moving to the left, the pen may be continually in contact with the paper. Then in writing the word "Louis"

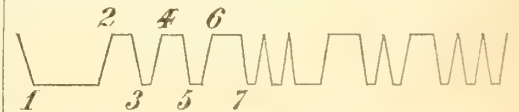


FIG. 2.

the pen would trace the lines represented in figure 2. All that the operator who reads by sound has to guide him is the concussions of the lever as it strikes forward or back against the stops, and the intervals of time between them. The longest interval in the alphabet is that between the forward and back strokes of the letter L, and one of the shortest—except those between close characters, as the dots in H or the dashes in M—is that between the first and second dots in the letter R.

In conclusion, let me say to beginners: After you have learned all you can about adjusting and the correct formation of the Morse characters, if you find that it still "stix," don't take a coarse file to remedy it. Platinum is about as valuable as gold, and should not be wasted; besides, an oil-stone or something smoother than a file is much better to clean the "points." I might also tell you that when you become the owners of telegraph lines you can make more money by working 300-mile lines, which have but two relays in them, by putting 250 ohms resistance in each relay and reducing your battery about one-half, than you can with relays of 125 ohms and battery sufficient to work them.

When your readers take into consideration that Mr. Springer is one of the most unobtrusive men in the telegraph business holding as high a position as he does, and that he shuns and almost abhors notoriety, especially newspaper notoriety, they will readily perceive what a sacrifice of self he has made in permitting me to lay this before them. He not only has done this in order that we may benefit by whatever we may be able to learn from the foregoing, but he went to the trouble of rewriting nearly the whole subject matter, which was no small task.

OCCASIONAL.

TOAST.—The gentleman who got off the following is doing as well as can be reasonably expected: "To our sisters in art—the most envied of their sex: Young men may be scarce, widowers chary, and old men flint-hearted, but they can rest secure in the knowledge that they are always able at a moment's notice to raise a spark."

THE OPERATOR

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC & PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY.

W. J. JOHNSTON, - - - Publisher.

February 15th, 1877.

WHEN requesting a change of address, subscribers will please give their *former* as well as their present address.

We shall publish next issue a sixteen-page paper, with a portrait of another prominent telegrapher.

WE have received a copy of Mr. Clippinger's "Pedagogue of Widow's Gulch," advertised in another part of this paper. The book is a well written romance of California life, and very entertaining. It is somewhat in Bret Harte's style, and fully as good as many of that author's works. Mr. Clippinger is known to OPERATOR readers as Samson. See advertisement, page 11.

WE publish to-day a very interesting and eminently practical address delivered by Night Manager Springer, of Chicago, before the Electrical Society in that city. Our readers will find it very instructive. We are considering the matter of devoting a column or two of THE OPERATOR each issue to illustrated articles by well known writers, which will have for their object the giving of practical instruction in electricity and telegraphy without technical terms or algebraical signs, and in such language as can be readily understood by the veriest beginner in the business.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary invitation to the fourth annual reception of the Chicago Telegraphers' Association, held February 12th. The ticket and accompanying invitation are really the handsomest of the kind we have seen in some time. They are printed in three colors, and embossed with a relay, key, and sounder. The committees were as follows: Reception—Messrs. Whitford, Francis, Jones, Barrett, Browne, Smith, and Beidler; Floor—Messrs. Huyck, Plum, Boller, Andrews, Kelly, Clifford, Elder, Messerve, Knapp, Wilson, King, and W. E. Bell; Executive—Messrs. Francis, Armstrong, Curry, Bracken, and Ed. Bell.

ANOTHER effort has just been made in London to amalgamate the Direct and Anglo-American Cable Companies. The chairman, however, ruled out a number of votes of the Amalgamation party, and the measure was defeated. The Amalgamation party have carried the matter into the courts to have the chairman's decision set aside, and now it will probably be a question of which party has the longest purse. In the meantime another Atlantic cable is about being laid. The House of Representatives on Tuesday last passed unanimously the bill of the Senate providing for the laying of a new cable, which was introduced a short time ago, and in which Garrett & Latrobe, of Baltimore, are named as incorporators. It provides that charges shall not be higher than twenty-five cents per word.

The Suspension of the Telegrapher.

The publication of the *Telegrapher*, a weekly telegraphic paper published in this city, has been discontinued. The services of its editor and publisher will hereafter be devoted to the Western Union official journal. The *Telegrapher* was established twelve years ago, and for a long time was the only paper devoted to telegraphy in this country. Of late years, however, other papers have started which the fraternity seem to regard with more favor, and the patronage of the *Telegrapher* gradually declined. Few will be surprised to hear of its final suspension. In its valedictory the causes of its suspension are very plainly stated as follows:

"The depression in business, which has continued since 1873, has affected *The Telegrapher*, as it has all other newspapers. In response to our repeated appeals to the fraternity for a more generous support of the paper there comes the plea of 'hard times.' The advertising patronage has been reduced from the same cause, and we have very reluctantly come to the conclusion that it would not pay us to devote to it the time and labor required to continue the publication of an independent weekly telegraphic journal. * * * *

"We have had more and larger experience in publishing a telegraphic journal than any other person in this country, and probably in the world, and we have been forced to the conclusion that there is not such a demand for an independent weekly publication, in the interests of the telegraphic fraternity alone, as will warrant any person having the requisite ability and experience to undertake or continue such an enterprise."

The *Telegrapher* was originally started as the organ of the National Telegraphic Union, and in direct opposition to the Western Union. It subsequently became the organ of the Telegraphers' League. The Western Union made several very determined efforts to crush it. At last it has succeeded. Mr. Grace, the former editor of the *Journal of the Telegraph*, being in very delicate health, Mr. Ashley abandoned the old ship and accepted that position. Another beautiful instance of the lamb and the lion lying down together. The Western Union are to be congratulated, however, upon acquiring Mr. Ashley's services. He is a thorough-going journalist.

This leaves THE OPERATOR the only independent telegraphic paper in America, and the only one to whom the fraternity can look for a defense of their rights. The *Journal*, as our readers are very well aware, is merely the official organ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and will continue, as it has so valiantly done in the past, to blow the horn of that magnanimous corporation. THE OPERATOR has always stood by the fraternity, and of course will do so now more heartily than ever. All we want is the co-operation and support of the telegraphers themselves. Every telegrapher in the country should now rally around THE OPERATOR, and if they do, we can assure them they will not find their confidence misplaced. We do not complain of the patronage hitherto accorded us. We are very grateful for it. But now that THE OPERATOR is the only paper in the field, the fraternity should more heartily than ever cluster around and support it. It is the only medium through which the fraternity can be heard, and the only one which studies their interests, and stands up for their rights. You can add your mite to the good cause by keeping us informed on matters happening in your neighborhood likely to interest telegraphers, and by recommending the paper to others and getting

up clubs. The more readers we have the more influence will the paper exert. Secure us all the new names you can. Specimen copies for the purpose of getting up clubs will be mailed free. Send for some and see what you can do for us.

The Western Union and A. & P. Companies.

It was rumored in this city last week that the Western Union had endeavored to obtain a controlling interest in the A. and P. Company, by purchasing from Jay Gould, through Mr. Cohen, a Californian, who, it may be remembered, was at the head of the proposed National Telegraph Co., 61,000 shares of A. and P. stock, at \$25 per share. The negotiations, however, fell through, as they have so often done before, when similar attempts were made to absorb the same company. It seems strange that the Western Union should go to so much trouble to rid itself of the A. and P. The latter is interfering with its business, without a doubt; but if the two companies were amalgamated to-morrow, another would start within a month. The Western Union Director should have learned by this time that no single company can have the monopoly of the telegraph business in this country. They must, therefore, put up with the inconvenience of tolerating a rival, and endeavor to obtain business by studying the interests of the public, and not by absorbing opposition lines.

The war between the two companies does not appear to have at all abated. The A. and P. has just achieved a very important victory over the Western Union, in the matter of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad wires. All the offices and lines of that road, 175 offices, and 3,000 miles of wire heretofore included in the Western Union Seventh District, Southern Division, will henceforth be worked in connection with the A. and P. lines. Robert Stewart, Baltimore, is the General Supt. The offices of the Marietta and Cincinnati Division will be added May 1st, when the present contract with the Western Union will expire. Arrangements have also been made with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, by which all that company's business in Pennsylvania will be done by A. and P. on the main line—Philadelphia to Pittsburg—and various branches, including the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad—Harrisburg to Erie. The business of the A. and P. Company is steadily on the increase, and its prospects were decidedly never brighter than they are at this time. Its officers are indefatigable in their efforts to extend its lines and accommodate the public, and their well-directed energy is beginning to show very gratifying results.

Lightning Flashes and Electric Dashes.

Since last issue, we have put in type for the new book, "A Leaf of Autobiography," by "John Oakum," "The Volcanograph," by Werner, "\$1,000 Reward; my Foot Race Against a Telegram," by Ralph W. Pope, and a number of smaller articles. We have also in the hands of the engraver, a number of cartoons, by Mr. J. J. Calahan, including "The Manager is In," and "The Manager is Out," companion pictures, each making one full page; "Telegraphy, Ancient and Modern," also two full page companion pictures. The engraver is also engaged on Mr. Calahan's celebrated Telephone Sketches, for the book. Besides these, we have several pictures from Mr.

Joseph Christie, including a burlesque on the quadruplex, and an amusing sketch, representing a scene in the Western Union battery room, in which a very learned discussion takes place about putting "ile" in the batteries. And, besides these, we have "A Deep, Dire, Dreadful Tragedy, in four Acts," by a Canadian artist, and a large number of pictures yet to put in hand. The book will be ready some time in March. We have received a few jokes, etc., for it, since last issue. Any one desiring to contribute, must send them in at once.

Mr. W. C. Long, of the W. U. Tel. Co., Chicago, has accepted the General Western Agency of THE OPERATOR. He will look after the interest of the paper in the west, and keep us informed on all telegraphic matters occurring in that section, as well as receive and forward subscriptions for either paper or books. Western readers desiring to send anything to THE OPERATOR can either address it direct or send to Mr. Long, who will also be pleased to furnish copies and other information to those desiring to get up clubs. If you want any telegraphic instrument, no matter where or by whom manufactured, write either to us or to Mr. Long for prices before purchasing elsewhere. We shall consider it a favor if western readers will co-operate with our General Western Agent and do all they can to assist him, both by sending items of news and working for the circulation of the paper. We want to have the west represented in the columns of THE OPERATOR, and have not hitherto been so successful as we could have wished. We hope it will be different now.

A Reminiscence.

One morning in the spring of '65 a seedy-looking individual entered the operating room of a certain large office in Georgia. He was tall and thin, and wore a red shirt and linen duster coat. His shoe bore evidence of Georgia railroad mud. His pants were cut in "high water," and were at least six inches too short, which exposed the style of his "foot-covering," and showed them to be one boot and one fancy gaiter. His appearance forced one to believe that he had been "counting cross-ties," and his gaunt and cadaverous look showed that weeks must have elapsed since his stomach was astonished with what he would have called a square meal. He met the manager at the door and immediately negotiated for a job, but didn't specify whether as a lineman or what. When interrogated he replied that he could telegraph; in fact he said he was a "first-class" man. The operators crowded around him and induced the manager to give him a trial, in the hope of having some fun, as in those days the business was light, and there was only one busy wire, to the capital of the late lamented Confederacy. Press came from there at the rate of sixty words per minute, abbreviated. His muddy nibs sat down and answered press on this wire, but showed no activity about putting it down until he was fifty words behind and the manager impatient. Then he asked for a pencil, and while they were looking for one he dove down into the pocket of that old red vest, brought out a stump of a pencil, and "bit" on both ends. By this time Richmond was three items of press ahead, and starting on a Government cipher. The manager was furious, and yelled to the man with the visible lead-pencil to leave the desk. But he calmly asked the manager if he preferred the markets "deciphered" as he went along. He then asked all to wait until he got a drink of water in the hall. Richmond was still rattling along on Government messages, and the young plugs stood around in amazement to see a man carry so much in his head. Long and anxiously did they watch that door, but he never returned. His front name has passed from our memory, but the last was Schemy something.

A telegraphic line will soon be commenced on the shores of the Mediterranean, to traverse the African Continent to the Cape of Good Hope.

How a Signal Service Man lost his Sweetheart.

The following rather romantic episode, connected with the life of one of the most prominent officials of the Signal Service Bureau, is another of the instances of education completely subduing the natural propensities of man. This officer, our informant states, was at one time engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, and the evening before that set for their marriage called on her. They were seated on the sofa in the parlor, the gas was turned down to a twilight strength, and they were talking in the usually low tones peculiar to lovers before marriage of the future, which seemed to be "all so bright" before them. Suddenly the young lady said—

"Albert, dearest, there is one thing I wish you to do when we are married."

"Name it, pet," he replied, in his most encouraging tones, and at the same time giving her such a squeeze that she imagined her corsets were a mile too large for her.

"Well, my darling, I wish to have no rain on Mondays; because, you know, my dearest, that on Mondays we cleanse our linen, and if our things are not washed and dried on those days one entire week's wore is so fearfully set back. You will grant me this one request?"

"Maud," he replied, gazing into the depths of her dark blue eyes and dallying with her golden ringlets, "Maud, dearest, my duty to my country imperatively demands that I shall 'whoop-em-up,' so to speak, the precise sort of weather that heaven will probably send impartially during the succeeding twenty-four hours, upon the just as well as the unjust, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. If an area of low barometer exists in the Northwestern States on Monday, how can I, consistently with my duty, declare that the indications favor clear weather, with light winds from the southeast? No, angel; ask me anything but that. I love thee, dear, so much, but I love my honor more."

"Then you don't love me; no, not a single bit," she replied, between her sobs, and the tears fell thick and fast as she pleaded with him to change his stern resolve. The struggle between love and duty was a fearful one, but his military teaching left him but one path to pursue, and he chose his duty. It is easy to imagine the results—a sudden coolness, quarrel, breaking off of the engagement and the meteorologist heart. She returned his numerous presents, letters, etc., and is now lecturing on woman's rights; while he, a confirmed misogynist, sits up, and on Sunday nights at the Signal Office with fiendish glee makes up the indications for Monday. He takes especial pleasure in announcing for that day falling barometer, atmospheric disturbances, heavy rains in the lower lake region, high winds from the northwest, and so on through the entire category of unfavorable meteorological nomenclature.

Philadelphia Items.

Miss L. K. Poole manages the local company's office on 5th and Washington Avenue—one of the most commodious offices in the city. As hinted in last issue, Jim Foley was among the number who "laid off" on the 1st instant. Joe Janney is comfortably situated with the P. W. & B. R. R. in their through freight office at Southwark. Bob Parks has been promoted to the freight department at Broad and Prime. He is ably assisted by Mr. McKinzie. L. E. C. Moore, from 3d and Chesnut, is his successor. Dory Sage, late of the local company, 3d and Chestnut is with the N. P. R. R. in the auditor's office, 410 Walnut Street. J. C. Boyce has resigned his position in "Ca" office to accept one in the Lake City, Fla., office. He has been succeeded by Frank Moody of the main office. Mr. Duffell, of Camden, N. J. has been superseded by Miss Emma McDonald.

Forty-two Words a Minute.—The rapidity with which press dispatches are sent and received by first-class operators is simply astonishing to an outsider. The *Silver State* receives daily press dispatches from San Francisco over the Atlantic and Pacific wire, which average from 1,400 to 1,500 words. Each report is sent and received, without a break, in from thirty-five to forty minutes, an average of forty-two words per minute! The senders are E. N. Snider and a young man, nineteen years of age, named Frank Madina, and the receiver, U. C. Palmer, the modest and gentlemanly youth who transmits sound to paper at the A. and P. office here, who makes a neat and legible ink copy, though at times writing as many as fifty words per minute. —*Winnetucca (Nee) Silver State.*

Themes for the Thoughtful.

Need teacheth unlawful things.

Genius is only great patience.

Calmness is a strong symptom of innocence.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

False modesty is the most decent of all impositions.

There is a mode of presenting that gives value to anything.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."

Speak not ill of an enemy; it will be ascribed to prejudice, not truth.

Malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison.

Man creates more discontent to himself than ever is occasioned by others.

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a guilt and truth discourtesy.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands, Time folds not up his wings.

A habit of sincerity in acknowledging faults, is a guard against committing them.

He who would be useful to mankind must accommodate himself to their manners.

Friends are pillows on which we repose, or cordials that inspirit the system without injuring it.

Nothing is greater than to bestow favors upon those who have failed in their duty to us; nothing meaner than to receive any from them.

Those who will not condescend, as they term it, should be extremely careful not to assume any sort of deportment indicative of superiority.

Garments that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken; such is man's good name once tainted with just reproach.

Conscience is like a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning, in another the hands point silently and strike not; meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment.

Debts are pardoned oftener than robberies; yet a debt is no other than a robbery if return is not intended; and being contracted on the presumption of faith, aggravates the offence.

A fair reputation is a plant delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth. It will shoot up in a night like the gourd of the prophet; but like that gourd, it may perish in a night.

Charity is that rational and constant affection which makes us sacrifice ourselves to the human race as if we were united with it so as to form one individual, partaking equally in its prosperity and adversity.

Contentment abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than you are, whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage; all our prayers cannot entreat one of them to return or slacken his pace; the loss of every minute is a new record against us in Heaven.

Had mankind nothing to expect beyond the grave, their best faculties would be a torment to them; and the more considerate and virtuous they were, the greater concern and grief they would feel from the shortness of their prospects.

Thus a certain wise man replied to one who said: "Such and such thoughts have come into my mind," by saying, "Let them go again." And another wise oracle said: "Thou canst not prevent birds from flying above thy head, but thou canst prevent their building their nests in thy hair."

The immortal God

Accepts the meannest altars that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefers
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabeian gems,
Offer'd in ostentation.

Newspaper Interviewing by Telegraph.

The editor of the Philadelphia *Times* told one of his reporters last week that he wanted him to interview all the prominent men in the country, and to do it by the aid of the telephone. "You can sit in a telegraph office where the wires come in," remarked the chief, "and talk with anybody at the other end of the wire. You can hear and even distinguish his voice, if you know it, from a hundred others. There are many of these telephones about the country. Nearly every man of prominence has a private telephone in his house. But the only condensing telephone is in Boston. Here is a list of the notabilities who have private telephones, and here is a thousand dollar note to pay your expenses. You must go to Boston."

Ten hours afterward, says the unfortunate reporter, I was in Boston. Before another sun had come up out of the harbor I had chartered the telephone. At eight o'clock we went up to the telegraph office. The clerks were ready for us. They took us into a room that bristled with wires like an armory with contract rifles. The telephone was under my companion's arm. It was very small, very compact, and very innocent looking. I will not try to describe it; it would be dangerous. My efforts to explain Edison's quadruplex telegraphy, once, drove half of New York to distraction. But it's a very scientific instrument. You talk into it, and somebody at the other end of the line answers you. That's the matter in a nutshell. You can talk across the continent if you have a wire, and no sewing society is complete without one. The telephone man unwrapped the machine, dusted it, and connected it with the first wire.

The circuit was hardly complete before the air grew warm; it began to look bluish and hazy; there was a terrible rumbling, and in a few seconds, as soon as the machine got down to business, there bounced against our ears such a string of names of nameless demonic horrors that several ladies in the party fainted. The sounds grew louder and quicker and worse. The clergymen who had come to see the experiment were indignant.

"If you can't make a more grammatical and less blasphemous machine than that," said one of them to the telephone man, "Boston is no place for you."

The operator in a frenzy unhitched the wire and the sounds ceased. He looked at the label under the wire.

"It's Moody's Tabernacle wire, and Moody is preaching," he shouted. The phenomenon was explained.

"Now name your victim," said the operator, calming himself, "and we'll begin."

We tried the President. The Grant family wire was attached. His Excellency answered to our summons:

"The President of the United States sends greeting. God bless our noble land. The purity of our institutions shall be preserved. [A little more sugar, please.] The brain of the nation has produced another miracle. [Cork that gin.] Heaven bless you, my subjects" [Give me a light.]

There was a mystery about the President's hearty greeting. The words in brackets came in a much lower tone than the others. I asked the operator how it was.

"The loud words," he replied, "are uttered while the speaker has his mouth to the machine; the others, while his head is turned away." That made it clear.

"Z. Chandler," the next wire in the row was labeled, and we called him out.

"Sir," he replied, in a deep bass voice that echoed through the rooms, "I decline to communicate. The telegraph wire is an invention of Satan. No man can trust it and be happy. I have tried it and I know. But bless you, my dear fellow—bless any man who invents a telegraph line that keeps no copies of its messages. It is prayer-meeting time. Good night."

I suggested George Francis Train. The Train wire was put on.

"The eternal truths," the machine began, "of a thousand generations come rumbling down through time. They reach us through the telephone. You, my dear sir, who have invented such a blessing, are greater than all the Romans that ever danced on the Campagna. You are the only sane man in the world, except George Francis Train."

"Try our next President," I suggested.

"Which one?" said the operator.

We flipped a cent. Heads was for Tilden, tails for Hayes. It came up heads, but Mr. Tilden was not at home, so we tried Mr. Hayes. The machine immediately answered our summons.

"If," it began, "Sumner and Yellowmud parishes have given me the majorities returned by the Board, then the Commission can have no alternative but to declare me elected. Again, if the thirty-five white men in Bulldoze County so overawed and frightened the eighteen hundred and ninety colored voters that the latter were afraid to approach the polls, then, of course, the election was a fraudulent one, and we must have another. But I have put everything in the hands of Providence and U. S. Grant. They will look out for my interests. I am convinced."

An ice-berg in the Susquehanna disconnected Mr. Hayes' wire, and the rest of his communication was unfortunately lost. The New York circuit was readjusted, and we put on the wire of one of the newspapers. No answer came to our summons, and we gathered from a low, incoherent conversation that the chief editor was away—that, in fact, he had gone away in the somber hours of night. We overheard a few brief words that were evidently spoken in a distant part of the room:

"Is that Paris special written yet?"

"No; I'll have it done in ten minutes. Here's a three-line cablegram from London."

"That's all right. Make half a column of it. Tell Johnson he must have that Schliemann letter finished in an hour, and that if he can't imagine diagrams of a straighter tomb than the last he'd better take lessons of an undertaker."

They were evidently privileged communications, and we took off the wire.

Happy thought! I would talk to the *Times*. How pleasant thus to hold sweet converse with distant friends. The wire was instantly adjusted. I put my mouth to the tube:

"Send me some money. That was a counterfeit note you gave me."

"That's too thin," the answer came quickly back. "Foot it home."

"Sadly that wire was put back to its place."

A sentimental young lady suggested that we try a poet. The Bryant wire was attached. The manufacturer of Grecian verse responded promptly:

"The jolliest days of all are come,

The merriest of the year,

When it's not too warm for steaming punch,

Nor yet too cold for beer."

At my request the operator tremblingly attached Murat Halstead's wire. A clerk steadied the machine. There was a whirr. The first part of a sentence about a milldam and the Helvetian nation got safely through, but before we could catch the meaning the machine broke. Hesitatingly I asked the telephone man (who looked like a Spiritualist) whether he had ever tried putting one of the machines in a graveyard. Yes, he said, he had; but there was such a shouting for water that the police threatened to lock him up for a nuisance.

The New York Wire Club's Jubilee.

Pursuant to an extensively circulated notice, a large number of telegraphers assembled in the spacious room at 90 Sixth Avenue on the evening of February sixth for the purpose of organizing a social club. Ed Gordon was unanimously called upon to preside. The Chair heartily approved of the object of the club in providing harmless amusement for so many young men who were without acquaintances in the city. He himself was an old New Yorker, and would give the younger men of the club hints from time to time which he hoped would enable them to steer clear of the quicksands of this great city. (Applause.)

Nominations were now in order. Mr. McEnroe nominated E. W. Gibbons for president; he was both a printing and Morse operator. Bob Morris thought the title of president objectionable; the club was composed solely of operators and it would be much more appropriate, he thought, to have the presiding officer designated as chief operator. Everybody there knew that he did not wish to become chief operator himself. The suggestion was adopted. Mr. Bagley inquired if it was not possible to have the office of assistant chief operator created. The chair thought it unwise—the club being yet in its infancy. A vote for chief operator was then taken and Mr. Gibbons unanimously elected. Mr. L. E. Weller nominated Gilly Olmstead for the office of treasurer. It gave him unalloyed pleasure to present the name of so sterling a gentleman for so important an office. Mr. Olmstead, he said, had recently made some very successful investments through a broker, and was in a position to furnish bonds. The election was unanimous.

Fred Baldwin said that this was the happiest

moment of his life. He had the honor of nominating Jerry Borst for the office of historian of the club. It was Mr. Borst's wish that the organization be known as the Wire Club. John Martin, of the Syracuse wire, thought that the younger element of the office should be recognized; he could put a 100-word message on one blank. Joe Wood was of the same opinion. He could send faster than many an old man could receive. (Murmurs.) Morris Brick said he was in receipt of a letter from Joe Hurley, at Augusta, Ga., in which the assertion was made that there was a man there who had entered the service before Jerry Borst's time. His name was Bill Benton. (Sensation.) Jerry Borst then arose amid painful silence. He said these young operators who attempt to do everything with a rush sometimes get themselves into ridiculous positions by their blunders. They reminded him of a western bull that was in so much of a hurry to get out of the pasture that he impaled himself on the stakes of the fence and could not move an inch, but only horn at nothing in front, kick at nothing behind, and bellow like thunder all the time. (Great excitement.) At this point Mr. E. F. Welch moved, in view of possible contingencies, that Big Steve be appointed sergeant-at-arms; carried. Mr. Borst continuing said that when he entered the hall he had been taunted with the remark that "The old guard dies but never resigns." (Uproar.) Mr. Stephenson, firmly: "If the gentlemen do not act decorously I will exercise the prerogative of my office."

Baldwin moved the previous question and Jerry Borst was elected. Tom Allen hoped that no change would be made from the present quarters with which many historic names were associated. They all remembered Bif Cooke, Jim Largay, Joe Hurley, McLaren Campbell, and several who, in the language of G. Washington Childs,

"Had paddled up Salt River

With the other hearts that ache,

Gone to meet Willie Groff."

(Excitement and cheers.) Denis Brown moved that the regular meetings be held on each pay day; adopted. On motion of Bob Lown a vote of thanks was tendered the Chair for his discernment and integrity of purpose and the meeting adjourned.

Telegraphic Forgery.

A United States Signal Service operator named King, was arrested at San Antonio, Texas, January 6th, for committing telegraphic forgery, if we may so express it. On the 3d of January, calling himself George D. Munson, he presented a check to Simpson & Co., Columbus, Texas, on H. Seeligson & Co., signed McKinney, and payable to bearer. Simpson & Co. refused payment until they could communicate with Seeligson & Co. by telegraph. King acquiesced, and said he would call again for the money. Seeligson & Co. telegraphed that they did not know McKinney, and that the check was not good. At 2 p. m. another dispatch came, saying that the first telegram was an error, and that the check was all right. King called shortly after, again presented the check and drew the amount called for, \$792.90.

The second telegram was sent by King, who cut the wire about a mile from Columbus, and by means familiar to most telegraphers, so manipulated the wires as to deceive the operator into the belief that the telegram confirming the check came from Galveston. King is an old telegrapher, well and hitherto honorably known to the profession. For the past twelve months he has been connected with the United States Signal Service, and has served as operator in Texas, both at Mason and Rio Grande City, from which places he at present hails. He was on his way under orders to Fort Stockton when arrested.

By means of telegraphic descriptions distributed by Superintendent Baker, W. U. T. Co., King was arrested at San Antonio, as above, subsequently properly identified, and returned to Columbus. Seven hundred and seven dollars was found on his person. In jail King attempted to commit suicide. Placing around his throat the strap which held his shawl and blanket, he tightened it so as to choke, intending to end his disgrace and life together by strangulation. But some of his fellow prisoners heard his groans and struggles, and called loudly for the jailer who fortunately heard the cries and came just in time to save him. He was already cold, and life all but extinct. He was taken by the sheriff to Columbus the following day.

Song of the Telegraph Wire.

Sing! wires, sing!
 Ye iron threads of life, what tidings bear ye now?
 Is't fortune's smile, or fortune's frown,
 Or the blight of a broken vow?
 Sing! wires, sing!
 If not on evil bent;
 And yet I know, your whisperings low
 Are not unhidden sent.
 Of joy or pain, of weal or woe—
 Whate'er the message be—
 Of death or life, of peace or strife—
 Ye vary not your key. *Buffalo Courier.*

A Letter From Buffalo.

As nothing from this locality has appeared in THE OPERATOR for some time, I will endeavor to give you an item, hoping it may prove of interest to some of your readers.

Notwithstanding all the talk about hard times, quite a number of the boys have been indulging in the luxury of a two weeks' "lay off," and as the management thinks about eight per month is the number of operators he can dispense with without interfering with the business of the company, the probabilities are that ere the spring-time comes the whole force will have had an opportunity of taking a brief respite. This programme, however, is so much more agreeable than the "half time" system of last winter, that few complaints are heard.

Frank Kitton, who for the past seven or eight months has been in charge of the Board of Trade office at the dock, has resumed his former position of night manager, and Harvey Reynolds, who has ably filled the place during Mr. Kitton's temporary absence, has gone back to his first love, the New York duplex, days. W. H. Stevens now has charge of the Board of Trade office. During the past year our force has been strengthened by the addition of such well known veterans as John Crane, Dug Burnett, Gus Meade, Frank C. Jones, and Sam Stewart, together with the more youthful artists, Pete Cannon and Eddie Abrahamis. Not a few of the boys in our office are musicians of more than ordinary ability. William H. Dolan recently received very flattering mention in the leading papers here for the artistic manner in which he executed a violin solo at a public concert. Dave Newton is simply immense on a guitar, while the ability of T. Austin Laird to perform with perfect ease on any known instrument has gained for him the title of the "Musical Moke."

One Sunday night, not long ago, we had a message for a party in Oil City, the body of which read as follows: "General Grant will arrive there at midnight; meet him." Now, Joe Anderson happened to be in charge of the office that night, and being an ardent admirer of "U. S. G." made it his particular business to see that that message reached its destination in time to prevent the General's arrival unheralded. Raising Oil City on a Sunday night is no easy matter, but on this occasion Joe attacked him from all quarters with office messages requesting him to "answer us for important message regarding the arrival of President Grant there tonight." After two hours hard calling his zeal was rewarded and the message forwarded. But when it transpired next day that the General Grant referred to was a horse, there was, as may be imagined, a disgusted operator in Buffalo, and that is why it is that to this day the name of Grant fails to awaken the slightest enthusiasm in Joe, Jr. Joseph has likewise been initiated into the mysteries of the telephone, but for fear of encroaching on your space I pass that over, as well the experience of Tom Davidson and Johnnie Slocum with the "health lift." I will merely say in regard to the latter that in the opinion of both gentlemen named, it was the healthiest lift they ever tackled. It will probably never be settled whether it was 200 or 300 cups of battery attached to the handle of the delusive machine. *DAN.*

Burglars and Electricity.

Three burglars were packing up a portion of John Thornton and Co.'s button stock, of 62 Walkestreet, Sunday morning, December 31st, and had already got together about \$3,000 worth, when they were interrupted by officers from the Fifth Precinct, under the lead of Capt. Cully. As they had worked almost noiselessly, their surprise on being captured was complete. They did not know that the stock they had meddled with lay on counters that were connected by a wire, concealed under the same, with the telegraph station at 585 Broadway, and that thus they had themselves given the alarm. The removal of goods, one ounce in weight, was sufficient to give the alarm.

Boston and Vicinity Notes.

George L. F. Ruggles, for several years a night clerk in the receiving department of the Western Union office, died on Thursday night, January 4th, of consumption, after a protracted illness. The funeral service, held in the Temple Street Church the following Sunday at one o'clock, P. M., was attended by a large number of his associates from the operating, receiving, and delivery departments. The floral offerings from his relatives and friends were numerous and beautiful. Mr. Ruggles was a member of the Telegraphers' Mutual Benefit Association, his membership dating back nearly to the commencement of the association. The one thousand dollars from this source will be of great service to the widow, who is left in destitute circumstances.

Mr. W. A. Hennessey, Jr., of Springfield, Mass., has accepted a position on the night force of the A. & P. Company this city. The A. & P. Company have opened branch offices in Chelsea, Charlestown, East Somerville, and Boston Highlands. Mr. J. L. Horn has resigned and gone no one knows where. The cold climate and east winds of the "Hub" certainly did not agree with him. Mr. J. W. Duxbury, as inspector of city lines, is becoming very popular with operators in branch offices. The W. U. office at Boston Highlands has been removed from the post-office to the Hotel Dartmouth, 51 Warren Street. The business of this office has increased very rapidly under the management of Mr. M. J. Moran. A branch office was opened in Youngs' Hotel, Court Avenue, this city, on Monday the 22d, and Mr. A. L. Parritt, of Eastport, Maine, appointed manager. The latest addition to the Western Union night force 109 State Street is Mr. Reed, of Detroit, Mich., more recently of Philadelphia, Pa. Miss M. E. Jenkins is the lady in charge of the W. U. office in South Boston.

Clickings from Long Island.

DEAR OPERATOR:

Wish you a happy New Year! Believing that our "Island" has not appeared in your columns for a long time, and knowing that we all look upon your spicy little paper as a much loved friend, I think that you will not object to a letter. We have had many changes lately and therefore quite a number of strangers on the wire. On the F. N. S. and C. Div., at Hunter's Point, Messrs. Sterling and Low-erre look after the interests of the W. U. T. Co. The office of our genial train dispatcher C. R. "F"itch is at the same place, and he is ably assisted by W. E. "B"urroughs. Both are from the Far West and are much liked by the operators on the road. "Gus" L. Hommedien sees that the train sheet is kept straight during the night at the depot office. H. J. "Q"uigg at Woodside Junction, manipulates the fluid, and is also "signal officer" at Winfield. C. A. "M"ayer is operator and agent, a new man at the key, but he hopes in time to rise to the dignity of a superintendent or perhaps a president. Hope on, hope ever. "Jo"e Moore attends to the affairs of the W. U. and R. R. Co.'s, at West Flushing. Joe's a model young man, and uses only nice Morse.

Bridge Street, Flushing, office is presided over by Miss "L. R"obertson. She has a cosy little office, said to be the neatest on the road. She is earnest in her endeavors to excel, and though only a short time in the profession, bids fair to become a star. Miss M. McLaren is guardian of the W. U. and R. R. Co.'s interests at College Point, *vice* Miss A. Schiller resigned. C. A. "F"anning, formerly of Bethpage Junction, is at Whitestone, *vice* D. "Su"llivan, who switched off from railroading, and has taken an "elevated" position in New York. At Main Street, Flushing, L. M. Cheshire is agent and operator. W. "C"u'ssidy is his "right bower." J. "W"alling "holds the fort" at Great Neck. He enjoys a monopoly on the "pony line." Central Depot, Flushing, is in charge of the erratic "F"red Cloudman. T. Korber is agent and operator at Creedmoor. A "bull's eye" at a thousand yards every time. "D" "Barlo manipulates the keys and pasteboards at Garden City. He watches our "wild cats" well. At Hempstead we have "old reliable" Dan "H"cermance. Ed. "W"ilson is one of us at Babylon. "J" Schoonover is agent and operator at Bayshore. He likes railroading, but you can't get him to turn a switch. G. C. "S"mith the "Chesterfield" of the wire is agent and operator at Islip, and we believe is to be "duplexed" soon. Hope he will send us a piece of the cake. Miss "F" S"mith is guardian of the Co.'s interests at Oakdale. She says "THE OPERATOR" is the profession's best friend. "Do" W. Clock is operator and agent

at Sayville, and is always "on time." Miss "K" Wicks is operator at Patchogue, and gives good Morse. This is the last office on our division, so I will "ground" myself and say good-night. *MAC GUFFIN.*

Letter from New Orleans.

It is a long time since this section has been represented in your columns. Early in the fall Mr. Hu Irvine, our chief, was taken seriously ill, and at one time his recovery was considered doubtful, but owing to careful nursing and a strong constitution he partially recovered, and soon as he was strong enough took a trip north, visiting your city, Philadelphia, Boston, and his home in Canada. During his absence the office was in charge during the day of Mr. Chase, the night chief, while Mr. Horace Hunt temporarily took charge of the night force. Mr. Irvine returned after an absence of two months considerably improved in health and spirits, and has now, we are happy to say, entirely recovered. The marriage of Mr. Horace Hunt to a Miss Forster, of this city, caused quite a flutter in the office. The boys were all invited to the wedding, and although your correspondent was unable to be present he understands that they all had a good time.

The closing of the S. and A. office has considerably increased our business. Mr. Leloup, the former manager of that company's office, and Mr. Vester, the operator, have been transferred to this office. Since that time Willis Wolfe, of Mobile, Ed Foote, of Memphis, Chicago, New York, and many other cities, George Armstrong, of Cincinnati, and Mc L. Campbell, of New York have accepted positions with us for the winter rush. Mr. Campbell has since left. He said the work interfered with his pleasure. He has as yet been unable to obtain a situation where he can draw his salary for doing nothing and go and come as he chooses. His place is to be filled by Charley Cottrell, whom, we understand, intends to locate here permanently. Charley is very popular with everybody here, and we are all pleased to hear of his return. There were rumors in the fall that Charley Patch was going to return from New York and spend the winter with us, but they seem to have no foundation. E. V. Weden, better known as "Nixy," resigned his position here early in the fall on account of ill-health. "Nixy" was one of the oldest operators in this office, having been here steadily for eight years. We were all sorry to lose him, as he was a genial, good-natured fellow, in fact, a sort of "Everybody's Friend." He is at present employed in the New York office, and we understand his health has considerably improved. We hope soon to hear of his complete recovery. Riddick is still here, gloves and all. He has a peculiar ambition for writing poetry, which he copies and sends to the different papers for publication. As yet none of his effusions have appeared in print. His book has not been published, though Williams promised to have it published when he went north. Dick Babbitt, your agent, has started a commission agency; he calls it the "Universal Purchasing Agency," and for a small commission he will purchase and send any article which may be wanted from any part of the world. We understand that so far he has succeeded nicely. By the way, we have a duplex to New York, now. Charley Smith, Ed Foote, George Armstrong, and Mr. Hunt take turns at working it in this office, days, while Billy West runs it with any idle man at night. It works very well the greater part of the time, and we have no doubt that when the repeating stations get a little accustomed to it, it will work admirably. Thus far this winter the weather has been beautiful, and we only hope it may continue so. I will close by wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. *Yours, NATIVE.*

PEORIA, ILL., ITEMS.—Very little has occurred recently in this generally quiet city, telegraphically speaking. The departure of Mr. Ben Hamilton Griffin, the W. U. night report operator, for Chicago about the same time that Miss Belle Taintnor left for the same place occasioned a little stir, but when it was found that they had only gone to officiate as groomsman and bridesmaid to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Anson, of the Board of Trade Company, Chicago, the excitement subsided. Ben went up on Saturday the 27th and returned on Monday looking just as happy as though he hadn't married off his friend Ed. Mr. Gus Carroll still holds forth with the elevator firm and is doing well. *More anon.*

The A and P. will extend its wire from Titusville to Tidoute, Pa., in March.

Chicago Notes and Personals

Of course, the all prevailing topic here is the ball, which takes place at Martine's West Side Hall on the 12th inst. To-day is pay-day. The steel pen coats, white vests, light pants, lavender ties, kids, etc., that will be purchased, hired, and cleaned, and the ladies' *trousseau* that will receive the last touch of the dressmaker's skillful hand, are almost without number. I would not write you much about the ball to-day if I thought it were possible to get a description to you by telegraph the night of the ball that would do justice to the affair, or if I were able to write you in time for your issue of the 15th, which, unless you should delay publishing it for a few days, I could not do. I would merely mention it as a subject of telegraphic gossip. The most energetic fellow, who, by the way, is on one of the committees, is "Bide." He has been taking lessons (privately) in the art ever since the ball became a fixed fact. He waltzes in his sleep, rights and lefts with every other person he meets on the street, balances on the stair rail, etc. The best floor manager, who won't manage the floor, is Austin. Dorval wants the Elgin tailor invited, as he himself can't go. There must be some one there, Eddie says, who shall furnish the frightful example for a te nperance lecturer, and he can't go himself having a previous engagement.

Our city papers here all have flattering notices of the affair, one of the best I clip from *The Inter-Ocean*, February 3d:

The Chicago telegraphers hold their Fourth Annual Reception February 12th, at Martine's West Side Academy. The novelty of the occasion will be music by the telephone. Prof. E. Gray, the inventor, gives a lecture in Milwaukee on that evening illustrating the workings of that instrument, and will transmit a waltz over a wire connected with Martine's Academy, thereby enabling those present to dance to music ninety miles away.

"Mose Ryan" says that Fred Catlin must have been getting his hair colored before he got his picture taken for *THE OPERATOR*, as it was formerly light when he worked for Mose years ago. Mose says it looks more like "Dave" Anderson here. Can't fool him if he can't see very well. By the way, Mose had another sounder switched in on his domestic local on the 31st ult., at 8:20 A. M. This makes the sixth edition. It is of the female persuasion, and kicked the beam to the tune of nine pounds.

Mr. Anson, of the Board of Trade Telegraph Company, thinking it was not good to be alone, has taken to himself a wife, a notice of which I will send you for your matrimonial column.

Echoes From 197.

Gerritt Smith visits the operating room occasionally; his genial face is ever welcomed.

Charles H. Jennings is on a three months' vacation, made necessary by the poor health of his wife.

Much sympathy is expressed for John Brandt who suffered a severe loss recently by the death of his infant son.

The lady graduates of the Cooper Institute are started on thirty dollars per month salary at the W. U. main office.

603,000 messages were handled in the W. U. main office during the month of January, an increase of 115,000 over same month last year. The press report was very heavy.

Dr. Lyons, one of the most accomplished and polished gentlemen connected with the operating department, is on a six weeks' leave of absence.

Easton, Pa., and San Francisco were connected through on Sunday, February 4th, for the accommodation of some railroad people. The circuit worked well.

The cable clerks who have been sandwiched in between the operating tables at the eastern end of the room, have folded up their tents and quietly stolen away.

Chief Tom Kennedy, of the night force, never indulges in anything stronger than a pinch of snuff. If you attend to business you'll find that Tom is not a bad fellow.

Manager Barnes, of New Orleans, the resurgent Congressional witness, was among our recent visitors. Marked courtesy was extended to him by senior chief Downer.

John Hemmens, who for so many years manipulated State press, is manager of the A. & P. main office at the junction of Fulton and Court streets, Brooklyn. John is as jolly and whole souled as y'er.

The style at 197 Broadway is a Prince Albert coat, tightly buttoned, an immaculate three inch standing collar, and any quantity of jewelry; a gorgeous red handkerchief adds luster to the picture.

Apropos of fast work, in November, 1872, Thomas M. Miler, printing operator, sent 700 paid and from fifty to seventy-five office messages between the hours of 8:45 A. M. and 5:30 P. M. At the same time Fred Seibert, Morse operator, received 157 messages without a break.

Misses Maguire and Sellev are both very low with consumption at their residences in this city. It is a matter of regret that so much estrangement exists between the ladies and gentlemen of the main office. In cases like the above we only hear of them by chance.

Mr. John Garland, of 689 Broadway, has written a burlesque on the play now performing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. A number of his friends, who have been permitted to read the manuscript, speak highly of it, and say that John's "Lemons" are sour enough to have been produced by a vinegar mill. Criticism can soar no higher.

It hardly seems creditable that a burglar could step into the office of the cashier of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city at high noon, lift the cash-box of Mr. Hendrickson, and walk off with the contents without being detected. And yet this was actually done last Saturday. The cashier's office is on the ground floor of the Western Union Building. Mr. Hendrickson had just counted \$1,500 out of the cash-box when some one at the window called him. Laying the money down with the box containing \$127 more beside it, he entered into conversation, and while thus engaged a man walked in, placed the cash box under his coat and departed unobserved. He did not take the \$1,500, either failing to see it or thinking there was a larger amount in the box. It is very probable that the man had been watching his chance to commit the robbery for several days. The clerk who sits near the entrance to the office goes to luncheon at 11:30, and it was immediately after this hour that the theft was committed. The cash-box was found by a laborer in a hallway up-town on Tuesday with the papers still in it, but the money gone.

PERSONALS.

Mr. B. A. Cunningham has been transferred from Southampton, Pa., to Myersdale, same state, B. & O. railroad.

G. H. Wilkinson, manager M. T. Co., St. Johns Que., has been elected alderman for that flourishing town "by a large majority."

Mr. W. A. Wall, Epes, Ala., desires the present address of G. W. Howe, formerly of Stevenson, Ala., last heard from on his way to the Black Hills.

Mr. A. F. Louer, A. & P. Tel. office, 4 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y., desires information of the whereabouts of Clarence Fagan, operator, supposed to be somewhere in Texas.

A TRANSFER.—Mr. E. A. Brown, has been appointed night operator and ticket agent in the A. & P. office, Reno, Nev., vice Harry Stewart transferred to his former position on the train dispatcher's force at Wadsworth.

Orrin N. Briggs died at Newburgh, N. Y., February 11th. Mr. Briggs was one of the oldest operators in the country, having worked the old Cornell line between New York and Buffalo when the business was in its infancy.

Mr. William J. McLaughlin, long an old timer of New York, and more recently of A. & P. Co., Buffalo, has left for the land of the "setting sun," his destination being San Francisco. We hope to see him back a millionaire.

Can any one oblige Dr. Geo. Z. Fisher, of the Board of Health, Toledo, Ohio, an old telegrapher, by informing him of the whereabouts of J. W. Gardner who worked last at Cumberland, Md., receiving press for the A. & P.?

The A. & P. Co. has opened a direct check office at "Lagonda," Springfield, Ohio, office of Warder Mitchell & Co. Mr. G. W. La Rue, Agent for *THE OPERATOR* in that section, is manager, and runs the A. & P. lines in connection with the W. U. already there. Mr. La Rue's P. O. address is still Springfield, Ohio, and he will continue to receive subscriptions and items for *THE OPERATOR*.

T. J. Bishop, of Baltimore, who since the middle of last August has been confined to his room with typhoid fever, has recovered, and is working the Philadelphia wire at W. U. main office. C. J. Barclay is working the Associated Press wire for the present.

Mr. John R. Getty was recently added to the Western Union staff at Kansas City. Mr. T. G. Rowan is with the same company at same point. John McNeveins and C. M. Carr recently resigned. Mc is on the U. P. R. R. near Omaha, and Carr is in Kansas.

The following are the sushers on the C. S. & C. R. R. in Ohio, said to be "as good a set of operators as on any line in the United States": Harry P. Horton, Columbus; M. B. Hare, Georgeville; Chas. H. Wiseman, London; Thos. F. Cobey, Plattsburg; A. C. Edmondson, Urbana; E. F. Kendall, West Liberty; A. J. Brahany, Bellefontaine; J. C. Mains, Belle Centre; E. A. Cook, Kenton; A. T. West, Forest; Chas. Smith, Carey; G. B. Stevens, Tiffin; Geo. A. McCartney, Green Springs; Miss Louie Chase, Clyde; W. W. Hill, Sandusky; Charles Williams, Springfield.

BIRTHS.

At Baltimore, Md., January 26th, to C. G. Stewart, of W. U. main office. A boy.

At same place, January 23d, to C. J. Barclay, of same office. A girl—first edition.

January 31st, to C. J. Ryan, of the W. U. main office, Chicago, a daughter—nine pounds.

February 6th, to Charlie R. Vestal, of the Chicago main office, night force, a son—second edition.

MARRIAGES.

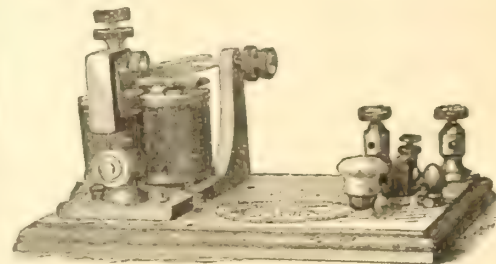
SWAIN—PURDY.—February 6th, at Warsaw, N. Y., Mr. Chas. F. Swain, Eric R. R. operator, to Miss Eva Purdy.

ANSON—MERRIOTT.—On Sunday, January 28th, 7 P. M., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. S. H. Adams, of the Centenary M. E. Church, Mr. Ed M. Anson, of the Board of Trade Telegraph Company, Chicago, to Miss Ada Merriott, of the same city. Mr. Ben Hamilton Griffin, W. U. report operator, Peoria, Ill., officiated as groomsman and Miss Belle Taintnor, of the same place, as bridesmaid.

BARKER—FOWLER.—Feb. 6, at the Church of Our Father, Brooklyn, by Rev. Mr. Nye, Mr. Wm. H. Baker to Miss Emma A., daughter of General E. B. Fowler. Mr. Baker is well known in telegraphic circles, having been connected for a number of years with the Executive Office of the Western Union, and lately of the A. & P. Co. A large number of his professional friends witnessed the ceremony, including President Eckert and Vice-President Chandler. There was a very beautiful display of flowers and many handsome and valuable presents. The happy pair at once started on a wedding trip to Washington. We are sure that Mr. Baker's friends will cordially join us in wishing himself and bride every happiness in their new relation.

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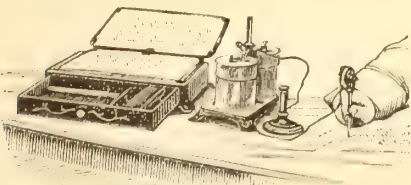
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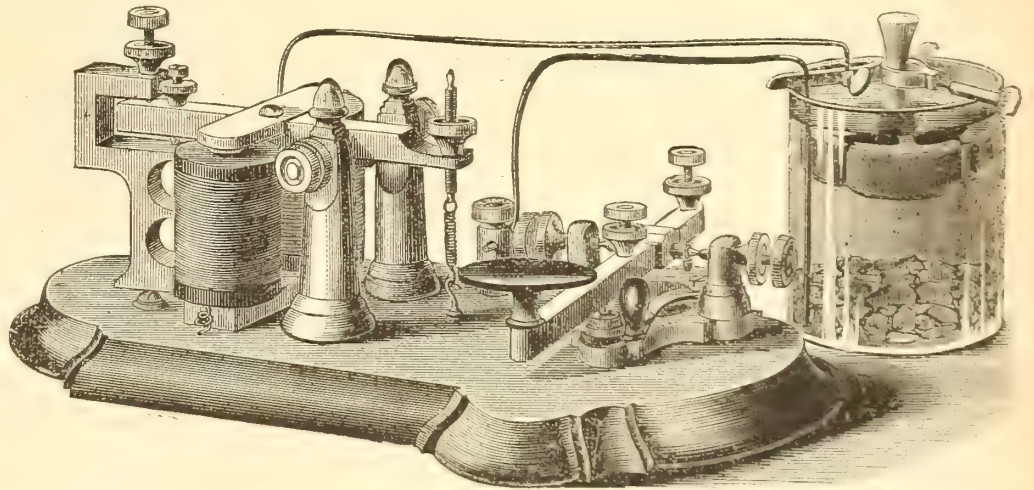
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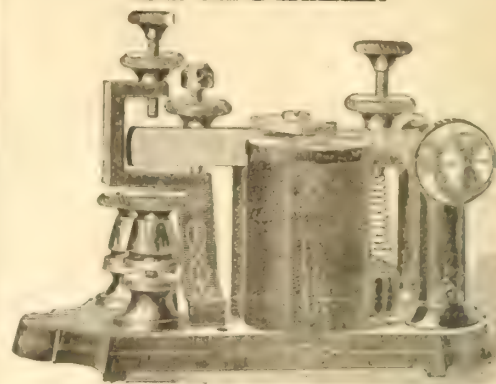
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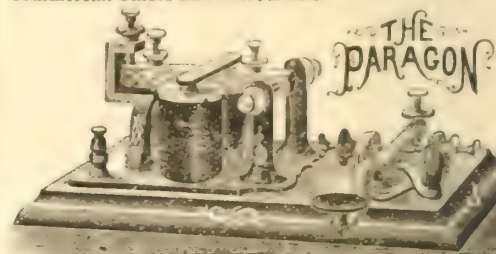
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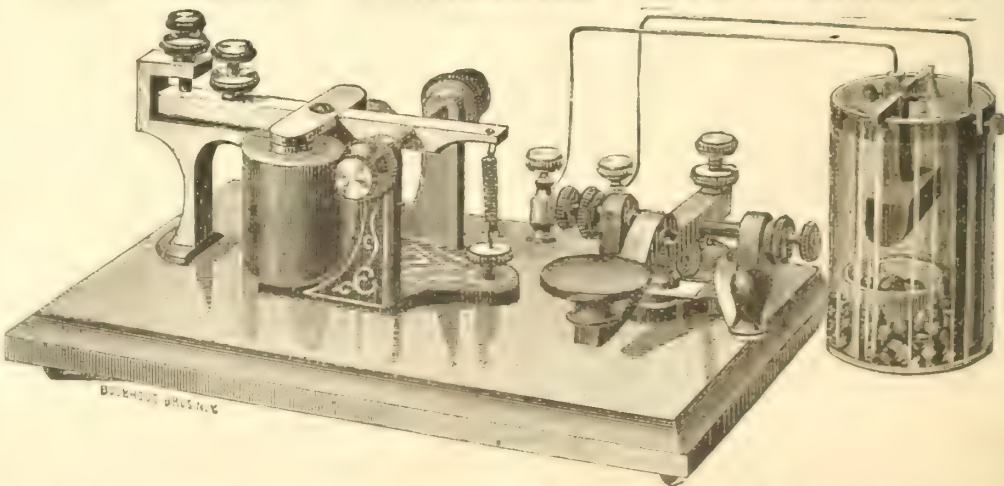
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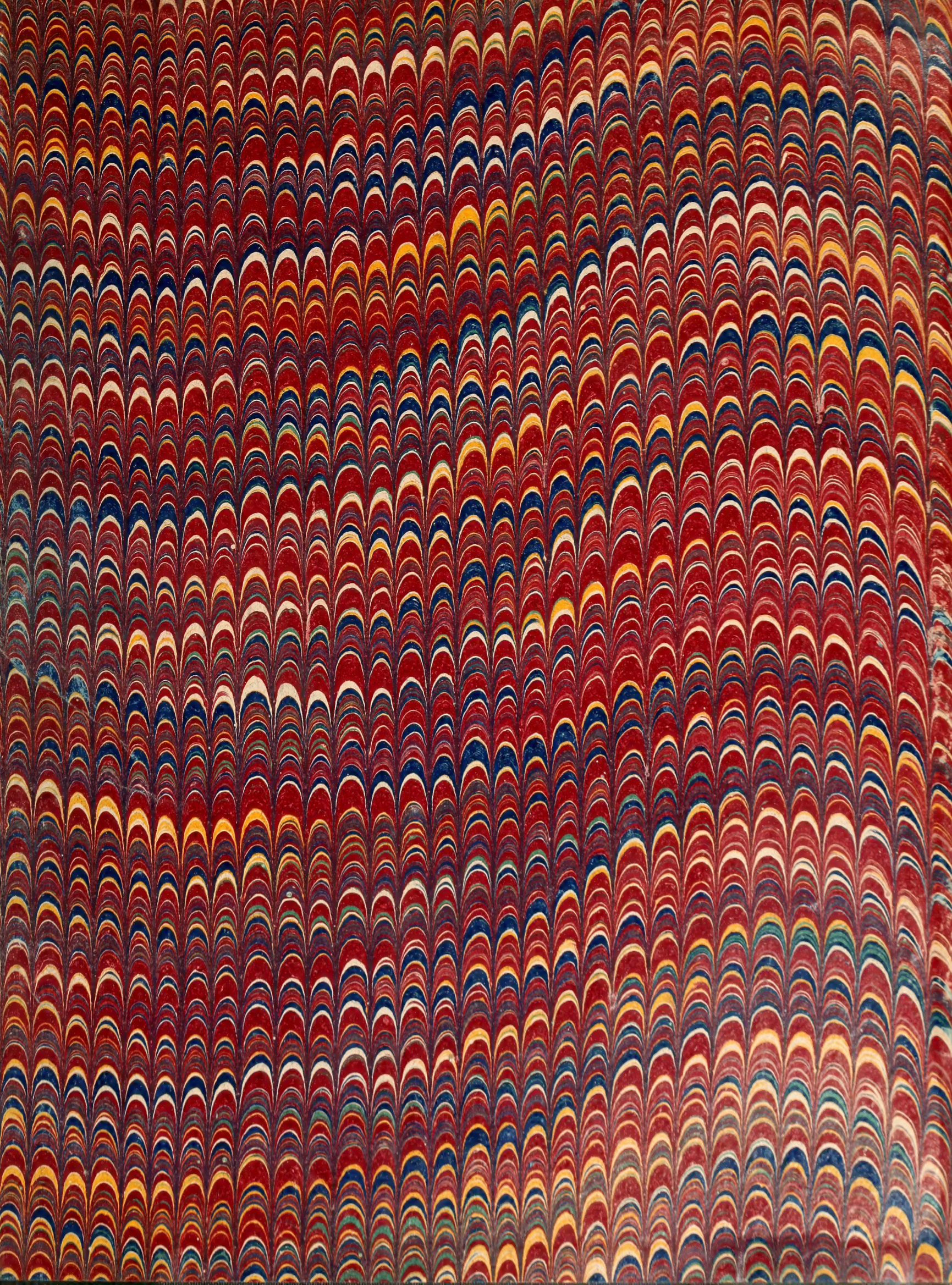
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